THE DEBATE
Who Gained the Edge

OCTOBER 3, 1988

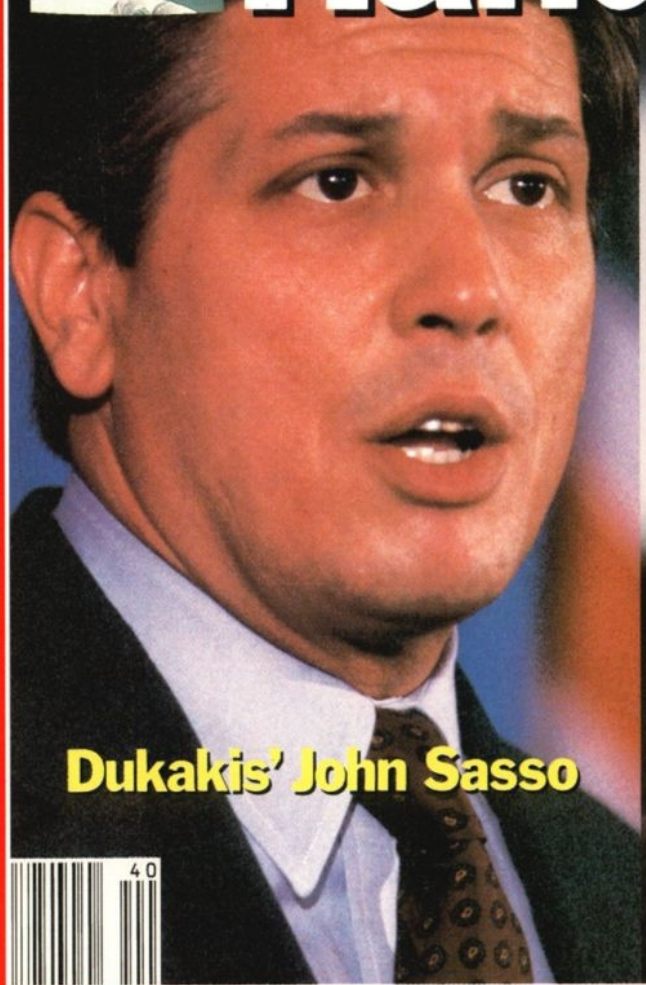
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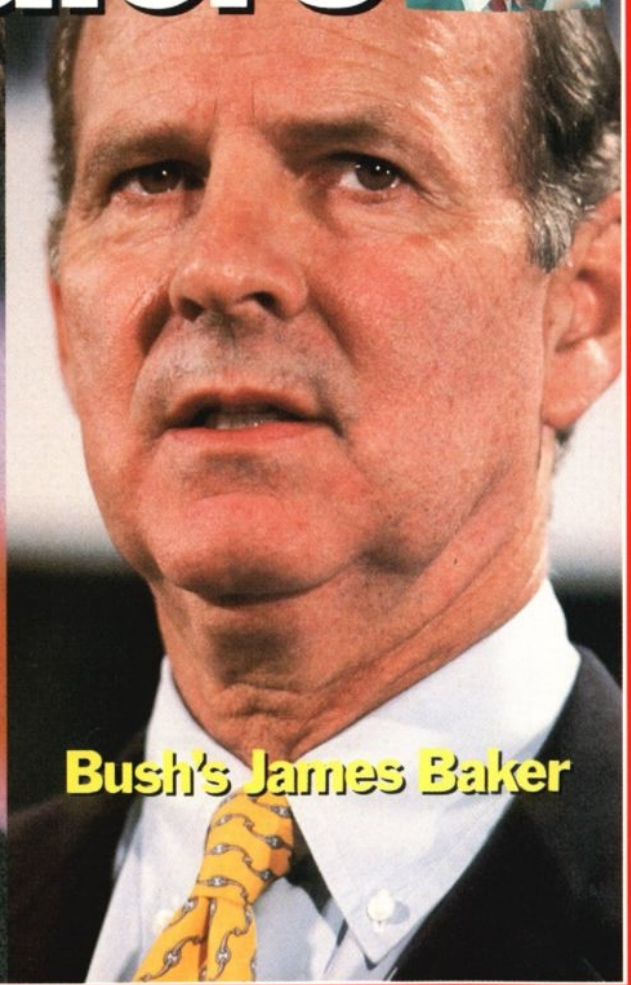
Battle of the Handlers







Dukakis' John Sasso



Bush's James Baker

40

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OCTOBER 3, 1988

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Vol. 132 No. 14

COVER: Dukakis gains the edge in a rare encounter without handlers 16



George Bush and Michael Dukakis may be competing for the leadership of the free world, but virtually every movement, utterance and response they make is dictated by advisers like James Baker and John Sasso. ▸ This Congress is the most active since the Great Society. ▸ How to bring down the deficit—a campaign essay. *See* NATION.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS: Companies try to ease the conflict of career and family 46



Since the new "sandwich generation" of workers must often care for both children and parents, companies can no longer ignore workers' personal needs. A special report examines how firms are responding, from building a day-care center at the office for Junior to providing help in finding the right nursing home for Grandma. The result: higher employee morale and productivity.

OLYMPICS: The promise is fulfilled in a dazzling succession of glory days 56



The world's expectations are routinely exceeded: in the 100-meter race, the world's fastest man, Ben Johnson, runs faster still, while Jackie Joyner-Kersee sets a new heptathlon mark. ▸ Greg Louganis shows that divinity can withstand a bump on the head, and swimming records fall like raindrops. ▸ In gymnastics, the Soviets present a breathtaking display of amazing grace.

30 World
Coups in Burma and Haiti underscore democracy's elusiveness. ▸ Walesa speaks out. ▸ Should the U.S. negotiate for hostages?

82 Religion
For many American Jews, Kitty and Michael Dukakis exemplify an accelerating and threatening trend: intermarriage.

83 Science
James Watson, co-discoverer of the DNA double helix, is named to head a new federal project: mapping the human genome.

84 Art
Los Angeles' Pavilion for Japanese Art is kitsch, but the work it will house, especially Joe Price's Shin'enkan collection, is splendid.

8 Letters
11 Critics' Choice
13 American Scene
83 Milestones
85 Behavior
96 People

86 Education
Glasnost comes to campus as Soviet undergrads arrive at U.S. colleges, thanks to an unprecedented exchange agreement.

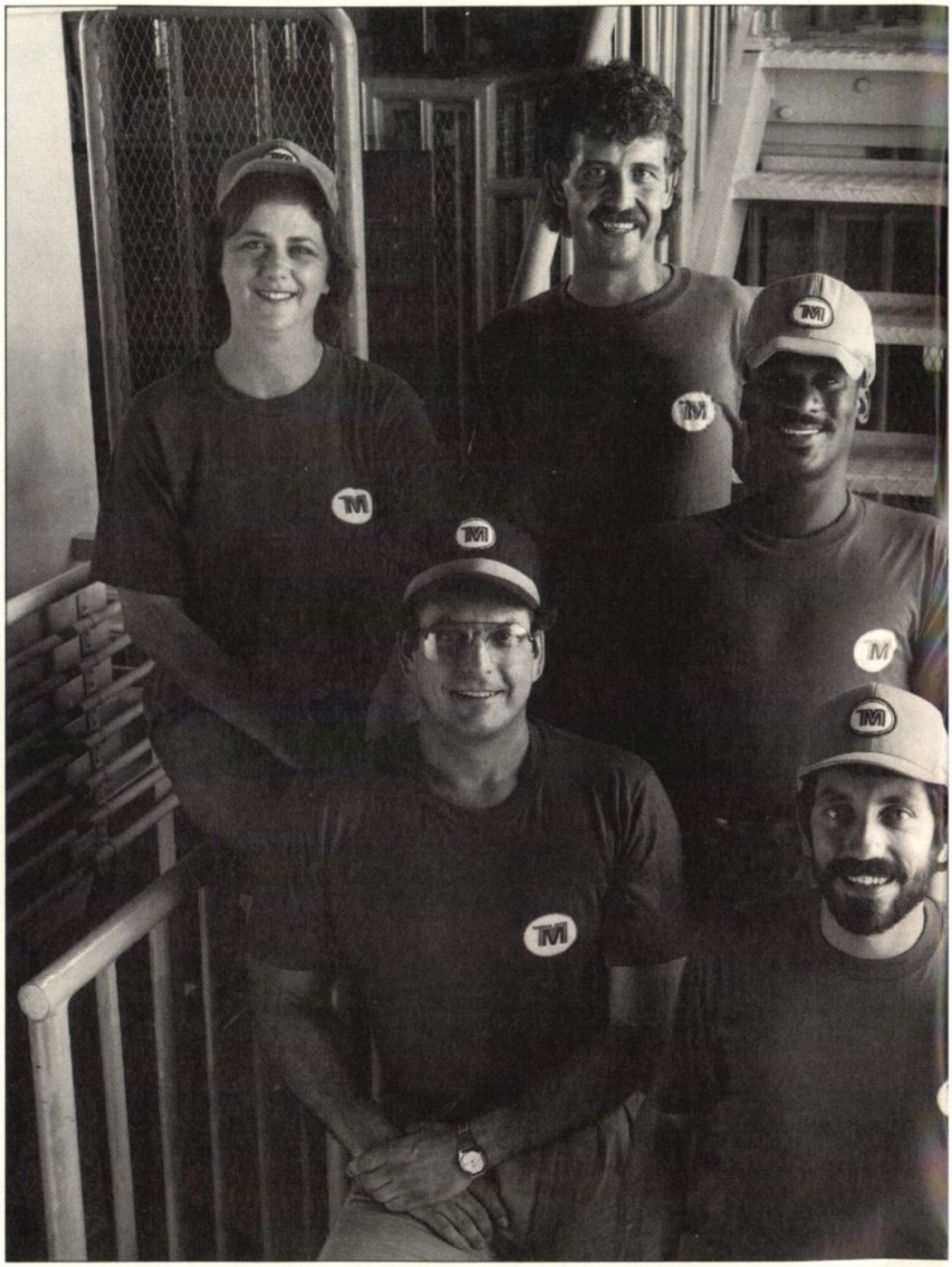
88 Books
Studs Terkel taps second thoughts about the American Dream, and Barbara Tuchman takes a fresh look at where it all began.

92 Theater
An updated look at 1860s Russian anarchists and a chilling contemporary fable renew Los Angeles' tradition of political drama.

94 Cinema
Clint Eastwood's *Bird* finds the right blue notes for jazzman Charlie Parker. ▸ Sigourney Weaver illuminates *Gorillas in the Mist.*

Cover photographs: Sasso by Richard Sobol; Baker by Cynthia Johnson; Dukakis by Steve Liss; and Bush by P.F. Bentley

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They didn't lose face; our Kentucky teams are right now checking out at quality levels equal to or better than Japan—in *every* phase of production.

And we have only just begun.

TOYOTA

A Letter from the Publisher

They are known as the boys—and girls—on the bus, but the TIME correspondents covering the 1988 presidential campaign have spent so much time on airplanes that they occasionally yearn for the pleasures of an overcrowded Scenicruiser. Los Angeles correspondent Michael Riley has developed a love-hate relationship with Michael Dukakis' 737 campaign jet, which the press corps has dubbed "Sky Pig." "When it's 100° on the tarmac, condensation on the inside of the plane creates a tropical rain forest in the aisle," says Riley. Sometimes the plane seems to fly about as well as a log in one of those rain forests, and reporters have nervously taken to timing its takeoffs. The plane has no stove, so there are no hot meals. Not so bad, you say? Riley's rejoinder: "Try swallowing chicken teriyaki cold."



DIANA WALKER

Stanley on the campaign trail

Washington correspondent Michael Duffy's traveling travails have involved bytes of a different kind. He recently arrived at Washington National Airport half an hour before takeoff, only to discover that he had forgotten his laptop computer. Luckily, Duffy found a Good Samaritan who stood in line for him while he sped home and picked up the machine. "Reporters without computers are like candidates without sound bites," says Duffy. Los Angeles bureau chief Dan Goodgame, who has covered both Bush and Dukakis, avoids such pitfalls by packing two light carryon bags. He is also careful to eschew the gonzo antics of some of his peers. Says he: "Socially, I suppose I'm one of the 'bores on the bus.' "

Goodgame seems to be in the majority this year. "A good time now is getting together with a colleague and transcribing a rally tape," notes Washington correspondent David Beckwith, who first boarded the bus in 1972. Since then, the traditional locker-room atmosphere on the bus has softened. Says Washington correspondent Alessandra Stanley: "Many of us 'girls' have sat in the back and listened to men compare notes on diets, aerobic exercise routines and their infants' teething problems, and watched them indignantly demand yogurt and Perrier from stewardesses vainly trying to push Bloody Marys and peanuts."

In the end, however, the hardships are well worth the chance to observe the candidate up close, to see how he responds to setbacks and success, unexpected attacks and opportunities; all that can be gleaned only on the campaign trail. Sums up national political correspondent Laurence I. Barrett: "For a political reporter in a campaign year, the only place to be worse than the plane is anywhere off the plane."

Robert L. Miller

Suppose they held an election...

BUSH 000 000 000

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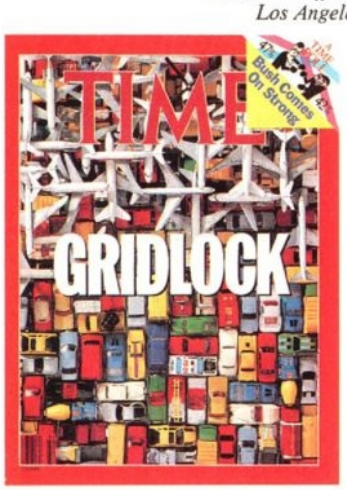
Letters

At a Standstill

To the Editors:

What is profoundly disturbing to me is the lack of practical solutions to the problem of gridlock [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, Sept. 12]. Americans should be aware that it is only a symptom of a much more serious threat. Population expansion continues, and the ozone layer is being destroyed. This American way of trying to accommodate unlimited growth in a finite space cannot go on forever.

Barbara Griffiths
Los Angeles



One long-term response to gridlock would be to lure the middle class back to the city by actively encouraging the construction and rehabilitation of affordable housing. Mass transit is already available. Allowing city neighborhoods to become uninhabitable wastelands while paving over farmland and destroying wildlife is not only unproductive but shortsighted.

William Morse
Homestead, Fla.

We friendly folks up here in the mountains of western Maryland would welcome a little touch of gridlock if it would bring us the attendant jobs and a boost to our badly sagging economy.

Joanne Scarcelli
Cumberland, Md.

What about the automated highway? In its most practical version, small electrically driven carts would haul virtually any current passenger car at speeds of 100 m.p.h. to 150 m.p.h. The driver would have a chance to watch TV, read or do homework. With closely controlled vehicle spacing, each lane would have three times the capacity of an expressway lane today.

Roy Ringo
Argonne, Ill.

In his inimitable style, TIME's Paul O'Neil wrote some 40 years ago about "the last traffic jam" [NATIONAL AFFAIRS, Dec. 15, 1947]. "When every highway, street, road and lane in the nation was so clogged with cars that none could ever move again," O'Neil made the prediction, man would not be willing to accept his freedom from traffic snarls but instead would "lay boards across the tops of a billion sedans and start all over again." Not bad!

John H. Walker
Bellevue, Wash.

The Education Issue

In your article "Education: Getting What You Pay For" [NATION, Sept. 12], your writer assumes that 1) top students automatically make good teachers; 2) industry has a vast reservoir of potential high-level instructors; 3) larger salaries attract good educators; and 4) you actually get what you pay for. If school administrators knew how to select only excellent teachers from all applicants, we would have just the best ones in our schools. But the necessary talents are well hidden; no one yet knows how to predict if an applicant has them.

Richard T. Cady
Woodstown, N.J.

Pouring more money into the schools will not solve the problems in U.S. education. The real issue underlying the nation's unsatisfactory system is attitude. In our shortcut society, where nearly everyone has a TV and a pocket calculator, there is no longer an urgent need for most people to master reading, writing and mathematical skills. Teachers and parents who ignore the importance of hard work and time-proven learning techniques do far more damage to educational attitudes than any dilapidated building ever could.

Neal Armbruster
St. Louis

Higher teacher salaries and reduced class size are the only things that would help our schools. No improved textbooks, shiny new curriculum guides, electronic gadgets, testing of teachers or anything else will do it. We should double teachers' salaries and cut class size in half. But these positive steps will never be taken. It is clear that the public doesn't think our children are worth the expense. It would require tax money, so forget it. How very sad for all of us.

Ann Bourman
Los Angeles

Backing Quayle

For your story "Family, Golf and Politics," some favorable comments of mine about Senator Dan Quayle were framed in an unfortunate context [NATION, Aug. 29]. To be clear: as his Senate staff economist, I found Senator Quayle to be among the brightest leaders in the U.S. Senate. He is recognized as one of the top experts in the complex and technical arena of defense policy. He is dedicated to his family and his work. What little time he has to himself, he has enjoyed in India or on the golf course.

John M. Pal
Alexandria, V

Entrepreneurial Risks

It is shameful to suggest that Amer ca's small entrepreneurs are eroding o industrial base [ECONOMY & BUSINES Sept. 5]. Reaganomics has fostered an a titude that corporate strength com through acquisition, not through suppor ing the development of products th would lead to new markets and result economic growth. The talented and cr ative innovators are the ones who cou give new blood to the dinosaurs of indu try, but they are fed up with apathy, eg and power games and have chosen to go alone. These entrepreneurs are taking th risks and keeping U.S. business alive.

Judith A. Clark, Vice Preside
Market Developme
Monolithic Superconductors, In
Lake Oswego, O

Having been on all sides of the "b vs. small" issue as president of both FORTUNE 500 company and a small e trepreneurial firm and now as a ventu capitalist, I dispute the view that sma enterprises are undermining America competitiveness. Critics claim these ne concerns are badly undercapitalized. Th truth is that substantial investment cap tal (almost $4 billion last year) is availab for sound ideas and good managemen Finding worthwhile businesses is the ve ture capitalist's challenge.

Brian H. Dovey, General Partn
Domain Associat
Princeton, N

Los Angeles' Gateway

Your article "Monuments to Wack ness" missed the overall picture of Los A geles' project to create a public space th will serve as a symbol for the city [NATIO Aug. 29]. A large video screen showing t face of George Washington and a messa that "the measurement of the Americ dream is The Dollar" was not one of t semifinal designs for our undertaking. addition, I am not head of the design co mittee that chose the semifinalists; th were selected by an international jury architects, artists, authors, etc. Using inn vative planning, we hope to link the ethn districts of Los Angeles and realize a livi symbol of the city.

Nick Patsaouras, Chairm
West Coast Gatew
Los Angel

Garbage Overload

As part of the American culture, I a cept blame for a portion of the garbage c lemma [ENVIRONMENT, Sept. 5]. Pleas however, do not accuse me of "genera

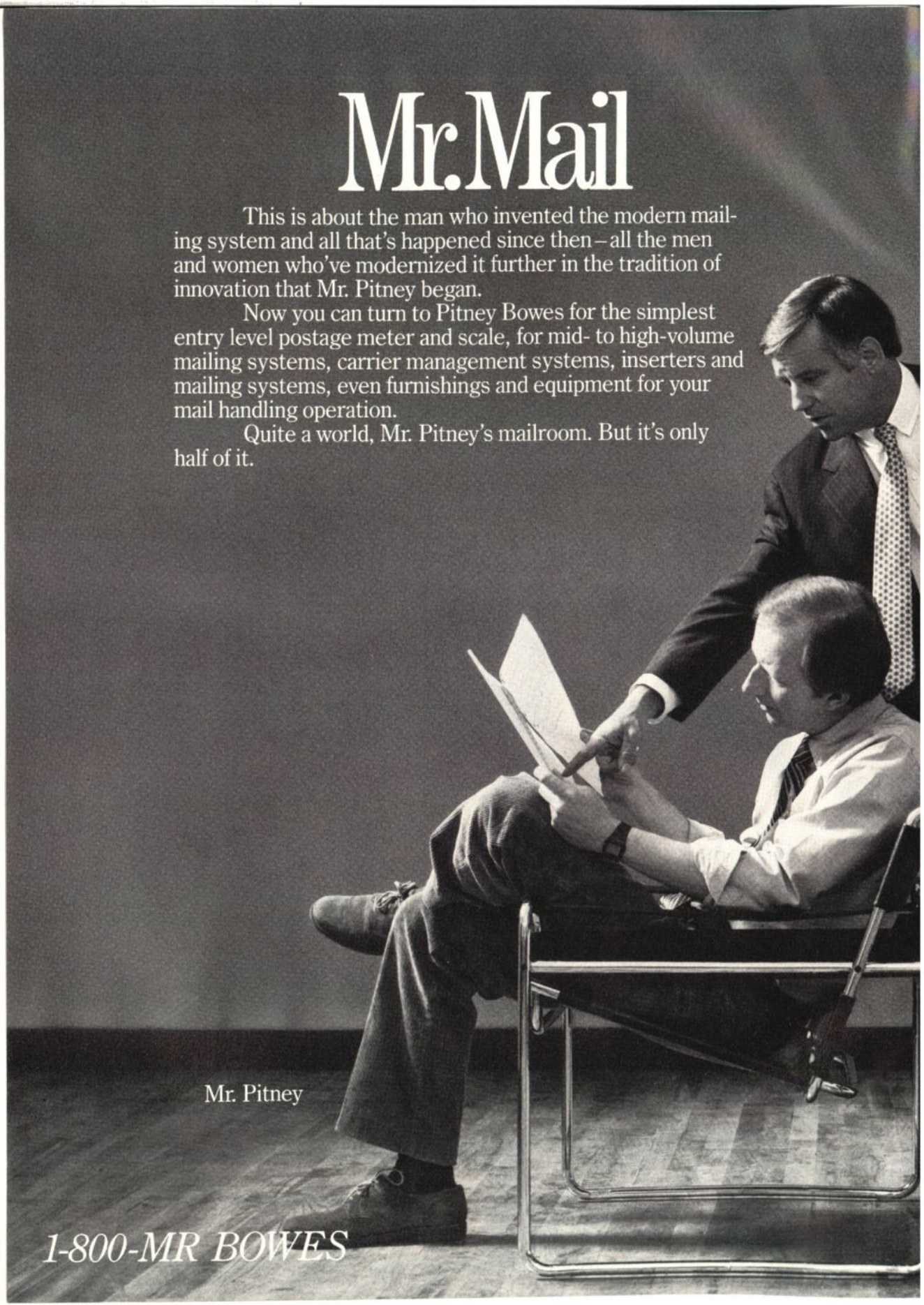

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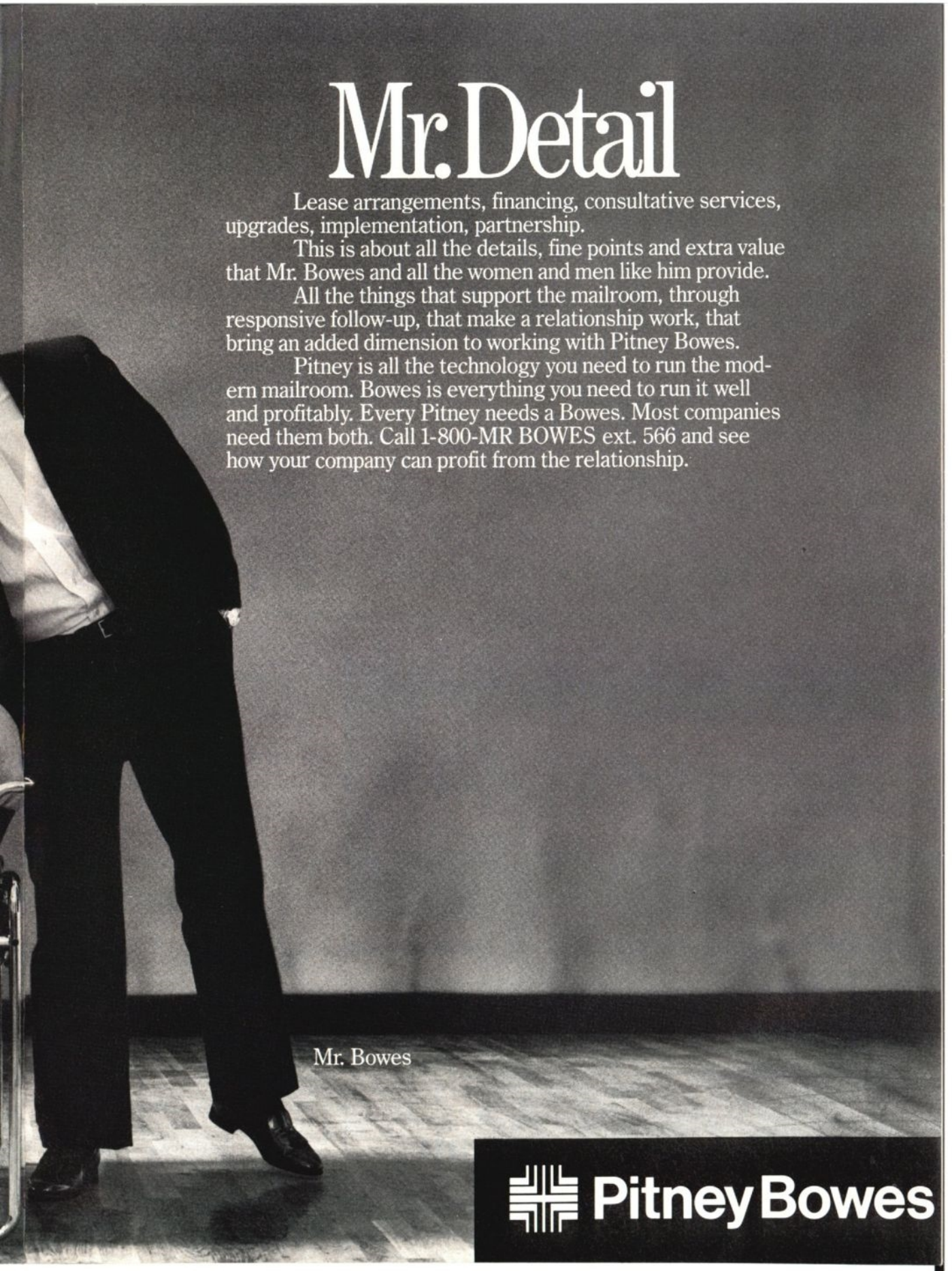
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Letters

ing" much of the unnecessary waste. I
not ask for the many pounds of solicit
tions, appeals and glossy catalogs th
clog my mailbox and can't be burned
my wood stove. I have no choice but
take them to the dump.

Lois J. Garbis
Cook, Mi

You mention three strategies for dea
ing with the overwhelming garbage pro
lem: "SHIP IT . . . BURN IT . . . RECYC
IT." A fourth strategy, which you hint
but do not list, is REDUCE IT.

Joy Osbor
Pebble Beach, Ca

Still at War

The explanation offered in "No, t
Cold War Isn't Really Over" for Sovi
leader Mikhail Gorbachev's shift in po
cies is the most sensible and lucid I ha
seen [ESSAY, Sept. 5]. It is difficult to u
derstand why the Republican leadersh
has not taken more credit for the succe
of the Reagan Doctrine in halting Co
munist expansion. Although the Sovie
have made certain modifications, peop
who delude themselves into thinking th
the U.S.S.R. has given up on spreadi
Communism wherever it can find a so
spot are making a tragic mistake.

Eric S. Worms
Escondido, Ca

What the U.S. and the rest of the fr
world have to remember is that while o
of Gorbachev's hands is extending the
ive branch with his concessions (*glasno*
pulling troops out of Afghanistan, wit
drawal of the SS-20s), the other hand, hi
den behind his back, still clutches t
hammer and sickle.

Harold B. McCuisti
Sevierville, Ten

Charles Krauthammer's endorseme
of the Reagan Doctrine suggests th
what America needs is to produce mo
arms to support more wars throughout t
world in order to cow the Soviets into
treating from their positions. It is certai
ly true that we must continue to be wa
But maybe the Soviets are also sma
enough to realize that building an ev
larger military machine might bring t
Soviet Union to the same point that
are beginning to approach: defending
empty shell. Money and energy th
should have been expended on the healt
education and housing of citizens, and
research and development of civilian pr
duction, have been sacrificed to expa
the military's share.

Robin E. Nade
St. Augustine, F

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be address
to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Cent
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er's full name, address and home telephone. Lett
may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

Critics' Choice

CINEMA

TRACK 29. It's mother love with the proper stranger in this surreal treat from director Nicolas Roeg. Theresa Russell is the troubled mom, Gary Oldman the man who may be her son.

DEAD RINGERS. David Cronenberg *(The Fly)* directed this spooky, real-life parable of split identity: twin gynecologists drive themselves to dementia and a symbiotic suicide-murder. Jeremy Irons is exemplary as both twins.

RUNNING ON EMPTY. The gifted son (River Phoenix) of two '60s radicals must choose between his family and himself, without betraying either. Sidney Lumet's film bathes in political clichés and then comes clean.

MUSIC

RAY CHARLES: JUST BETWEEN US (CBS). Sublime. Listen to Charles sing *Stranger in My Own Hometown:* there doesn't seem to be a lonely corner his voice can't reach.

RANDY NEWMAN: LAND OF DREAMS (Warner Bros.). A half-decade after his last major album, Newman delivers one of his best yet: twelve piercingly ironic songs, with a decided undertone of autobiography.

THE MAN WHO MISTOOK HIS WIFE FOR A HAT (CBS). Oliver Sacks' neurological case study of a failing mind and a stalwart heart comes to vibrant operatic life in Michael Nyman's deft minimalist setting.

NIXON IN CHINA (Nonesuch). A waltz across the Great Wall with Dick, Pat, Henry, Mao and the missus: last year's best new opera is this year's best new opera recording.

BOOKS

THE LETTERS OF T.S. ELIOT 1898-1922 (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $29.95). At last! The poet's centenary marks the publication of the first volume of his previously sealed correspondence.

THE MAGIC LANTERN by Ingmar Bergman (Viking; $19.95). Like a box full of old slides—or a Bergman movie—the director's searching memoirs are alive with frozen moments, many of them cruelly revealing.

THE FACTS: A NOVELIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY by Philip Roth (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95). Roth fans can finally discover how much of his writing is taken directly from his life (answer: quite a bit) and glimpse the peculiar process of transforming fact into fiction.

THEATER

NOTHING SACRED. Tom Hulce *(Amadeus)* plays a seductively nihilistic Russian revolutionary in an adaptation of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* that echoes the American '60s at Los Angeles' Mark Taper Forum.

HAMLET. Zeljko Ivanek, one of the nation's ablest young performers, scales the Everest of acting in a richly Freudian production at Minneapolis' Guthrie Theater.

TELEVISION

LIBERACE (ABC, Oct. 2, 9 p.m. EDT; CBS, Oct. 9, 9 p.m. EDT). Dueling TV-movie bios about the glittering, grinning pianist who died last year of AIDS. ABC's docudrama, which has the benediction of Liberace's estate, stars Andrew Robinson. CBS's version, endorsed by Lee's disgruntled manager Seymour Heller, features Victor Garber.

TURNER NETWORK TELEVISION (Oct. 3, 8 p.m. EDT). Ted Turner's new TNT cable channel blasts off with a two-night presentation of *Gone With the Wind.*

THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE (PBS, Oct. 4, 9 p.m. on most stations). A 16-week series of documentaries focusing on figures and events in the nation's past debuts with a look at the 1906 San Francisco earthquake. Upcoming subjects include the Apache Indians and evangelist Father Coughlin.

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In Washington: A Guide to Discomfort Stations

Saturday morning and you're out at the discount store with the family. Suddenly the three-year-old starts hip-hopping urgently from foot to foot, and you know what that means. In the men's room there is no toilet paper. When Daddy asks for some, the woman at the customer-service desk eyes him as if he were just the sort of geek to jam the roll down the toilet, flush twice and drown everybody in the store. The toilet, it turns out, does not flush well anyway. Also there's no soap, and the sink has one of those faucets you have to keep pushing down, so there's not much water either. That's just as well, the hand dryer (you thought maybe they'd have paper towels?) being busted. The two of you exit damply, wondering, Can public rest rooms in America really be this bad?

Or let's say you're driving to work when Dame Nature begins to shuffle across your innards in her steel-toed brogans. You stop at the nearest full-service gas station, ten miles down the road, grab the key, open the door and . . . Ay-yi, maybe you can wait after all.

Let's say, finally, that you're walking on M Street (we are in Washington now), in need of relief, when you spot an amusement arcade called Station Break. Blessed salvation! Is this name not synonymous with the dash from the television to the bathroom? Step inside, put a quarter in the Xenophobe game so they can't tell you the rest rooms are for patrons only, then stride to the back, there to be greeted by this sign: 'SORRY!' NO RESTROOMS. Punctuation courtesy of the cosmic joker.

Yep, public rest rooms in America really are this bad. But you already knew that. You've been in cities where they don't exist or can't be found. You've eaten in restaurants where the sign in the grimy broom-closet rest room says EMPLOYEES MUST WASH THEIR HANDS, but you hope they don't because it could only make things worse.

The question is Why are public rest rooms so bad? And today's case study is Washington, home of the best and the worst in public facilities. (The museums along the Mall contain what may be the world's densest concentration of well-kept public rest rooms. And then there is the rest of the city.) With us for a short orientation is Alexander Kira, a professor of architecture at Cornell. Kira is the utter antithesis of public rest-room grunge—a dapper, courtly figure who carries a silver case for his imported cigarettes and keeps a silk handkerchief in his breast pocket. He's the author of a highly regarded study, *The Bathroom,* and he's in town for a convention about bathrooms in the home.

"The home market is glamorous, and consumers spend a lot of money on it," says Kira, about to embark on a tour of unhomey rest rooms at National Airport. The public rest room has no such constituency, just a lot of people "who may be there once for three minutes, never to return." Since most people avoid commenting on the facilities, or subscribe to the polite fiction that they haven't visited them, any establishment can safely relegate public rest rooms to a dank and mingy corner. They double as storerooms or janitors' closets.

For a young architect starting out, says Kira, "being given bathrooms is like being given latrine duty in the Army." He surveys the resulting mistakes in a men's room at National: no shelves for hand luggage above the backs of the toilets—ideal for thieves who can grab a bag from under the stall door when you're least able to fight back; a urinal that projects into the narrow aisle, so everybody has to sidle past; a sink counter that is too spacious—good at home, but here just someplace to slop up as you go drip-dropping in search of the mislocated hand dryer.

Let's not be fussy, though. At least the airport has rest rooms. Many gas stations, especially self-service, cashier-booth pumpers, no longer do. Visitors who wait till they're in the city's elegant subway system are also reduced to toe-tapping: "There are no public rest rooms, and there haven't been as long as I've been here," an employee declares indignantly, when a patron begins to beg. A Metro spokesman avers that rest rooms would be an invitation to "crime, vandalism and all kinds of other things you wouldn't want to discuss in mixed company."

The Metro system does, however, have elevators, which at least smell like rest rooms. Urine has rusted out the steel floors in many of them, says a man with the unfortunate job of maintaining the elevators, and management is now installing cameras to catch people in the act. "It's not just homeless people. Everybody's doing it."

The tour adjourns to the Martin Luther King Memorial Library downtown, a large, gloomy building in the soul-crushing modernist style. Here the search for a rest room takes on a literary character, mainly Kafkaesque: a visitor finds the men's room down a darkened corridor on the third floor, just past the security cameras, but it's locked and a sign on the door says AFTER 5:30 USE MEN'S ROOM ON A-LEVEL.

A librarian supplies directions: take that elevator there, cross the lobby, take another elevator to A-level, and, bingo, you're there. But the second elevator has a sign on it: OUT OF SERVICE. PLEASE USE ELEVATOR AT OTHER END OF BUILDING. The stairs are handier, but they lack directional signs and so lead the uninitiated to an underground garage. Back up one flight, through a vast, empty room, into another room containing only a security desk (unattended), just in time to see the ostensibly broken elevator arrive (let's call it Kira's law: cosmic jokers all come out when you need a rest room). The stalls in the men's room have no doors, half the lights are out, and there are too many peo-



TERRY ASHE

Alexander Kira, who has surveyed a lot of public rest rooms, is often disappointed

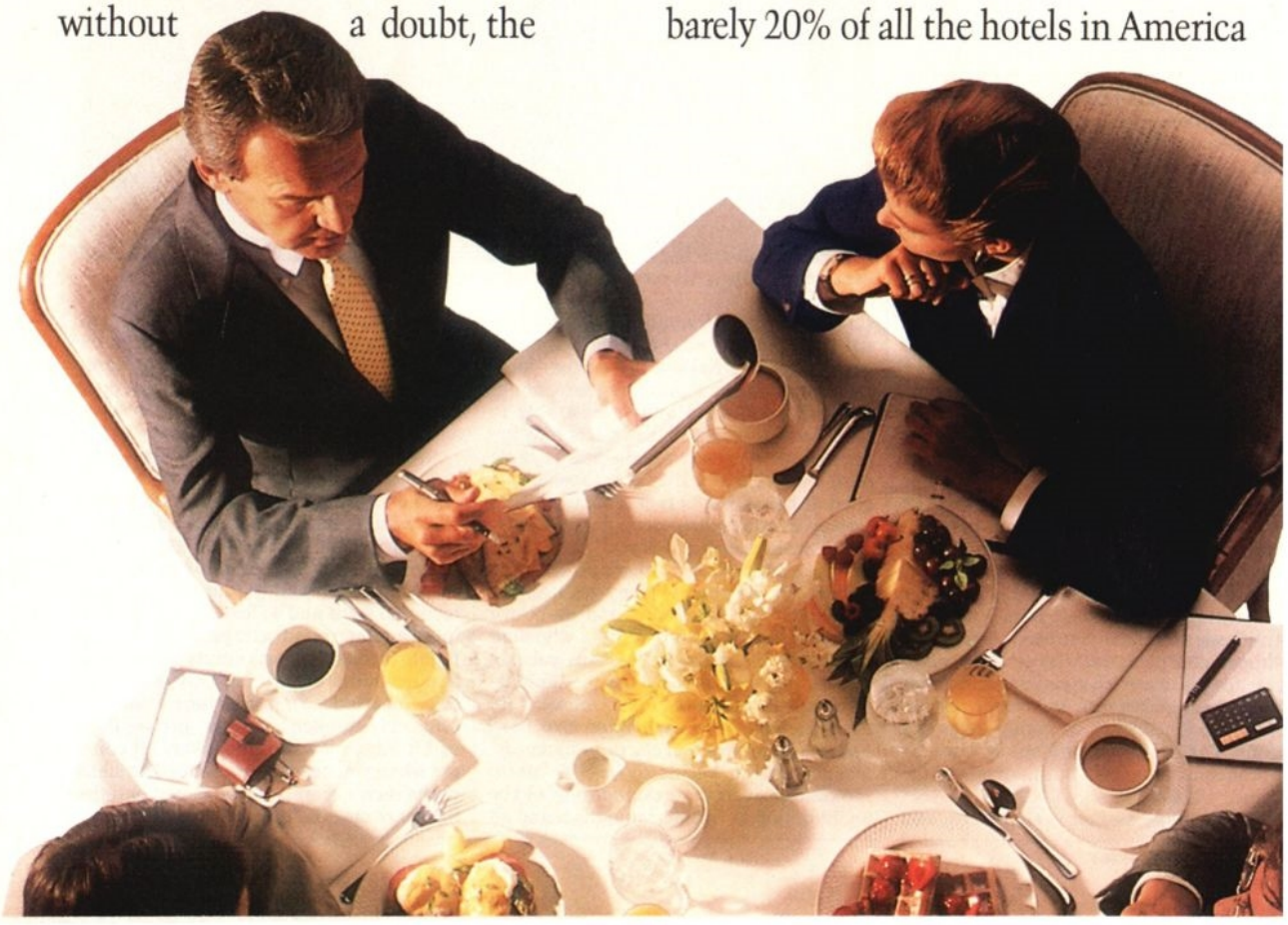
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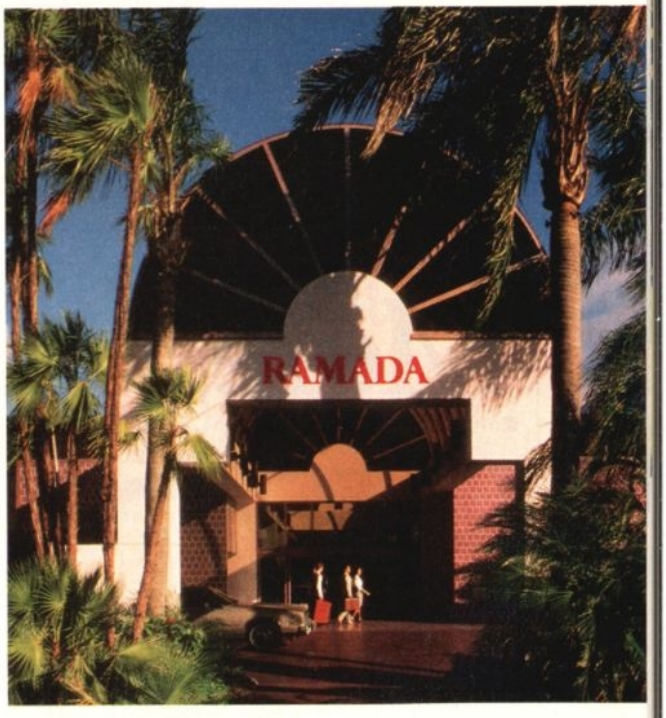
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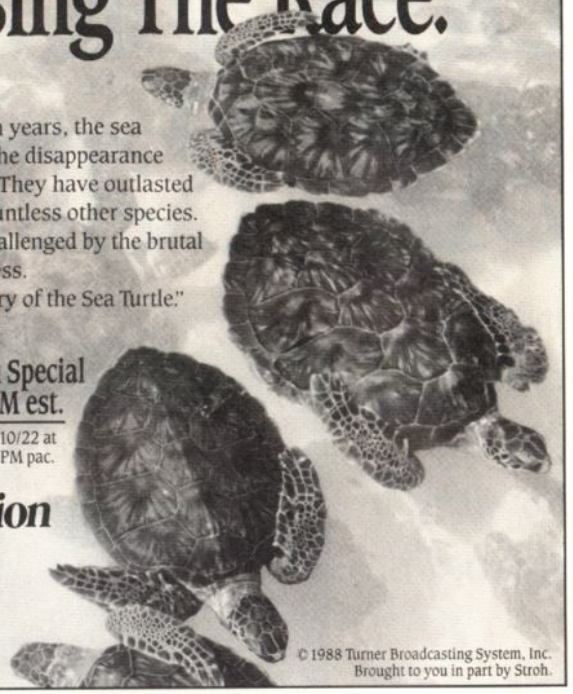
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American Scene

ple hanging around doing nothing in particular. Upstairs, the guards explain that the men's room is a favorite spot for sexual assignations. Another men's room, on the second floor, had to be closed when patrons of the nearby children's reading room complained about what they saw.

Elsewhere, street people are said to be the problem. "We had a woman in there one day," says the owner of a gas station just off Capitol Hill. "They saw water running under the door. She was giving herself a bath right out of the sink." But he is an optimist ("At least I got a clean floor"), and he still provides rest-room keys, selectively. Other businesses put their rest rooms permanently out of order.

"What's happened is that the number of homeless has mushroomed, and we haven't come to grips with that," says Mitch Snyder, a political activist. "So the response is to decry the fact that they use the rest rooms, shut the rest rooms, and then be outraged that they defecate and urinate in the streets." When street people started to use part of a Metro station at Farragut West as a nighttime rest room last year, the Metro responded by fencing off the station at night. "We said, 'Why not install a public rest room?' " says Snyder. "They said that was a terrible idea." Snyder proceeds to make some cogent remarks on the all-American ability to overlook consequences—whether of our normal bodily functions or of an abnormal housing shortage.

Indeed, Denny Guss, who cleans the men's room at Union Station, says the homeless are overrated as a problem, compared with this knack for overlooking consequences. "Let me lay the worst people on you," he says. "It's the people with the business suits and the attaché cases." Reola Hunter, who cleans the women's room, concurs: "They don't clean up after themselves. They look at you like, 'You got to do this. You're nothing.' "

Alexander Kira has no great solution to all this. "Values! Values! Values!" he declaims, professorially. "If everybody would be a little more careful, a little more thoughtful of other people . . ." California is attempting to correct the shortage of public rest rooms with a law, now on the Governor's desk, that would require new gas stations near highways to have them. It has also passed legislation aimed at alleviating that bane of both sexes—"inequitable delays" in women's rooms, where the number of stalls seldom equals the total of urinals and stalls in men's rooms. But nobody's about to make a national campaign out of personal hygiene and the public rest room.

For now, to paraphrase the television commentators, two things are certain. And if by some awkward circumstance, you find either of these certainties overtaking you in a public place, your best bet is to wait (if you possibly can) till you get home (if you have one). This is, apparently, the American way to go. —*By Richard Conniff*

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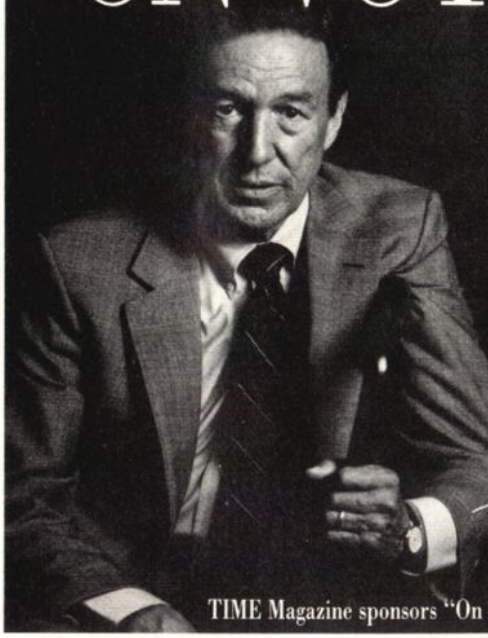
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ON VOTING



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COVER STORIES

An Icy Duke Edges Out Bush in a Taut Debate

Behind in the polls, Dukakis attacks on drugs, the deficits, Iran and Quayle

The pendulum swung last Sunday night, as it may several times again before the election. Michael Dukakis, whose campaign had been moribund since the Democratic Convention, reasserted his voice at the first of two 90-minute showdowns—and while his overconfident debater's style may be grating, he consistently displayed his mastery of both the forensic arts and substance. George Bush, while certainly the warmer and more user-friendly of the two, appeared at the same time to be hesitant, disconnected and too often on the defensive.

For Dukakis, the Wake Forest wordfest may have been the moment he badly needed. Given his limited emotional range and his earnest, smartest-boy-in-the-class presentation, his command of the debate was his strongest performance since the Atlanta Convention. If the exchange, watched by 100 million viewers, does not help him rebound in the polls, his political outlook is cloudy, since he is unlikely to surpass this performance again. For Bush, with a well-orchestrated campaign and far less to lose, it may be enough that he survived without permanent damage. If the Vice President made no new converts, he also did little to undermine the attitudes of those who already support him.

One reason for the fascination with this rather strange televised encounter is the scripted and stage-managed nature of the race thus far. On the advice of their handlers, the two candidates have largely avoided situations that carried the slightest semblance of spontaneity. During the days preceding the debate, the handlers coached their men assiduously to ensure that no unscripted statement, answer or even gesture would occur in front of television viewers. Nevertheless, there is a limit to what campaign managers can control, and the debate was a rare chance for the public to see Bush and Dukakis react entirely on their own.

From the opening seconds of the debate, Bush pursued his strategy of making the campaign an ideological contest. Answering the first question, which was on drugs, he launched into an attack on permissiveness: "I think we've seen a deterioration of values. We've condoned those things we should have condemned."

From there the battle was joined in a reprise of many of the social issues that have provided an emotional subtext of American politics for the past 20 years. The fiercest conflict emerged over abortion. While Bush seemed discomfited by a question about what punishment would be appropriate if abortions, as he urged, were made illegal, Dukakis immediately jumped on the issue to declare, "I think that what the Vice President is saying is that he is prepared to brand a woman a criminal for making this decision." The now shopworn controversies over the Pledge of Allegiance and Dukakis' membership in the American Civil Liberties Union also made their obligatory appearances as Bush charged that his opponent is "out of the mainstream. . . Do we want this country to go that far left?"

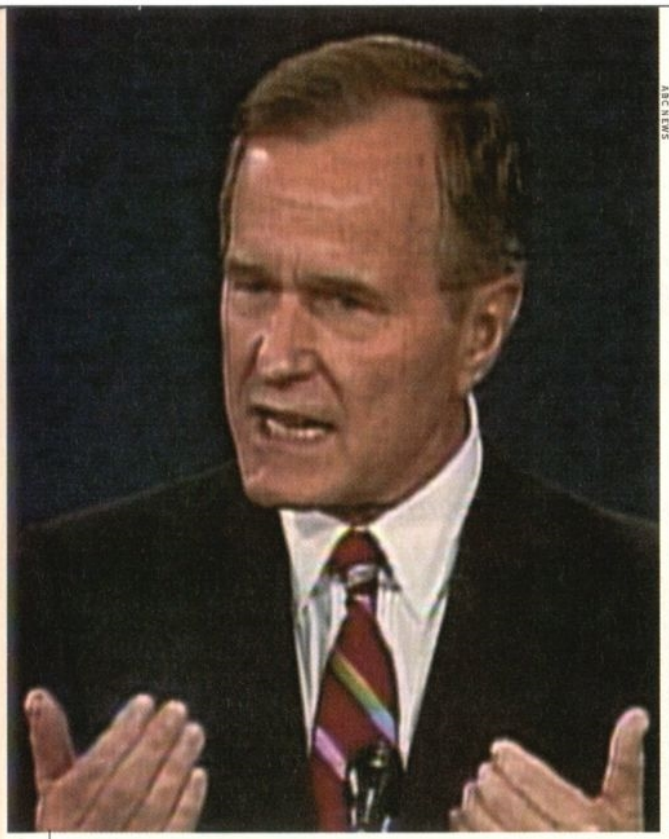
Dukakis used the A.C.L.U. dispute and references to the pledge to score the emotional high point of the debate. Bush had declared that he was not questioning his opponent's patriotism. "Of course, the Vice President is questioning my patriotism," said the Democratic nominee. "I don't think there's any question about that, and I resent it. I resent it. My parents came to this country as immigrants. They taught me this was the greatest country in the world. I'm in public service because I love this country. I believe in it, and nobody's going to question my patriotism."

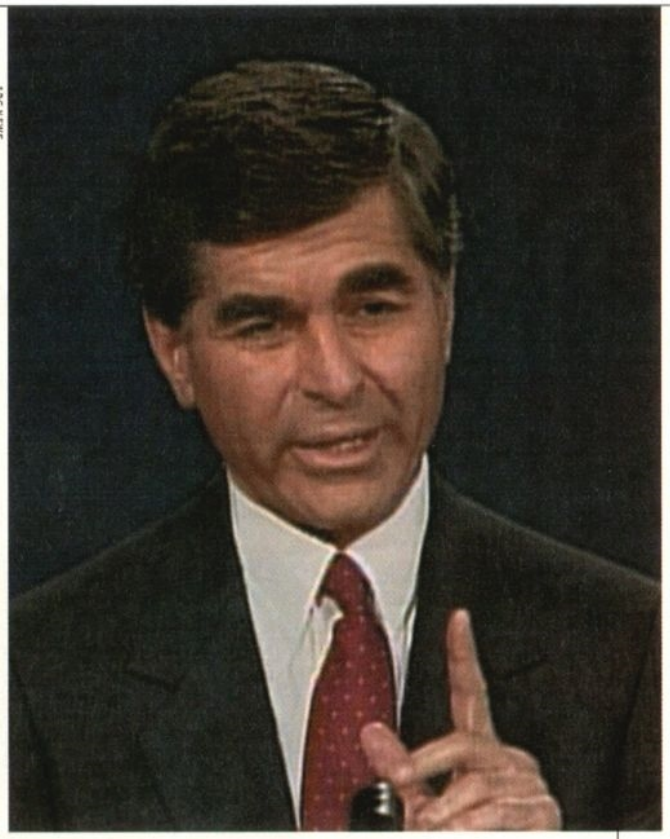
The cleavages were equally apparent on economic issues—none more clear-cut than on the question of how to provide for the millions of Americans without health insurance. Where Dukakis pointed to his recently unveiled program that would require that all private businesses provide coverage for their workers, he totally ignored Bush's claims that this approach might have hidden costs of up to $35 billion or $40 billion. Yet Bush, for all his concerns about a "kinder, gentler nation," seemed hamstrung in posing a credible alternative. At one point the Vice President said somewhat helplessly, "It's a terrible problem, but I don't want to mandate it."

On the top campaign issue, the nation's huge budget deficit, the questioners were unable to pin the candidates down on just how they can reduce it and still acquire the military weapons and social programs they support. Dukakis repeated his unpersuasive solution of tougher tax enforcement. He stressed welfare reforms that would put more poor people to work as a way to cut spending and simultaneously bring in more tax revenue. Bush argued that "we've got to get the Democrats' Congress under control" to hold down spending.

The argument led naturally to a clash over tax policy. Bush stoutly defended his proposal to cut the capital-gains tax rate from its current 28% to 15%. Dukakis jumped on this notion as a tax cut "for the wealthiest 1%" of Americans. But a reference by Dukakis to the need to bring interest rates down gave Bush an easy shot at the 21.5% that existed at one point under President Carter.

One of the main thrusts of Bush's attacks on his foe was to portray him as one of the "big-spending liberals" who see Government as the main solution to social problems. Bush stressed the need for voluntary action by individuals and private organizations, for example, to improve life in urban ghettos. He several times praised the "thousand points of light" in helping to solve the plight of poor children whose lives, he has said, "haunted





ABC NEWS

"He is out there out of the mainstream . . . Do we want this country to go that far left?"

"Programs have been cut and slashed and butchered, and they've hurt kids all over this country."

him." Dukakis chided Bush for being vague. "Thousand points of light? I don't know what that means." The audience chuckled at the sarcasm. Bush explained that he referred to private organizations, such as schools and charities.

Bush scored on a sharp question aimed at Dukakis' being considered "passionless, technocratic, the smartest clerk in the world." The Governor cited issues on which he said he cared deeply, including children who can't afford to go to college, people without medical insurance, civil rights and affirmative action. He conceded that "I may be a little calmer than some" about such matters because "I seek consensus." Bush adroitly declared that "I salute him for his passion," but insisted that it was misdirected at causes favored by "far-out liberals."

Foreign affairs got relatively short shrift, and neither debater broke new ground. Dukakis, as expected, assailed Bush sharply for the Administration's dealings with Panamanian strongman Manuel Noriega and for its "tragic" sales of arms to Iran. Bush, he said, had not been "out of the loop," as the Vice President had contended, but had attended "meeting after meeting after meeting" at which the arms sales were discussed and approved. His own position, said Dukakis, was that "there can be no concessions under any circumstances" to terrorists, however "agonizing" it might be to let American citizens remain in captivity.

The Vice President sharply attacked Dukakis for advocating a nuclear freeze in 1982. "Because we didn't listen," he said, the U.S. has achieved the first agreement reducing nuclear arms, which a freeze would have precluded. Dukakis responded that back in 1982, Bush waffled somewhat on the freeze and insisted it should not be a partisan issue. Bush also attacked Dukakis for wanting "unilaterally" to do away with such weapons as the MX and Midgetman missiles. "When we are negotiating with the Soviet Union, I'm not going to give away a couple of aces" beforehand, he asserted. Dukakis retorted that Bush was refusing to make the hard choices among different types of military spending that the nation's budget stringencies mandate. For example, he said, the MX missile system mounted on railroad cars was a weapon "we don't need and can't afford," and the Administration was planning to spend "billions" on a Star Wars system that few if any reputable scientists think can work.

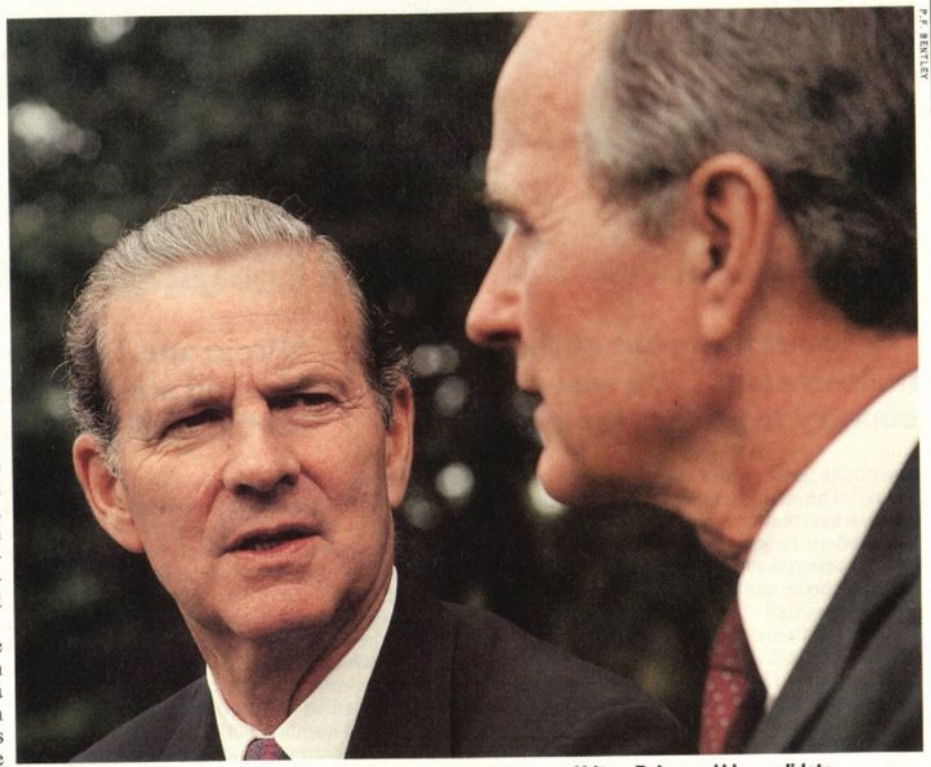
Yet individual lines and specific issues could not convey answers to the deeper, almost psychological question that the American voters now face: Which contender seemed more likely to be a figure of comfort in the White House? Despite the frequent critiques of his somber style, Dukakis seldom smiled during the debate, and when he did the display of teeth seemed forced. For his part, Bush seemed almost overbriefed, as he sometimes verged on incoherence in his efforts to jam as many debating points as possible in a two-minute answer.

One thing the debate made abundantly clear is that the negative tone of campaigning is unlikely to let up until the election. In the battle of testy one-liners, Dukakis was the initial and consistent aggressor from the moment he threw down the gauntlet by saying, "If Bush keeps it up, he's going to be the Joe Isuzu of American politics." While Bush immediately countered that one of Dukakis' answers was "as clear as Boston Harbor," he generally avoided such frontal attacks, although he continued his indirect assault on Dukakis over emotionally charged values issues.

The impact of the Great Debate will depend on the way public perceptions of the two performances shape up over the rest of the week. For the voters, the challenge will be to avoid being swayed by the handiwork of the handlers and to focus instead on the substance of what the two men said and the impressions they were able to convey. ■

It's the Year Of the Handlers

Staffers like Baker and Sasso more than ever control the message



P.F. BENTLEY

Outfoxing and outflanking the opposition in the battle of the sound bites: Baker and his candidate

In six weeks, the American people will entrust either George Bush or Michael Dukakis with the keys to the nuclear kingdom. The presidency carries with it a moral responsibility that ought to humble even the most self-confident leader. Yet how do the candidates spend these final weeks, as they seek to shoulder this awesome responsibility? By reverting to a childlike state of dependency, with their every movement, gesture, word and response dictated by political handlers and chaperones. At the very moment the voters are asked to place their future in the hands of one of these men, the campaign staffs of Bush and Dukakis are trying to prevent their candidates from uttering a spontaneous thought in public.

Something has truly gone awry in 1988, as the election becomes transformed into a handlers' handicap. More than any other race in history, this has become a narrow-gauge contest between two disciplined teams of political professionals. The problem is not the caliber of the candidates, since both Bush and Dukakis have stronger claims to competence than many who have sought the office. Rather it is their passive and uncritical acceptance of the premises of modern political manipulation. Bush flogs patriotism at a flag factory, the far more restrained Dukakis joyrides in a tank, and neither seems embarrassed by the prearranged artifice. There is a cynical edge to it all, as the backstage puppeteers pull the strings, and Bush and Dukakis dangle before the TV cameras obediently reciting their memorized themes for the day.

If the choice in November comes down simply to a referendum on gamesmanship, not leadership, then Bush should win. Since James Baker took charge of the ill-focused campaign in August, the Bush forces have consistently outflanked, outthought and outfoxed their Democratic rivals. "The Republicans punch a button every four years, and all the old pros show up," says longtime Democratic wheelhorse Robert Strauss, chafing on the sidelines. "The Democrats bring out a bunch of bright, gracious people, who reinvent the wheel." Until the exiled John Sasso was summoned back on Labor Day weekend to become the de facto head of a triumvirate that includes campaign manager Susan Estrich and chairman Paul Brountas, the Dukakis camp was hobbled by lack of bold strategic planning. Even now, as Sasso belatedly tries to assemble a Democratic all-star squad, he is hard pressed to match the fast-break pace of Baker's disciplined band of G.O.P. playmakers.

Still, Sasso has his moments in this dizzying game of parry-and-thrust politics. Last Thursday, for example, the Bush campaign plotted a lightning raid on Boston, where the Vice President would dramatize his law-and-order thematics by accepting the endorsement of a Republican-leaning police union. This was a classic maneuver of Baker's and his operations officer, campaign manager Lee Atwater, a tactical gambit to keep his opponent off balance on the eve of the presidential debate. Earlier this month, the Bush armada had sailed unmolested into Boston harbor and excoriated Dukakis over its polluted waters. This time the Vice President stood in a garish Italian restaurant in East Boston, looked at the sea of blue uniforms and

joked, "Who was it that said the police aren't there when you need them?"

That moment photographed well on the evening news, but so did Sasso's same-day response. With less than 24 hours' warning, Sasso assembled a phalanx of about 250 sympathetic uniformed policemen, from elsewhere in Massachusetts and from Texas, Ohio and Florida. They were displayed, badges gleaming, guns at their side, as the centerpiece of the scenic backdrop for a lunchtime rally on the west lawn of the State House. Accompanied by New York Governor Mario Cuomo, Dukakis got off one of the snappiest lines of his campaign. "We're here today," he told the crowd, "to investigate a felony: assault and battery against the truth. Because what George Bush is doing to the truth in this campaign is a crime."



STEVE LISS

Smiling through change and through storm: the reunited team of Sasso, flanked by Estrich and Brountas

Where, one might wonder, is the beef? There is the inconvenient notion that the President is not the Commander in Chief of the nation's more than 300,000 cops on the beat. Add to that the bewildering effect of two candidates embracing the same law-and-order themes on the same day: some police support Bush, others back Dukakis, and the result is symbolism stalemate. Bush strategist Charles Black is correct when he says, "The velocity of events in this election is such that a campaign needs to make important decisions on an hourly basis." But such MTV-style campaign imagery reduces political messages to a blur of sight and sound, signifying almost nothing. The press, of course, accentuates the process in its fixation with the story of the day, and thereby encourages bite-size campaign fragments. The result is teeter-totter polls in which many voters express dismay at the choice handed them.

Ever since California in the 1930s bequeathed to the world the profession of campaign consultant, created out of necessity to compensate for the state's lack of party structure, purists have been decrying the takeover of politics by technocrats. As early as Tom Dewey in 1948, Republican presidential candidates enlisted the services of Madison Avenue, and in 1952 Adlai Stevenson, that egghead favorite, decried the selling of candidates like soap. This prissiness, of course, did not prevent Stevenson from using an ad agency in 1956, and soon all other inhibitions against selling candidates as packaged goods eroded. Thus came the marketing wizards, the pollsters, the television consultants and assorted other image makers. Every four years brings the modern campaign closer to mechanical perfection as techniques like focus groups and overnight tracking polls wring the last gasp of spontaneity out of the process.

The 1988 campaign represents the apotheosis of what might be called the California style of campaigning, which has been influenced by Hollywood and adopted with relish by Republicans like Richard Nixon. It relies on a skillful use of television to project a narrow and often negative message, rigid control over every other aspect of each day's communications, avoidance of the press and off-the-cuff remarks, an emphasis on resentment as a subtext, along with optimism and patriotism as the visual overlay. This despoiled and pockmarked political landscape is the inheritance of the candidates and their handlers, and how much can they be blamed for doing whatever strip mining is necessary to win the White House?

Moreover, 1988 has become the Year of the Handler partly because of the great voids this time. Among them: the lack of visceral issues to shape the campaign, the absence of a commanding personality on either ticket, and the fuzziness of the national mood on both economic and foreign policy issues. In this environment, small tactics and forced errors can have a large impact. Experts in offensive gambits and defensive damage control are indispensable. With no margin for error, the danger of a gaffe, a mistake that will reveal too much, induces a crippling level of scripted caution. After the feel-good placebo of the Reagan years, neither Bush nor Dukakis dares to realistically address such pressing questions as the $2.8 trillion national debt. Devoid of content, the campaign almost inevitably becomes a technical exercise, akin to an overcoached Super Bowl with all plays taking place within the 40-yd. lines.

To be sure, there are major differences between Bush and Dukakis in the ease with which they have adapted to the discipline of send-them-a-simple-message politics. It was the Vice President who dominated the airwaves and lowered the level of the debate with a series of irrelevant and inflammatory issues, ranging from the Pledge of Allegiance to the Massachusetts prison-furlough program. Few, however, would describe Dukakis as waging a campaign of ideas, despite a recent laudable flurry of substantive speeches on defense policy and health issues. Within a week, the Massachusetts Governor both posed in an M-1 tank and flew halfway across the country for a photo opportunity at Yellowstone Park.

Dukakis and his staff nonetheless tend to see themselves in overly high-minded terms, as the innocent victims of sound-bite sabotage. Campaign chairman Brountas pointedly walked to the back of the Dukakis plane last week to give ABC newsman Sam Donaldson a copy of a *Doonesbury* cartoon that lampooned Bush aide Atwater as dictating the message of the day to a network news director. Similarly, Estrich, who kept her title in the Dukakis campaign while yielding to Sasso responsibility for shaping the campaign's message, claims, "The campaign staff is far more important on the Republican side, where the pollsters and the media advisers are running things and where the

Vice President seems willing to do anything they say."

In truth, the two campaign staffs, like rival armies, increasingly tend to resemble each other. Every weekday morning, Sasso in Boston and Baker in Washington preside over strategy meetings designed to fine-tune that day's thematics. The longer-range questions at both meetings are similar: Where will the candidate go next? What will he say? What is the target group of voters? What do the polls say? Which states warrant a heavier advertising budget?

At Dukakis headquarters the major political decisions used to be made at the 9 a.m. departmental meeting that Estrich still chairs. Sasso has pre-empted some of the decision making by creating a loose, informal 8 o'clock gathering with a few key advisers, such as Kirk O'Donnell, Jack Corrigan and Peter Jacobs.

The structure is more formal at Bush headquarters, where Baker's authority is explicit as well as implicit. At 7:30 each morning, seated around the conference table in Baker's office are roughly the same seven or eight key people, including Atwater, TV guru Roger Ailes, pollster Robert Teeter and chief of staff Craig Fuller. "What's the line of the day?" is Baker's invariable call to order—and that question perfectly encapsulates the bumper-sticker mind-set that dominates both campaigns. Teeter provides the initial answer, usually based on his latest polling. The

The Natural: A Feel for Politics

John Sasso excels at a very simple thing: he listens. He fixes people with a steady gaze and, unlike most political operatives, does not cut them short. It is a disarming trait and not a parlor trick. Sasso actually takes what he hears and factors it into his plans. For he is, above all, a strategist, and any bit of stray information will be used to formulate his design.

Sasso also excels at a very difficult task: he makes Michael Dukakis listen. The Governor has said Sasso, 41, is like a brother to him. The unassuming Sasso is like the outgoing, slightly mischievous kid who takes the edge off his stern, driven older brother. Where Dukakis is stiff and awkward in dealing with people, Sasso is a natural; he puts people at ease. He is Dukakis' emissary to the outside world. For years, politicians, bureaucrats and constituents have all said the same thing, "I can't talk to Dukakis. Let me talk to Sasso."



Blocky and blunt, Sasso is neither intellectual nor especially articulate. He is a coalition builder who knows when and how to compromise. Unlike Dukakis, he reaches out to people, and people respond. He engenders loyalty and returns it. The civic-minded Dukakis sometimes gives the impression that he considers himself too good for politics. "What Sasso brought to Dukakis," says Paul Pezzella, the campaign's Florida director, "was the conviction that good government and good politics are one and the same."

The son of a research engineer, Sasso was raised in East Paterson, N.J. He was an average student and went on to study government at Boston University. After graduating in 1970, he worked first for a real estate firm, then for a construction company. But Sasso was restless. In 1974 he became a volunteer for Gerry Studds' Massachusetts congressional campaign. After Studds won, Sasso became his district manager in New Bedford, where he proved adept at selling a Yale-educated liberal to blue-collar constituents.

In 1978 Governor Dukakis was seeking renomination, and Sasso was supervising a statewide amendment against raising the tax rates of residential properties. Sasso won, Dukakis lost. They met shortly afterward. Sasso was impressed, and they stayed in touch. In 1980 Sasso helped organize Ted Kennedy's challenge against Jimmy Carter and was an effective Kennedy field director in Iowa and New Jersey. Sasso then signed on for Dukakis' 1982 comeback attempt, helping create Mike II, the newly mellowed conciliator. Notes Alan Baron, a longtime Democratic strategist: "Sasso can deal with people who really dislike Dukakis." Sasso became the Governor's chief secretary, taking time off in 1984 to manage Geraldine Ferraro's ill-starred vice-presidential campaign. In Boston he used his rapport with local officials and his ability to muster a consensus to push Dukakis' legislative agenda.

He also stoked the Governor's presidential ambitions, persuading him in 1986 to make the race and drafting a comprehensive plan, complete with themes—good jobs at good wages, the Massachusetts Miracle—that would steer Dukakis through the primaries. When Sasso resigned a year ago—for not telling Dukakis that he had been responsible for sending reporters an attack video against Joe Biden—even Dukakis underestimated how crippling the loss would be. The primary campaign, after a three-week dip, chugged along according to Sasso's old game plan. It was as if the Celtics had lost Larry Bird for the season but went on winning for a while purely out of habit.

Devastated, Sasso took a job working for Boston's largest advertising agency, Hill, Holliday, Connors, Cosmopulos. He found the sidelines frustrating. He and Dukakis stayed in touch, but mainly as friends. After the convention, Sasso saw that something was missing: no one was crafting new themes to extend the basic message of the primary campaign. Still, Sasso kept his own counsel. Dukakis does not like asking for favors or admitting mistakes. So when he finally invited Sasso back, just before Labor Day, it was because the candidate had no choice: the campaign was in trouble, and only Sasso could fix it.

For all his bonhomie, Sasso does not give much away. He is a crafty poker player. Since his return, he has played his cards close to his vest, yet has brought a sense of direction and hope to a wayward campaign. Though outwardly very different, Dukakis and Sasso share a sense of discipline and a respect for what works. Sasso is imparting both to the campaign. He is tightening the organization with the same meticulous care he uses to arrange the notes and message slips that pile up on his desk. ***—By Richard Stengel.***

Reported by Robert Ajemian/Boston

Illustrations for TIME by Gene Greif

mood is virtually always low key. "We've all worked together for years in various jobs," explains Margaret Tutwiler, Baker's longtime top aide. "There's no real excitement to it. It's almost boring."

When Baker arrived as planned at Bush headquarters after the G.O.P. convention, he confronted problems far less dire than those that would later bedevil Sasso. One reason: as Tutwiler points out, the top Bush handlers have all fought side by side before. Until Baker took over, this teamwork was undermined by the lack of anyone in firm control of the campaign. Atwater had nominal top authority as campaign manager, but Bush insisted that all decisions be made by consensus. The result was the kind of paralyzing chaos that allowed the Dan Quayle nomination to bring the campaign to the brink of disaster. Almost no decisions were firm, since each of the top advisers reserved the right to mount a back-channel appeal to the Vice President.

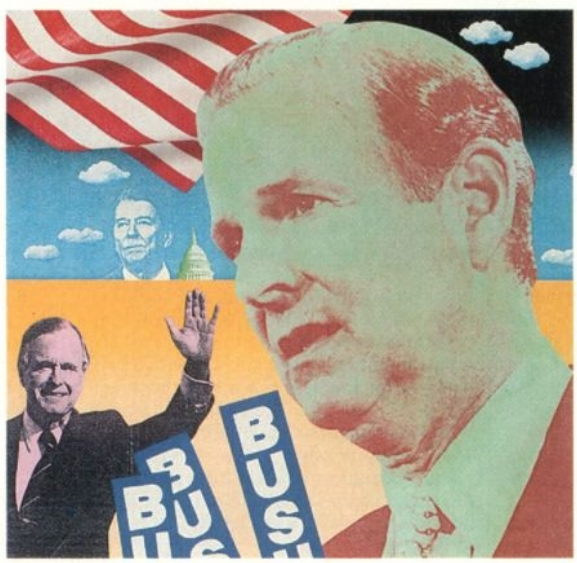
As soon as Baker arrived, there was no question who was the final authority. The former Treasury Secretary, who has played a major role in every G.O.P. presidential campaign since 1976, has become a figure of such stature that there is no counterpart to him in the Democratic Party. Sasso owes his authority to his personal bonds with Dukakis; Baker has managed the political fortunes of two Republican Presidents, and directed Bush's 1980 primary campaign. Baker, in fact,

The Cool Texan: Master of the Game

May 1980. With only a few primaries remaining, Ronald Reagan had the Republican nomination sewn up. Yet one challenger, George Bush, doggedly stayed in the race. Bush's campaign manager and best friend, James Baker, pleaded with him to withdraw. Bush refused. Finally Baker announced at a press conference that Bush was pulling out of the California primary because of lack of funds. Bush, in New Jersey, was shocked when he learned from reporters of Baker's statement and immediately flew to Houston to confront his campaign manager. The incident came close to ending Bush and Baker's friendship. But Bush's retreat ultimately helped him win the vice-presidential spot. It also helped Baker get a top job with Reagan.

Eight years later, Baker is philosophical about the '80 campaign. "We've been through 30 years of good times and bad times together," says Baker of Bush, "and they've only strengthened the friendship and understanding between us."

James Addison Baker III might just be the best thing George Bush has going for him. Since stepping down as Treasury Secretary, Baker, 58, has played a crucial role in reviving Bush's once listless campaign with cool efficiency and uncanny political instincts. Baker brought order to a chaotic campaign that had been run by a committee of six senior advisers. "We're making decisions and sticking with them," he says. "They may not always be right, but they're being made." Yet Baker is no dictator. A tactful Texan, he never fails to seek advice from his lieutenants and listens carefully before making a decision.



Though he is a workaholic who puts in 14-hour days at the office, Baker exudes serenity. He is apt to crack jokes at his daily 7:30 a.m. staff meeting and has started a "most outrageous tie" competition, encouraging the driven and serious topsides of the campaign to try to outdo one another in flaunting garish neckwear.

Working out of an office two blocks from the White House, Baker commandeers a war room dominated by two large U.S. maps dotted with pins marking the movements of Bush, Dan Quayle, Michael Dukakis and Lloyd Bentsen. His desk is a conference table that seats twelve and is stacked with Baker's ubiquitous "things to do" lists. He makes or takes up to 100 phone calls a day, speaking with Bush about 16 times. His only break comes with a lunch of cottage cheese and tuna with Tabasco sauce. Once an avid ham-and-eggs man, Baker now watches his cholesterol.

Like Bush, he is a son of privilege. But the native Texan Baker—a man who can look natural wearing an elegant suit while chewing a wad of Red Man tobacco—manages to display the image of Eastern polish mixed with Southwestern earthiness that Bush looks silly trying to project. The family law firm, Baker & Botts, which his great-grandfather joined in 1872, is one of the largest and most prestigious in Houston. Baker was educated at the Hill School in Pennsylvania and at Princeton, earned a law degree at the University of Texas, and served in the Marines. Because of antinepotism rules at Baker & Botts, he practiced corporate law at Andrews & Kurth.

Baker never considered a life in politics until 1970, when a country-club friend named George Bush, then a Congressman, asked Baker to work on his Senate campaign. Grieving over the death of his first wife, Baker was ready to try something new. Bush ultimately lost the race (to Bentsen), but Baker proved to be a talented tactician, delivering 61% of the votes in the Houston area. Bush is godfather to eleven-year-old Mary Bonner, Baker's daughter by his second wife.

At the White House, Baker became famous for deftly using the press to his advantage in contests with rivals. He was less successful in getting the Administration around policy reefs. Though himself a pragmatist allied with then Budget Director David Stockman, Baker was unable to wean Reagan from supply-side economics enough to curb the deficit. But in a town that reveres opportunists, Baker is generally held in awe. He has positioned himself well. "No matter what happens, Baker is likely to win," says Bruce Thompson, who worked with Baker at Treasury. "If Bush becomes President, Baker could be Secretary of State. If the Democrats win, Baker could be appointed [by Texas' Republican Governor] to Bentsen's Senate seat." And why would a man who has run the White House and served in the Cabinet want the less powerful office of U.S. Senator? "He needs a political base," says a Baker associate, "for when he runs for President himself." —***By Jacob V. Lamar. Reported by Dan Goodgame/Washington***



DENNIS BRACK—BLACK STAR

Ailes, Teeter and Baker looking for Dan Quayle after his selection



P.F. BENTLEY

Craig Fuller in California, where he learned his trade



JOHNSON

Fiery Lee Atwater sometimes needs handling himself



CYNTHIA JOHNSON

Dukakis campaign chairman Brountas and aide O'Brien



JOHNSON

Dukakis spokesman Duncan and issues director Christopher Edley

represents the rare towering figure who is an exception to the political truism that power depends on physical access to the candidate. Even more than Sasso, Baker has laid down the dictum that almost all decisions are made at headquarters, not in the fuselage of Air Force Two at 35,000 ft.

There is a curmudgeonly line of argument that contends that campaign strategy, like most mystic arts, consists mainly of common sense buttressed by uncommon decisiveness. It is probably also true that Dukakis' July lead in the polls was destined to fade like a hothouse flower. The Massachusetts Governor, after all, is running against the heir to a popular President who is campaigning on peace and prosperity. But even so, it is hard to exaggerate the problems that Sasso inherited when for the second time he took the tiller of the foundering campaign.

The Dukakis camp was simultaneously overconfident and overly defensive. There was the blustery insistence that the threadbare good-jobs-at-good-wages themes of the primaries would work against Bush, combined with the insecure reluctance to reach out to battle-tested Democrats who had worked for other candidates. There was virtually no planning, no ability to respond to Bush's attacks, and logistics out of the whistle-stop era. Dukakis would have to work until after midnight revising a speech he had just received for the next morning's breakfast event. All too often the candidate would take wooden prose and tired arguments and, miraculously, make them even blander. Small wonder that the campaign message was upstaged by everything from hecklers to a defensive Dukakis response to Bush's latest charges.

Estrich was, and is, an incisive thinker and an intense manager with a keen grasp of policy issues. But she and her lieutenants were simply not adroit in matching the strategic maneuvering through which the Bush campaign dominated the sound-bite agenda. In politics, as in war, whichever side chooses the battlefield is likely to win. Baker and his cadre were designating the battlefield every day. In addition, none of the top Dukakis command, with the occasional exception of Brountas, could tell the candidate things he did not want to hear or make him do what he did not want to do. By early September, even Dukakis realized this was a liability.

But in bringing back Sasso, Dukakis was careful to spare Estrich's feelings at the cost of the bureaucratic coherence of the campaign. Instead of reassigning some of the top staff as the effort expanded, Sasso just worked around them, relying on new, more seasoned hands that he recruited. As a result, there are in effect two campaign hierarchies: the paper structure and the de facto one reporting to Sasso. Even though Baker might blanch at such chain-of-command chaos, a tendency to paper over personnel problems is typical of presidential campaigns but can be near fatal in a President.

More than anything, Sasso has brought an end to turn-the-other-cheek piety in the face of the Vice President's attacks. Flying from Houston to Kentucky last Tuesday morning, the Dukakis staff mulled over how to respond to Bush's substantive event for the day: a visit to a New Jersey flag factory. At Sasso's direction, a group of aides gathered at the front of the plane to concoct a sound bite that would contrast Bush's flag-draped photo opportunity with Dukakis' upcoming speech on universal health insurance. The winning jab: "I have a question for Mr. Bush: Don't you think it's about time you came out



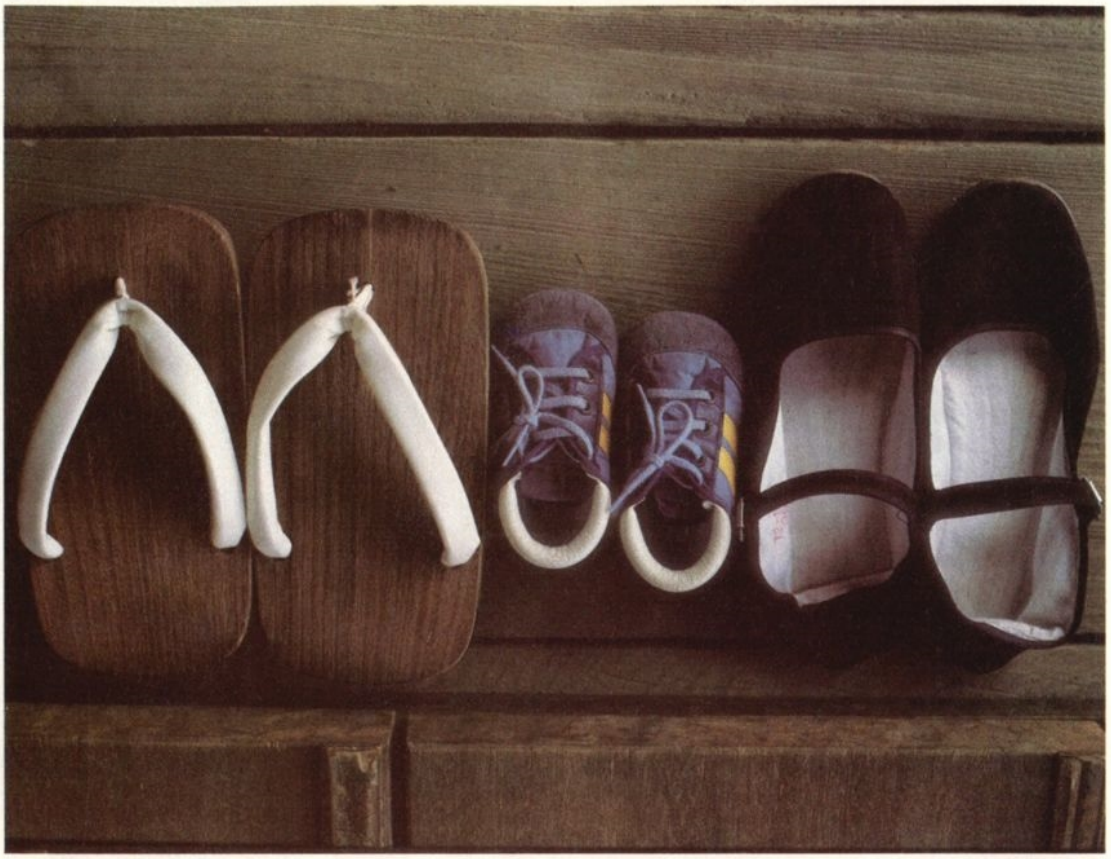
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Told across an ocean.

"Is she still awake?"

"Barely."

"Let me kiss her good-night."

"Hi, Grandpa."

"Hiroko, what are you going to dream tonight?"

"That it's 4 o'clock in the morning and I'm dancing around the house because Mommy and Daddy forgot to put me to bed."

"Good-night, Hiroko."

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from behind the flag and told us what you intend to do to provide basic health care for 37 million of our fellow citizens?"

The line drew large cheers. Sam Donaldson, poking back for the *Doonesbury* cartoon, told Brountas, "We can't use that." But, of course, he did. On the flight back to Boston, press secretary Dayton Duncan celebrated with a slug of bourbon: "We made the evening news." This, admittedly, was a paltry triumph for the nominee of a major party in September, but it conveys the dire mood that had prevailed in the Dukakis camp and the elation over the shifts that were under way. "This is not brain surgery," said Francis O'Brien, a Sasso recruit to the campaign. "Republicans have done it well for years."

There is, however, something in the Democratic soul that resists running the kind of disciplined—and, yes, cynical—campaign that the Republicans have been perfecting since 1968. Part of the explanation may be cultural: most of the current generation of Democratic handlers were originally attracted to politics by ideological causes like Viet Nam and civil rights. Their Republican counterparts, nurtured by a well-funded party and now used to White House power, seem to place a higher emotional premium on the sheer act of winning. Republicans have certainly mastered the art of postconvention unity, while most Democrats who backed a losing contender in the primaries routinely go into a sidelines sulk.

Given the history of Democratic feuds, Sasso has been determined to run a campaign of inclusion. Jesse Jackson has at last been accorded the respect he craves, and Dukakis has reached out to party leaders ranging from Cuomo to Georgia Senator Sam Nunn. But Sasso has also recast the upper levels of the campaign staff to make room for Democratic strategists who have weathered the cold winds of prior fall campaigns. Their track records are not nearly so glittering as those of Baker's lieutenants, but then the Democrats have lost four of the past five presidential elections.

Among the veterans Sasso has brought in is Ted Sorensen, who wrote some of John Kennedy's most famous lines. Two weeks ago, Sasso arranged a meeting with Sorensen to discuss an important speech. They wandered over to Fenway Park in the middle of a crucial series with the Yankees. Over hot dogs and beer, the two men reviewed the text of a neopopulist economic address—delivered complete with some Dukakis stylistic improvements in the Camelot Hotel in Little Rock last Monday.

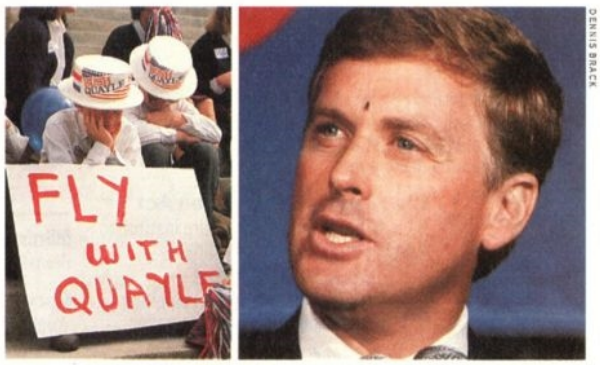
Despite Dukakis' tinkering, the Sorensen draft retained much of its energy, including a class-conscious denunciation of "those who were born to great wealth." The candidate even got off one of his new breed of one-liners: "The next President will inherit a sea of Republican red ink that not even Moses could part." But the inherent tension between Sorensen's soaring prose and the candidate's down-to-earth style captures an enduring dilemma of modern democracy: Does the political process unduly reward artifice and spurn the genuine article?

There is something admirable about Dukakis' stiff-necked resistance this summer to the demands of political packaging. Yet his implicit I-am-what-I-am declaration of principle would have been more appealing had he used this period to better express the beliefs and dreams that spark his ambition. Instead, he sought political safety in repeating the cautious catchphrases that carried him through the primaries. Still, there is something unsettling about the ease with which Bush seems to accommodate the demands of his handlers. Even in the 1980 primaries, when Bush was free from the encumbrance of all ties to Ronald Reagan, he ran a scripted campaign full of burbling boasts that he was "up for the '80s."

Sadly enough, probably neither Dukakis nor Bush is equipped with the moxie and the imagination to run the kind of campaign that would be a tonic for the nation's flagging political spirits—a campaign in which the candidate says what he thinks, takes questions from all comers, and dares to let the networks create their own sound bites. Such a mythical candidate might be destined to lose as badly as Barry Goldwater and George McGovern. Or maybe, just maybe, the handlers—and their candidates—have underestimated the good sense of the American people. ***—By Walter Shapiro. Reported by David Beckwith and Dan Goodgame/Washington, and Michael Riley with Dukakis***

Grapevine

Tanks a lot. When George Bush prepped for the Sunday showdown, campaign adviser Richard Darman played Mike Dukakis in the Vice President's dining room. As Darman delivered Dukakis' anticipated summation, he remained appropriately intense—until he popped on a military helmet to mock the Duke's celebrated tank photo.



DENNIS BRACK

Quayle's fans plead; on the candidate's forehead, a fly responds

Quayle flutters. Some Bush aides concede privately that Dan Quayle is more of a drag than was expected. Recent polls show that up to half the voters consider the junior Indiana Senator unqualified to be President. Shrugs an aide: "All we can do is wait for his debate. If he wins, the problem's gone. If he loses, we've still got a problem."

But he didn't burn the flag. Nimble reasoning of the week came from Attorney General Dick Thornburgh, after disclosures that he had been what George Bush calls "a card-carrying member of the A.C.L.U." in Pittsburgh from 1966 to 1969. Thornburgh said he joined to support creation of a public defender's office and the rights of the handicapped. But he quit when the A.C.L.U. began pursuing "a separate political agenda." An officer of the chapter denies that the group has been political and notes that Thornburgh, a director of the Pittsburgh branch, did not complain when his chapter took up an unpopular cause: defending draft resisters.

False readings. Campaigning against random drug testing, the airline pilots' union commissioned a study of how over-the-counter medications can affect results. Among the findings: taking Advil can produce a positive reading for marijuana; swallowing Alka-Seltzer can lead to a positive verdict of amphetamines; ingesting Vicks cough medicine or Robitussin-DM can yield a positive indication of morphine.



ANDREW FRENCH

Kings of the Hill

Who needs Dukakis? Congress is getting its way now

"The tide of history," Ronald Reagan told a conference of conservatives in 1986, "is all but irreversibly turned our way." Last week the historic 100th Congress was busy debating federal funding for child care, job leave for parents, increases in the minimum wage and final touches on a welfare-reform act. The President himself signed into law a congressionally initiated expansion of the food-stamp program, the most sweeping in a decade. The actions simply underscored what the Democratic Congress has been proving throughout the final two years of Ronald Reagan's second term: tides that flow also ebb.

Ironically, the most conservative President since Herbert Hoover has found his veto power no more effective than a thumb in the dike in stanching a flood of progressive (the "L" word is no longer used in capital environs) legislation. By the time Congress adjourns in mid-October, it will have compiled a record in passing landmark activist legislation exceeded in recent years only by the Great Society 89th Congress of 1965 and 1966. Says House Speaker Jim Wright by way of explanation: "There were pent-up needs too long deferred." Adds Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd: "We were too long in the desert. It seemed like 40 years."

What Byrd alludes to is the six years—not 40—from 1981 through 1986 when Republicans controlled the Senate. Unable to dominate powerful Capitol Hill committees and staffs for the first time in 26 years, Democrats chafed as Reagan made Congress dance to his less-government tune by advancing deregulation and cutting back on funds for housing, education and college loans. But when Reagan's 1986 plea for continued Republican rule of the Senate failed to persuade enough voters, the Democrats won a 55-45 majority. With a party "more unified than at any time in my 36 years in Congress," says Byrd, they forged a two-year legislative agenda they have largely completed.

In an early display of congressional muscle, both houses quickly passed a five-year, $20 billion clean-water act that Reagan had vetoed the previous session. When the President sent the bill back again, Congress easily overrode his veto. The pattern for the final two years of the lame-duck President's term was set: in almost contemptuous defiance of vetoes and threats, Congress enacted expensive measures to improve highways and mass transit, mandate 60-day notification of plant closings and layoffs, provide help to the homeless, bolster elementary and secondary education, and provide protection against catastrophic illness.

As they rush to adjournment, the two houses are "within a thin dime" of an agreement on controversial welfare-reform legislation, according to its chief Senate sponsor, New York Democrat Daniel Patrick Moynihan. An increase in the minimum wage is also likely. After last December's so-called summit with the White House on reducing the federal deficit by $76 billion, both houses have passed all 13 appropriations bills, although differences in six remain to be reconciled.

The Senate Republican whip, Wyoming's conservative Alan Simpson, agrees that the 100th Congress has compiled a remarkable record: "We got some good stuff through that's not conservative or liberal but for the country." He cites the U.S.-Canada free-trade agreement approved this week and notes bipartisan support for ratification of the INF treaty, in which the Senate insisted on some modifications. But domestic legislation is almost always more controversial than treaties.

The Democratic victory has not been total. Federal assistance in providing day care for children of working parents is almost certainly dead for this session. A clean-air bill that environmentalists contend is desperately needed appears bogged down beyond rescue in interhouse bickering. A campaign-reform measure strongly favored by Byrd died after eight unsuccessful votes to break a G.O.P. filibuster.

"It's been a good Congress, somewhat driven by presidential politics," says Norman Ornstein, analyst for the American Enterprise Institute. "Had it not been an election year, I don't think we would have had an omnibus trade bill at all, and we almost certainly would not have had a plant-closings bill." On the latter, Congress "outfoxed" the Administration, says Ornstein, putting the President in a position in which he would have undercut George Bush by vetoing a politically popular bill. Reagan allowed the measure to become law without his signature.

In fact, the President has spent the past two years counterpunching the Democrats, rarely giving in until zero hour, if at all. Reagan "has been a reluctant, incorrigible President," says Byrd. Come Nov. 8, the Democrats may not be able to put Michael Dukakis in the Oval Office. But if, as expected, they continue to control Congress, the experience of the past two years suggests that for getting their agenda across, they may not need him. —*By Hays Gorey/Washington*

THE ACTIVIST CONGRESS

Landmark legislation by the 100th Congress:

Clean Water Act*
$20 billion in 1986-90 for pollution control and sewage-treatment plants.

Highways*
$88 billion through 1991 for highway construction and repair. Includes $18 billion for mass transit.

Aid for the Homeless
$443 million over two years for housing, health and food. An additional $50 million in emergency funds.

Hunger
Largest expansion of food stamp program since 1977: $288 million in 1989, rising to $590 million by 1991.

Catastrophic Health Care
Caps Medicare deductible for hospital services at $564 per patient. Paid for by gradual premium increases.

Civil Rights Restoration Act*
Bans federal funds for an entire institution if one of its divisions discriminates.

Fair Housing Act
Puts teeth into laws prohibiting racial and other discrimination.

Plant Closings
Requires employers to give 60 days' notification.

Omnibus Trade Law
Mandates retaliation against foreign unfair trade practices.

Farm Credit Reform
Revises government loan system to curb foreclosures.

IN THE PIPELINE

Minimum Wage Increase
From $3.35 to $4.55 an hour by 1991.

Parental Leave
Would grant workers up to ten weeks of unpaid leave to care for children or an ailing parent.

Welfare Reform
$3.5 billion over five years for education, training and work programs.

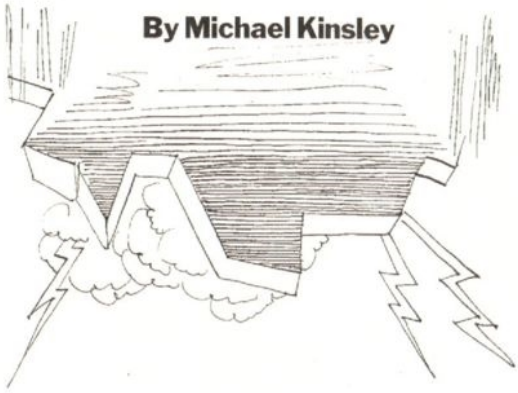
* *Passed over presidential veto*

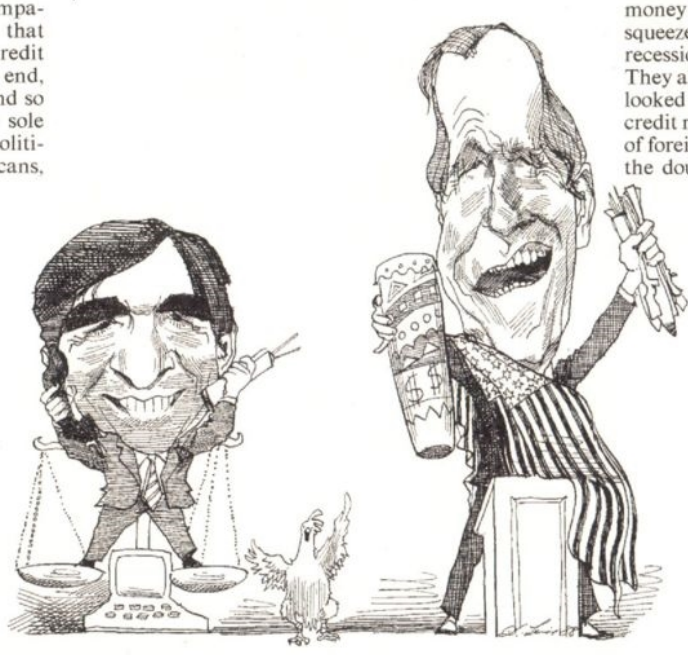


TED THAI

Deficits: Lunchtime Is Over

By Michael Kinsley





Take pity on Fiscal Chicken Little. This little chickie is getting a little hoarse. Shrieking "The sky is falling" quarter after sunny, seasonally adjusted quarter for the better part of a decade is weary work. In the sixth year of steady economic growth—with unemployment at 5.6%, near its 14-year low, and inflation at 5.2%, modest by the standards of the early 1980s—it is not easy to maintain the courage of your pessimism.

At least she's in good company. The shopworn notion that America has been living on credit cards, that the party has to end, that there's no free lunch, and so on and so forth, is not the sole possession of Democratic politicians (who, like Republicans, don't propose to do anything serious about it anyway). Variations on this theme are played in two new books by past heads of President Reagan's own Council of Economic Advisers. Murray Weidenbaum says in *Rendezvous with Reality,* "We are consuming more than we are producing, borrowing more than we are saving, and spending more than we are earning. We are rapidly approaching the time when we have to pay the piper." William Niskanen says in *Reaganomics,* "The federal budget reflects a fundamentally schizophrenic preference—for federal spending of about 23% of GNP and for federal taxes of about 19% of GNP. Something must give."

Of course, no one says it better than the master himself. From his 1981 Inaugural Address (in the days when $80 billion was a record federal deficit and the rest of the world still owed America money): "You and I as individuals can, by borrowing, live beyond our means, but for only a limited period of time. Why, then, should we think that collectively, as a nation, we're not bound by that same limitation?"

If it's any comfort to the Cassandras, nobody—Cassandra nor Pollyanna—predicted the 1980s economy correctly. The decade began with the deepest recession since the Great Depression, engineered by the Federal Reserve Board to purge inflation. The early Reagan deficits helped stimulate the economy back into expansion—a classic exercise in Keynesianism of the sort the President has spent his political career deploring (and still deplores, given half a chance).

The supply-side Pollyannas predicted that lower tax rates would induce huge increases in saving and investment, which would produce enormous growth, which would wipe out the deficits. They were wrong. Net private saving, which averaged 8.1% of GNP in the 1960s and 1970s, dropped to 5.8% in the 1980s. (It was 4.1% last year.) Investment in new plant and equipment averaged 3.3% of GNP in 1950-80 and 2.3% during the 1980s. Economic growth averaged 4.8% in the 1960s, 2.8% in the 1970s and 2.2% in the 1980s. And we know what happened to the deficit.

The Cassandras predicted that huge deficits during an economic recovery would inevitably lead to renewed inflation (if the Fed went along by increasing the money supply) or an interest-rate squeeze and a U-turn back into recession (if the Fed held fast). They also were wrong. They overlooked the new globalization of credit markets and the willingness of foreigners to step in and supply the dough. The Cassandras have been updating their scenarios throughout the 1980s: the overvalued dollar will destroy American industry; or, the undervalued dollar will hand American industry to foreigners; or, when the foreigners get tired of spotting us, interest rates will shoot up, and we'll have a recession; or, as the trade deficit narrows, domestic and export demand will combine to create inflation; or, the burning of Brazilian rain forests will deprive the world of oxygen, and we'll all choke to death; etc. But the sky hasn't fallen. And trying to persuade people it's going to fall any minute is probably not the best way to build a consensus on the next step.

Maybe the next President can muddle through four years without either a crisis or a dramatic effort to avert one. But Reagan was right in 1981: a society, like an individual family, cannot live beyond its means indefinitely. In fact, if it wants to prosper and grow, it cannot even live *at* its means. It must save and invest for the future. We have not been doing that, and unless this changes we will suffer for it, even if the suffering takes the form of slow stagnation rather than some bloodcurdling cataclysm.

The budget deficit and the trade deficit are really aspects of the problem of too much consumption and not enough saving. As Harvard professor Benjamin Friedman points out in his forthcoming book *Day of Reckoning,* the share of national income raised in federal taxes is exactly what it was in 1979, but the share returning to individuals in the form of transfer payments (Social Security and so on) has gone up. The Government borrows the difference, thus replacing national savings with consumption. The 1980s' consumption boom, Friedman notes, has been financed in three ways: by this shift in the Government budget; by a larger share of the population in the work force (ow-

Illustration for TIME by David Levine

ing to the maturing of the baby boomers and women going to work, two social trends that have just about reached their limit); and by lower investment for future growth. Meanwhile, when foreigners lend us the difference between our anemic investment rate and our even more anemic savings rate, this means that a large chunk of our future prosperity will go to them, not to us.

The next President's simple economic challenge, therefore, is to arrange for America to consume less and save more. And the best way to do that is—yes, tedious but true—to reduce the federal deficit by reducing spending and/or raising taxes.

This still leaves plenty to argue about. To what extent is Government spending—on highways, on science research, on education, on health—a form of investment rather than present consumption? (Answer: a lot, but less than in the past and not enough to excuse the present deficit.) Apart from deficit reduction, do we need new policies to encourage savings and investment in the private sector? (Answer: perhaps, but be suspicious of both conservative schemes that amount to new tax breaks for rich folks and liberal schemes that amount to Government officials trying to play business better than businessmen.) Are trade restrictions a sensible way to reduce consumption of imported goods? (Answer: no.)

Above all, how do we get there from here? That is, How do we engineer a reduction in consumption that will lead to productive investment rather than a self-feeding economic contraction and recession? Actually, there isn't much dispute about this one. If the deficit were to come down, the Fed would gladly accommodate this "tight" fiscal policy with a "loose" monetary policy. Low interest rates would spur private investment to take up the slack in demand, and everyone would live happily ever after.

Two of the most dangerous economic illusions of the Reagan years are that we have somehow abolished the business cycle and the Phillips curve. The first is that occasional economic slowdowns are unavoidable; the second is the principle that there is a trade-off between policies to prevent recession and policies to prevent inflation. Antirecession medicines are pleasant, even addictive, while anti-inflation medicines are not, and Presidents always prefer the former. The *moral* challenge for our society is not to squander the Fed's tremendously costly victory over the inflation of the early 1980s. Any program of reviving investment and savings depends on having a stable currency.

Anyone not running for office can come up with a shopping list of budget cuts and new revenue sources (yes, yes, *taxes)* to close the deficit gap. The leadership challenge is getting at least 51% of Americans to agree to any particular list. A recent Gallup Poll for the Times Mirror Co. offered 20 possible deficit-reduction measures. Only three got majority support. Interestingly, all three were tax hikes: on people earning over $80,000, on alcohol and on tobacco.

More important than the particulars are the principles that should guide the revenue hunt. First is that the deficit gap cannot be closed painlessly by George Bush's proposed "flexible freeze" or by Michael Dukakis' proposed war on tax cheats. In either case, the numbers just don't add up.

The second principle is that spending cuts should come from subsidies to the middle class, not genuine Government investment or programs that aid the poor. Obvious targets are farm programs, Social Security and our disproportionate share of the defense of Europe and Japan, which is a subsidy to middle-class foreigners. But merely to list these is to build a monument to hopelessness. That's why, for all the candidates' bluster, salvation will probably come, if at all, on the revenue side.

Reagan was right in 1981: a society, like an individual family, cannot live beyond its means indefinitely

The principles guiding the search for new tax revenues should be: no increases in marginal tax rates, and no gimmicks (such as Bush's proposed capital-gains tax cut) that supposedly would increase revenues by lowering rates. Lunchtime is over. There are genuine revenue raisers that would have a minimal effect on saving and investment. Some obvious ones: increasing the gasoline tax (worth about a billion dollars a penny) and taxing accrued capital gains at death (currently a $5 billion-a-year loophole).

Current projections by the Congressional Budget Office (CBO) show the deficit shrinking to $121 billion by 1994, or only 1.7% of GNP (this year's $155 billion is 3.2% of GNP), even without dramatic changes (though also without a recession for another six years). But the projected 1994 deficit would be $234 billion if not for a $113 billion surplus in the Social Security trust funds. Although he doesn't advertise the fact, President Reagan signed the biggest tax increase in history in the form of the 1983 Social Security reform, which will be generating gargantuan sums for the next several decades. And although Social Security has been ostentatiously taken "off-budget," its surpluses (which are lent back to the Government) are subtracted in computing the total federal deficit.

There are two problems with this increasingly convenient arrangement. One is that the Social Security tax is tremendously unfair. While the regular income tax exempts low incomes, Social Security exempts high incomes (over $45,000). It also exempts all investment income: interest, dividends, capital gains. Using such a tax to fund a workers' retirement program is one thing; using it to fund the general workings of Government is another. The second problem is double counting: you can't pretend this money is reducing the deficit today while also pretending that it is available, with interest, to fund baby boomers' retirements in the next century. Huge tax increases or benefit reductions will be needed when it's time to take the money *out* of this alleged trust fund. At best, the Social Security surplus offers the next President a chance to keep practicing credit-card economics on a Reaganite scale.

True leadership means leading people where they don't want to go. It takes a Moses to lead his people into the desert; anyone can lead them into the promised land. By this exalted standard, how much economic leadership will the next President need to have? Not much, really. Professor Friedman, whose whole point in *Day of Reckoning* is to induce panic, notes that closing the trade gap and servicing the accumulated foreign debt will require reducing the share of national income going to consumption by 5%.

That sounds formidable. But personal-consumption spending has increased more than 26% in real terms during 1981-87. (GNP has increased only 19.8%: that's the problem. Even if all growth stopped tomorrow, putting our international accounts in order would require moving us back to the standard of living of mid-1986, hardly a heroic sacrifice. Now let's keep going. If, in addition, we wanted to increase our national savings rate, currently 2.8% of GNP, back to the post–Worl War II levels of about 7.5%, we need to reduce consumption by another 5% or so. That puts us back to the impoverished life-style of mid-1985.

And growth has not stopped. If the CBO's estimate of 2.3% a year is right, we'd be home free if the next President could persuade us simply to hold consumption at its present levels for his first term, using the dividends of economic growth to pay off our debts and invest for an even more prosperous future.

Maybe the sky won't fall if we don't do something like this. But don't blame Chicken Little if it does. Cluck, cluck. ■

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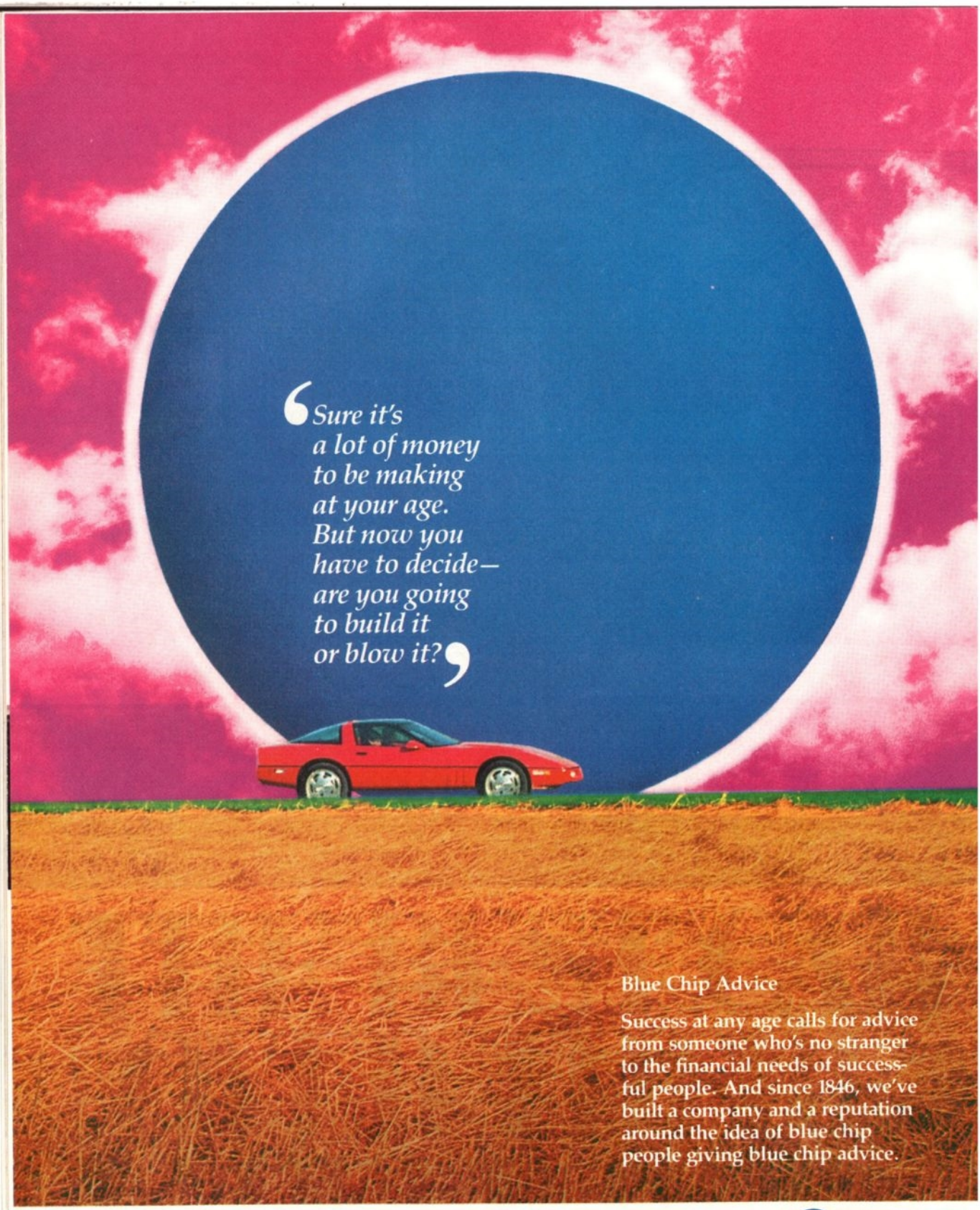
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American Notes



BRENT CLINGMAN

MARRIAGE **Venise and mother**



U.S. CUSTOMS SERVICE

AIRCRAFT **The P-3 Orion will sniff out smugglers**



JAMES KUKENDALL—SIA

LOS ANGELES **Camarena, 1982**

MARRIAGE

What Mama Never Told Her

Two San Diego women were looking for someone to kill their husbands, police heard. Masquerading as a hit man, a detective claims, he got an offer of $10,000 from Judith Lynette East, 45, to knock off her Mark, 31, and one of $5,000 from Venise Lynette Morris, 27, to rub out her Michael, 41. The two women had more than a murder plot in common: Judith East is the mother of Venise Morris.

As the two were arraigned in San Diego's municipal court last week, police said neither knew the other had sought a hit man, though they had allegedly discussed their homicidal desires. Their presumed motives: money and money. Mother and daughter are in separate cells pending trials on charges of solicitation to commit murder.

AIRCRAFT

Cheaper—and Better

"Extraordinary, unique!" Attorney General Dick Thornburgh exclaimed of the drug-fighting airplane proudly displayed last week by the U.S. Customs Service. A dazzling new aircraft? No. It was a used Lockheed P-3 Orion, designed in the 1950s. The $31 million turboprop has just one major innovation: a 360° radar dome capable of spotting smugglers' low-flying planes as effectively as the $48 million Grumman E-2C Hawkeye, which Customs had been using. The Lockheed can stay aloft twelve hours—three times as long as the Hawkeye, which must refuel after four hours.

Customs could have had its plane sooner, but for more than a year the White House opposed its development and the Navy fought the idea because, critics suspect, the Navy is committed to the Hawkeye for carrier operations. Grumman's overseas sales of Hawkeyes reduce the price the Navy pays. Big sales of the modified Orion could mean higher Hawkeye prices for the Navy.

NEW YORK CITY

Murder in the Cathedral

The madman's repeated clashes with authority fit a maddeningly familiar pattern: since arriving in the U.S. from Cuba as part of the Mariel boatlift in 1980, Jorge Delgado had been arrested at least eleven times for petty crimes and hospitalized as a mental patient seven times. Once he had smashed a chalice during a service at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Twice in the past six months, city psychiatrists had examined him and failed to discover any reason not to return him to the streets.

They obviously overlooked something. Outside St. Patrick's last Wednesday night, the 6-ft. 5-in. Delgado stripped off his clothes, entered the soaring Manhattan landmark and began to strike worshipers. Police officer James McMann, 50, radioed for help before Delgado knocked him out with a wrought-iron prayer stand and then struck and killed usher John Winters, 77. Lunging at one of three newly arrived policemen, he was shot dead. Afterward, John Cardinal O'Connor recalled that he had touched and blessed Delgado when he noticed the man looked disturbed at Mass that morning. In a city where tens of thousands of mentally disturbed people wander freely, could anyone do more?

LOS ANGELES

Justice for Camarena

When ex–Mexican police officer Raul López Alvarez, 28, was found guilty in Los Angeles last week of kidnaping, torture and murder, the federal court verdict represented two important milestones. It was the nation's first conviction under a 1984 racketeering law that adds new penalties for violence. And it was the first conclusive success in the nation's long effort to punish those responsible for the 1985 murder in Mexico of Drug Enforcement agent Enrique Camarena and his pilot, Alfredo Zavala Avelar. The jury found Alvarez, formerly a member of the Guadalajara homicide squad, guilty of six charges, including two counts of committing violent acts to support racketeering. Jurors saw a videotape of López telling about the torture and slaying of Camarena on the orders of Mexican drug merchant Rafael Cáro Quintero. The jury is deliberating separately on the fates of two other defendants.

AIR FORCE

How Wobbly The Goblin

The U.S. Air Force is so secretive about its radar-invisible Stealth fighter that it refused to acknowledge the plane existed even when one crashed in California two years ago. Yet when a covey of U.S.A.F. pilots converged in Washington last week for an Air Force Association symposium, shop talk indicated that the Stealth has a nickname. Pilots who fly the plane out of the Tonopah, Nev., Air Force base find it so tricky they call it the "Wobbly Goblin." Onboard computers are supposed to control the Stealth's performance, even at the highest speeds, but experts say the plane sometimes "gets away" from the pilot, who then has to take over manually—and earn his wings all over again.

COUPS

Armies Rampant

Revolts in Burma and Haiti underscore the elusiveness of democracy


ROYAL THAI ARMY

BURMA

Saw Maung explained his coup on TV, but the protests continue. Before dictatorial rule began nearly 30 years ago, Burma enjoyed democracy, providing at least a tradition to build upon if the military ever relinquishes power.


SANDRO TUCCI

Military coups. Murder in the streets. National strangulation by chaos.

To most of those who live in the major democracies, a bare 30 or so countries around the globe, the desirability and benefits of the system seem so self-evident that the agonies often endured to bring it into being are easily forgotten. Last week upheavals in two very different countries brutally reminded the world that there is no inevitability to the progress of the democratic idea. In Burma a new military regime seized power, snuffing out the hopes of that country's population for a new dawn of political freedom after the 26-year nightmare of Ne Win's repressive dictatorship. In Haiti a cadre of sergeants took over the government from a cadre of generals who had themselves seized power from an inexperienced civilian government just months earlier. But the mutineers from the lower ranks at least called for democracy, a state of being unknown to Haitians for almost their entire history since they became independent from France in 1804.

Other than the accidental synchronicity of their respective coups, Burma and Haiti have virtually nothing in common culturally, socially or historically. What they do share is a constellation of evil circumstances that, taken together, offer a cautionary illustration of just how hard it is for backward and impoverished societies to grope their way from national repression to political and civic liberty. Both are desperately poor: Haiti's per capita income of $393 is the lowest in the western hemisphere, while Burma's $197 makes it one of the least developed nations in the world. Both have been ruled for decades by egotistical and paranoid men of exceptional crueltywho deliberately cut their people off from the mainstream of progress and change in the rest of the world.

Just how thriving is democracy in the world today? According to Freedom House, a New York–based nonprofit organization that publishes an annual study of comparative levels of world freedom, 58 of the world's 167 nations in 1987 could be considered "free," 58 "partly free" and 51 "unfree." The Comparative Survey of Freedom is certainly not infallible in its estimates, but its criteria of evaluation, in both the political and civil spheres, are consistent. It asks, for example, whether opposition political parties may organize and compete for power, whether the press is free, or whether the government ever loses a case in the courts.

By these and other measures, the past decade has seen significant gains in freedom, especially in the western hemisphere. In the late 1970s, only two countries in South America, Colombia and Venezuela, had freely elected governments. Today only two, Paraguay and Chile, do not.

But the gains are often fragile. The Philippines ousted its dictator Ferdinand Marcos in February 1986, the same month that Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc") Duvalier was forced into exile from Haiti, ending the dynasty that his father "Papa Doc" established in 1957. Since then the government of President Corazon Aquino has weathered four coup attempts. In theory, Panama is governed by a constitutionally elected President, but President Eric Arturo Delvalle discovered otherwise last February when he tried to fire General Manuel Noriega and found himself ousted instead. Next month Chileans will have an opportunity to vote in a national plebiscite for or against a continuation of the 15-year-old authoritarian regime of General Augusto Pinochet. A no vote could mark the beginning of a return to political democracy for Chile, but many Chileans fear that it would not be honored by General Pinochet or other senior military officials.

In many oppressed countries, those who yearn for democracy have no clear concept of what democracy is. What they do know is that their system has failed and their endurance and patience have been exhausted. "They know opportunities for the better have been squandered and that there is a key to success elsewhere," says Daniel Pipes, director of the Foreign Policy Research Institute, a nonpartisan think tank based in Philadelphia. "But it is not clear what that key is, except that it means drastic change."

In both Burma and Haiti last week, the key to a better life seemed as elusive as ever. Throughout Burma, troops loyal to the new military leader, General Saw Maung, Burma's fourth head of government in four months, bloodied demonstrators brave enough to continue protesting the resumption of military rule. In the days after the coup, the crack of rifles could be heard as soldiers fired from rooftops at people who had gathered outside the U.S. embassy. Many more were cut down at Sule Pagoda as thousands of people fled the onslaught, screaming when the soldiers lowered their rifles and fired bursts directly at bystanders and protesters. Ambulance drivers were shot at as they went to attend the wounded. "The soldiers will not respect even the doctors," said a medic at Rangoon General Hospital. His crew was kept away from Sule Pagoda for several hours as victims writhed in agony from their wounds.

Reported TIME's A. Lin Neumann: "Inside Rangoon General Hospital, patients lay screaming and dying in the corridors as ambulance drivers rushed through the wards with fresh casualties. Supplies were short, the doctors said, and the stock of some anesthetics was running out. One doctor feared he might soon have to perform surgery with only painkillers. Drivers said they had picked up a very small percentage of the dead. They told of soldiers in many places taking the corpses for cremation.

On Monday night the soldiers drove in convoys through town, announcing over loudspeakers that no one would be killed if people did not tease them or try to injure them with *jinglees,* sharpened bicycle spokes fired from slingshots. "Don't believe them," said a man watching the soldiers rumble along. "They will kill when they get the order." An elderly Burmese woman watched the troops. She shook her head and said, "Ne Win? He is like a cross between Pol Pot and Ferdinand Marcos."

Burmese authorities claimed that 144 people were killed during the first three days, but the true death total probably surpassed 500. Horrified at the carnage, U.S. Ambassador Burton Levin called upon the Saw Maung regime to condemn the killing of protesters by its soldiers. The ambassadors of Great Britain, France, Italy, the Netherlands and West Germany remonstrated "in the strongest terms" with the Burmese government for its "defiance of respect for human rights."

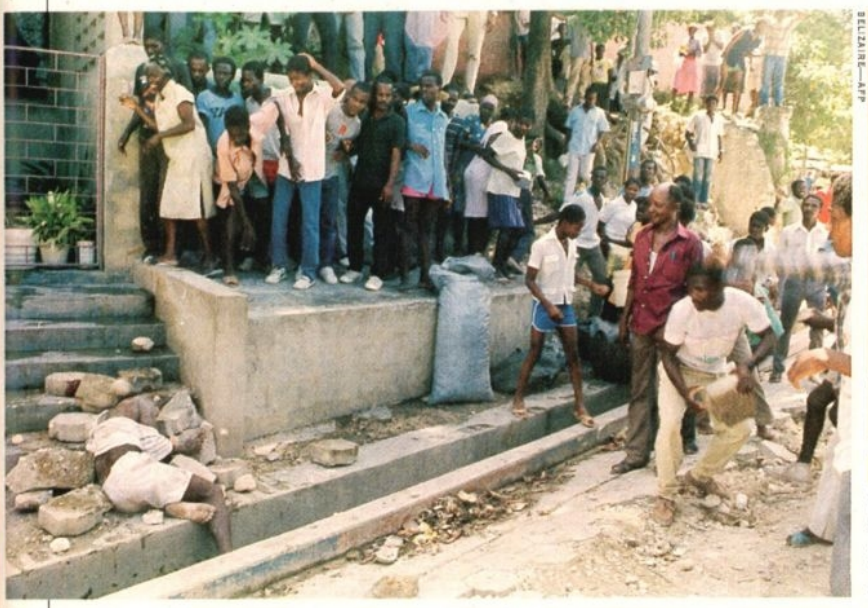
The chief targets of the crackdown were the students and monks who have formed the backbone of the protests against military rule for the past several weeks. The army methodically sought out students whose names were on its lists. In the Rangoon suburb of North Okkalapa, soldiers went to the home of two students, made them come out and turn their backs, then shot them on the spot. Presumably similar atrocities took place elsewhere. At least 107 student leaders sought temporary asylum in southern Thailand. Others went underground and hinted at a more violent form of opposition. Said Min Ko Naing, a student leader in Rangoon: "We have stopped using our mouths to protest, and warn the group that calls itself the government to seek their last meal."

The military regime shrugged off the warning. Saw Maung presided over a nine-member Cabinet, in which he claimed the pivotal portfolios of Prime Minister, Foreign Minister and Defense Minister. Replying to a request by opposition leaders for a meeting, Saw Maung was noncommittal, though he did promise "free and fair general elections" and a speedy transition to nonmilitary rule "as soon as peace and tranquillity are restored."

Few Burmese were likely to believe him. For one thing, the new regime flatly ordered striking government employees to return to work by Oct. 3 or face dismissal, hardly the sign of an accommodating approach by the country's new rulers. For another, Saw Maung, 59, is a faithful follower of Ne Win, 78, who is strongly suspected of continuing to pull the strings behind the scenes ever since his resignation last July. The Burmese have not forgotten that Ne Win also promised elections, soon after he seized power in a 1962 coup, and that he never delivered on the commitment.

In Haiti no one was either making promises or asking for any from the new regime. At first, the coup caught many Haitians, including the main opposition groups, by surprise. But as mutinous troops arrested commander after commander, a strange civilian counterpart to the revolt began to take place in key state corporations. Top officials of the water, electricity and phone companies were told by their staffs that they were no longer in charge. The governor of the Central Bank, Onill Millet, was "fired" by his employees and thrown out of the building.

In the ritual of Haitian politics, what was happening was a *dechoukage,* a "rooting out" of Duvalierists. The military and civilian mutinies appear to have been provoked by the barbarism of an attack on worshipers at a Port-au-Prince church, St. Jean Bosco, three Sundays ago. The at-



BELIZAIRE—AFP



FADELY—THE MIAMI HERALD/MATRIX

HAITI

Lieut. General Avril is President, but the sergeants hold the real power. In Port-au-Prince, citizens stone to death a Tonton Macoute. Though Haiti has been independent far longer than Burma, it has little democratic experience.

tack, which left 13 dead and 77 injured, was staged by the Tonton Macoutes, the vicious thugs who terrorized Haiti under the Duvaliers. Under Lieut. General Henri Namphy, leader of the just ousted regime, and particularly Port-au-Prince mayor Franck Romain, the Macoutes have enjoyed a comeback.

As the mutiny spread and crowds plundered his house last week, Romain sought refuge inside the embassy of the Dominican Republic. Others were not so lucky. Some Macoutes were stoned to death. Several who participated in the murder last year of former presidential candidate Yves Volel were seized by an enraged crowd, dragged to the St. Jean Bosco Church, savagely beaten, then set on fire. At least twelve Macoutes last week fell victim to the selective new *dechoukage*. Bowing to pressures from the junior officers, Haiti's new, self-declared President, Brigadier General Prosper Avril, replaced all the top military commanders.

Unlike the Burmese, most Haitians have been so numbed by generations of brutal tyranny that they have not been exposed to the concept of constitutional rule and limits on the arbitrariness of government. Anthony Downs, a Georgetown University political scientist, stresses the difficulty of sowing the seeds of democracy in a soil that has never grown that crop before. Says Downs: "People who have tried to start instant democracies have almost always failed."

Yet if Haiti's history offers little encouragement, Burma's experience offers at least a glimmer of hope. Rangoon enjoyed 14 years of democracy between the end of British colonial rule in 1948 and Ne Win's seizure of power in 1962. The key to the metamorphosis from angry revolt to ordered self-rule, explains Michael Novak of the American Enterprise Institute, is the acceptance of restraint. "It's not just a matter of going to the barricades," he says. "You must go from being a mob to being a people. From there, you must develop habits of self-organization." In both Burma and Haiti last week, the people were still at the barricades, waiting for the next moves of those who call themselves their leaders. ***—By David Aikman. Reported by Ricardo Chavira/Washington, Bernard Diederich/Port-au-Prince and William Stewart/Bangkok***

Siege of the Sergeants

The jeeps that arrived at army headquarters in Port-au-Prince last week were greeted by incredulous stares. Seated handcuffed and rigid inside were more than 30 commanders who had been ousted by junior officers in barracks revolts around the country. Crowds in the blood-stained Haitian capital cheered as the manacled prisoners were set down before the two-story headquarters building, which quickly became known as the "parking" because of all the senior military men who were being "parked" there. Some slept on cots inside the building while waiting to be discharged.



BELIZAIRE—AFP

Revolt leader: Hébreux

The extraordinary purge reflected the discontent that has seethed within the lower echelons of the armed forces since the 1986 ouster of dictator Jean-Claude ("Baby Doc") Duvalier. Two weeks ago, the unrest exploded when noncommissioned officers toppled Lieut. General Henri Namphy as Haiti's leader and installed Lieut. General Prosper Avril as President. The coup grew out of grievances that ranged from bad food to military tolerance of the murder of civilians by thugs and members of the Tonton Macoutes, the secret police who terrorized Haitians during the 28-year dynasty begun by Duvalier's father François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier.

Troops who earned just $100 a month bitterly resented having to bribe senior officers up to $300 for a promotion. Others complained of secondhand shoes and uniforms. At the same time, junior officers were cut out of the lucrative drug profits that commanders received from cocaine dealers, who in recent years have made Haiti a key transshipment point between South America and the U.S.

After concluding that conditions would not improve under Namphy, a group of young officers led by Sergeant Joseph Hébreux, a 27-year-old medic in the Presidential Guard, began plotting to remove him. Namphy learned of the coup through a defector and planned to arrest about 75 guardsmen. But on Saturday, Sept. 17, two tanks and some 650 troops surrounded the National Palace. Desperate, Namphy called for help from Colonel Jean-Claude Paul, who commands Haiti's main military barracks. Paul hurried to the scene but without mustering his men. When Namphy finally grabbed a megaphone and tried to persuade the rebellious troops to leave, they responded with M-60 machine-gun fire. Namphy then surrendered and was flown to exile in the Dominican Republic, where he remains holed up in a heavily guarded hotel suite.

Triumphant junior officers wanted to name Hébreux the new President of Haiti, but the young medic reportedly became agitated and declared that he was not prepared for the post. Only then was Avril, 51, a senior Presidential Guardsman and a longtime associate of the Duvaliers who had nonetheless helped oust Baby Doc, selected to lead the country.



BELIZAIRE—AFP

Key to stability: Paul

But when Avril stood before his new civilian Cabinet in the National Palace last Monday, Hébreux was at his left, a manila envelope in one hand, an Uzi submachine gun on his shoulder. And when Avril appeared before Presidential Guard troops the following day, Hébreux handed him a statement to read.

Yet it is the powerful Paul who holds the key to military stability. The mutineers had wanted Paul to be chief of the armed forces, but the U.S. embassy in Port-au-Prince objected to that plan because he was indicted in Miami last March on drug charges. Paul denies the allegations. However, U.S. Customs agents in Miami found 1,100 lbs. of cocaine valued at $8 million aboard a Haitian freighter last month and followed the shipment to a delivery point in the city. There they arrested two Colombians and five Haitians, one of whom carried a handy "get-out-of-jail" card that read, "Legally constituted authorities are requested to give aid and protection to the bearer." The signer of the card: Colonel Jean-Claude Paul.

Paul commands the allegiance of the 700 élite troops at the Dessalines barracks, Haiti's toughest fighting unit. Without his support, the new regime might be unable to withstand a possible countercoup by deposed army officers and remnants of the Tonton Macoutes. ***—By John Greenwald. Reported by Bernard Diederich and Cristina Garcia/Port-au-Prince***

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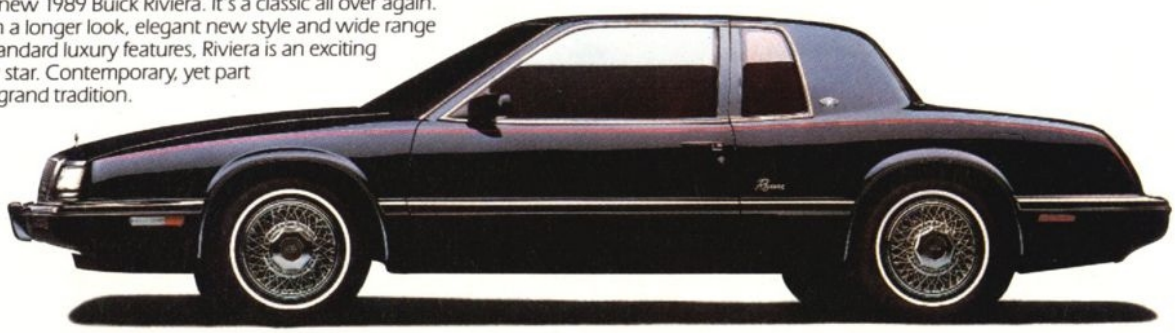
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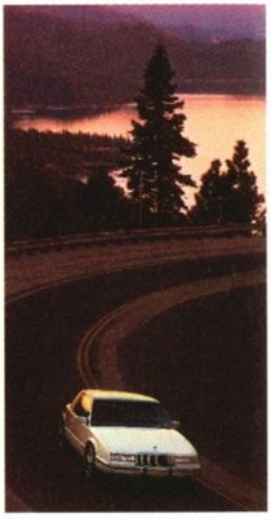


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POLAND

"Eventually We Will Win"

Walesa looks ahead to talks

With Poland's economic crisis showing no signs of easing, the government of Prime Minister Zbigniew Messner resigned last week, the first time an entire Cabinet has stepped down since Communist rule began in 1945. A new government, possibly including lay Catholics and moderate opposition figures, is expected to be installed this week. One of its first jobs: conducting negotiations next month with the Solidarity trade union, outlawed since 1981, and its leader Lech Walesa. In his first interview since agreeing to the talks, Walesa met with TIME *Eastern Europe bureau chief Kenneth W. Banta and reporter Gertraud Lessing in a Gdansk church. Excerpts:*

Q. Are you willing to forgo the legalization of Solidarity to reach a broader agreement—say, genuine pluralism within the existing official trade unions?

A. Solidarity must exist. And Solidarity must be legalized. However, it should not be the same Solidarity as in 1980. This time we must be cleverer, better, stronger to succeed. We want the existing official unions, about which we now have reservations, to remain trade unions. But these trade unions must be pluralistic.

Q. Doesn't that mean ending Communist domination in Poland?

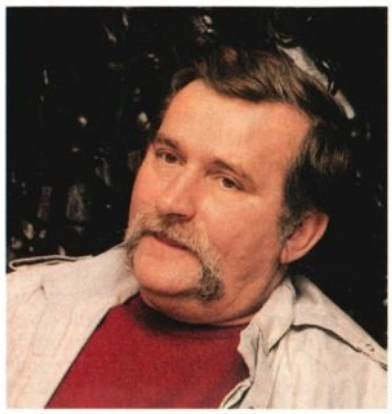
A. We must look at this with Polish eyes. We say that the world has tested pluralism and it works. But to implement pluralism does not necessarily mean transplanting what exists in the West. It is like bananas and oranges. They will not grow in our climate, however much we might like to have them.

Q. You are negotiating with the same regime that imposed martial law in 1981 and delegalized Solidarity. Why do you think the outcome will be better now?

A. We cannot bring new partners from the moon. Yes, the people remain the same. The question is not with whom we negotiate. The question is what we negotiate.

Q. What is the difference between now and 1981?

A. It's the difference between heaven and earth. The situation has completely changed. The proof is the loud attack in parliament on failed reforms and the resignation of the government. This was the effect of our efforts at negotiating. Communism is stuck. We must change it. It may be very dangerous, and it may cost us a lot. But the epoch requires it.



CHRIS NIEDENTHAL

The Solidarity leader, headed for the table

Q. What lessons have you drawn in the past seven years?

A. If I had those years to do again, I would repeat them exactly as before. The first period had to be like that. Emotional, with banners, strikes. Otherwise we would have been kicked out of the plants by a platoon of police. Then, no one had a program. And there was no agreement between society and the authorities on what Poland needs. Today the center of society says there is a chance, and we must try it.

Q. You had great trouble persuading workers, especially young ones, to call off the last round of strikes that began in August so you could begin talks with the regime. How will you win their support?

A. I am full of sympathy for them. It is tragic that they must wait 30 or 40 years for an apartment, that they cannot afford so many things that the rest of the world has. If the young ones start shouting and demonstrating, well, that is the right of youth. I would also be shouting if I were them. I would make Walesa's life harder for him.

Q. You said this summer that younger people should take over, but you are still leading the negotiations.

A. Personally, I would be very eager to be replaced. This job is really not so pleasant. But at this juncture it seems I am needed to bring these talks to a conclusion.

Q. Would you accept a leadership role?

A. I want no position in the leadership.

Q. What if the round-table talks collapse?

A. There will be new talks, and eventually they will succeed. Whether it is strikes or war, even the biggest battles in history have ended sitting down at a table. What is better—to be a boxing champion or a chess champion? I prefer chess. And I don't have any doubt that eventually we will win. ■

JAPAN

Vigil for a Failing Emperor

A nation prays for Hirohito

Misty autumn rains fell on Tokyo late last week as millions of Japanese waited anxiously for news of their most important cultural symbol. Emperor Hirohito, 87, the world's longest-reigning monarch and the last surviving head of state of the World War II era, lay gravely ill, and at week's end was running a fever.

The Japanese had known for 18 months that the Emperor's health was failing. Nevertheless, the news that Hirohito had vomited blood and was experiencing internal bleeding came as a jolt to many of his subjects. The Emperor's doctors diagnosed his condition as "obstructive jaundice" and said the bleeding was related to a swelling of the pancreas and an internal blockage for which the Emperor had undergone an intestinal-bypass operation a year ago. They acknowledged for the first time the presence of a tumor in the Emperor's pancreas. For four days, as he received a series of blood transfusions and was fed intravenously, his condition remained fairly stable, but then it began once again to deteriorate. In the meantime, Crown Prince Akihito, 54, was asked by the Cabinet to assume temporarily his father's official but largely ceremonial duties.

In downtown Tokyo, people gathered outside the walled and moated Imperial Palace to watch and pray. Tens of thousands lined up to sign visitors' books at the main palace gate and elsewhere throughout the country. Autumn festivals, including Tokyo's Grand Ginza extravaganza, were canceled, as was the 100th-anniversary celebration of the daily *Asahi Shimbun*. Said Mitsu Fujisawa, 112, believed to be the oldest person in Japan: "I have worshiped His Majesty for a long time. I hope he will recover and live longer than I have." ■



KYODO

Prince Akihito en route to the palace

Assuming his father's ceremonial duties.

SOVIET UNION

Show of Force In Yerevan

Ethnic unrest erupts again

Last week Soviet troop planes swooped into Yerevan, capital of the Armenian republic. The soldiers who alighted and began patrolling the streets with tanks and armored vehicles were charged with a delicate mission: to calm the latest and most volatile outburst of ethnic unrest so far in Armenia and the neighboring republic of Azerbaijan. The show of force indicated that Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev was eager to halt the regional conflict, which has become an embarrassing distraction from his goal of reforming Soviet political and economic life, as well as a potential weapon in the hands of his enemies.

The turmoil centered once again on the largely Armenian enclave of Nagorno-Karabakh, a part of Azerbaijan since 1923. Trouble began when Azerbaijani attacked a busload of Armenian students near the regional capital of Stepanakert in Nagorno-Karabakh. Fighting spread swiftly as roving bands set fire to houses and cars. Ethnic Armenians and Azerbaijani battled with knives and guns in the worst outbreak of violence since 32 people died last February in riots in Sumgait, an Azerbaijani city. As Soviet troops arrived to restore order, authorities imposed a military curfew. The Soviet news agency TASS said one Armenian had been killed and 48 other people injured in the fighting.

News of the violence inflamed passions in Yerevan, where residents are still furious over Moscow's refusal last July to grant their petition to allow Armenia to annex Nagorno-Karabakh. Yerevan workers declared a city-wide strike, and thousands of protesters surged into Theater Square to chant *"Sessiya! Sessiya!"* (session)—a call for the Armenian legislature to hold an emergency meeting to take up the annexation issue. Gone were the posters of Gorbachev that crowds carried earlier this year. "Things are different now," a protester said. Several demonstrators tore up their Communist Party cards.

More than 1,000 Soviet troops sealed off Lenin Square, which houses the Armenian Supreme Soviet Building. Three tanks circled the square and then drove off. Elsewhere, troops set up roadblocks on streets leading to and from Yerevan while others waited in armored personnel carriers at the edge of the city. "The violence is in Stepanakert," said an irate citizen. "Why do they need tanks here?"

The unrest is placing Gorbachev in an increasingly difficult position. If the Soviet leader meets Armenian demands, he risks fanning nationalist sentiments that smolder across the country. But if he cannot resolve the dispute over Nagorno-Karabakh, opponents may argue that the strife exposes the dangers of letting Soviet citizens speak their minds so freely. Both sides may have a point. As Armenian protesters continued to speak out last week, some went so far as to call for Armenian secession from the Soviet Union unless Nagorno-Karabakh can be annexed. ■



With military vehicles nearby, protesters rally in Stepanakert

LEBANON

Religious Differences

Who will succeed Gemayel?

His voice choked with emotion, Lebanese President Amin Gemayel delivered a farewell address to his countrymen last week. "I leave the presidency today worried and filled with anxiety," he declared. "Today should have been a festival in which we rejoiced over the election of a new President. But the people of war were stronger than peace."

At midnight Thursday, Gemayel's six-year presidential term expired. With Lebanon's fractious Christians and Muslims unable to agree on a candidate to succeed him, Gemayel asked a fellow Christian, army commander Michel Aoun, to head a transitional government of six military officers. The maneuver failed, however, because the three Muslim appointees refused to participate.

The fight over succession really began in mid-August, just before the scheduled parliamentary election, when former President Sulieman Franjieh, 78, a close friend of Syrian President Hafez Assad, announced his candidacy. Assad, whose 40,000 troops in Lebanon reinforce his claim to be the country's dominant power broker, has been pressing for political reforms that would ensure a more equitable distribution of influence between Christians and Muslims. Muslims constitute an estimated 55% of the population. By tradition, the President has always been a Maronite Christian, the Prime Minister a Sunni Muslim and the Speaker of the National Assembly a Shi'ite. Fearful that Franjieh would give in to Assad's wishes, the pro-Israeli Lebanese Forces, the joint Christian militias led by Samir Geagea, refused to support him.



DAHER—SAMAR/LISHOS

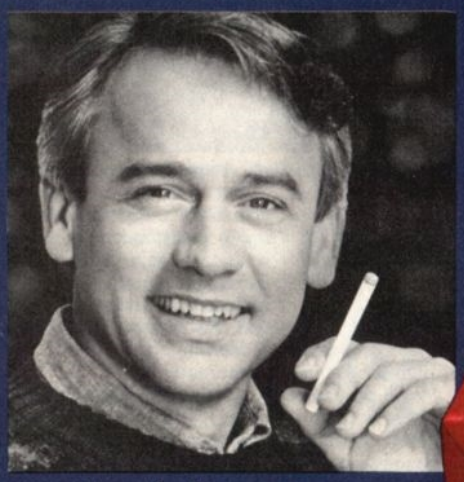
Chaos to order: Commander Aoun in Beirut

Fearing a relapse into violent anarchy.

During Gemayel's tumultuous tenure, the presidency has been reduced to little more than a symbol of Lebanese sovereignty. Nonetheless, most Lebanese would rather preserve the symbol than suffer a relapse into violence and anarchy. As tension mounted last week, gunmen once again fired mortars and machine guns across the "green line" separating Christian and Muslim Beirut. Renewed fighting between the rival Shi'ite Muslim organizations—Amal, supported by Syria, and the Islamic fundamentalist Hizballah, backed by Iran—is also a prospect. Last week three Amal militia commanders were killed in an ambush south of Beirut, presumably by Hizballah gunmen.

As if all this were not bad enough, Syria's campaign to achieve national unity in Lebanon, a goal the U. S. supports, is also being challenged by Iraq, which is determined to exact revenge against Assad for his support of Iran during the gulf war. Syria claims that Iraq is already funneling money and arms to, of all people, the Lebanese Forces, thereby encouraging the right-wing Christians in their resistance to Assad's reforms. ■

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HIRES—GAMMA/LIAISON

Water submerges thousands of homes in Khartoum, creating sewage-contaminated lakes, while whole villages are inundated in the north

SUDAN

Drowning in a River of Woe

After famine, disease, war and debt come floods and locusts

Yousef Yagoub, 30, a tomato farmer and father of four, sleeps on a dirty piece of cardboard, the muddy waters of the Nile slapping menacingly near his feet. Before the floods, he and his family lived in a flimsy hut made of tree branches. Now only the roof is left, barely poking above the water about 50 yards offshore. "Life," he says, "is too difficult."

For centuries the Nile has brought life to Sudan's impoverished inhabitants. But torrential thunderstorms this summer have turned the river into a killer. More than 8 inches of rain—twice the average for an entire year—fell on Sudan in 13 hours last month. Meanwhile, a seasonal surge of water was heading north from central Africa. The combination sent the river raging over its banks, killing nearly 100 people and leaving 1.5 million homeless. In Khartoum, the capital, sewage-contaminated floodwater swept through squatters' camps, destroying thousands of homes. Farther north, whole villages were submerged. In the famine-stricken south, roads and rail lines were swamped, preventing relief shipments from getting through. According to aid officials, more than a hundred people starve to death every day. Many more are so weak from hunger they can barely crawl.

Sudan has more problems besides fickle weather. For five years, the government of Africa's largest country (more than three times the size of Texas) has been paralyzed by a bloody civil war against secessionist guerrillas in the south. Since 1986, Sudan has been ineligible for loans from the International Monetary Fund because of an inability to service its $12 billion debt. In April, Prime Minister Sadiq el Mahdi's failure to deal with the country's accumulating crises brought down his second government in two years. As if all those woes were not enough, a plague of locusts is threatening to wipe out the country's meager crops of millet and sorghum.

Perhaps the most intractable of the country's troubles is the war in the south, pitting the local African population, largely Christian and animist, against the predominantly Arab Muslim government of the north. Former President Gaafar Nimeiri, who was overthrown in a popular uprising in 1985, aggravated the existing religious and racial differences by imposing a set of harsh Islamic laws that call for floggings and amputations for criminal offenses even by non-Muslims. Abolition of the laws is a key demand of the Sudanese People's Liberation Army, whose antigovernment rebels control much of the rural south.

Although Mahdi has relaxed enforcement of the laws, he has yet to void or replace them because they are supported by the fundamentalist National Islamic Front, an increasingly powerful member of his fragile ruling coalition. Early this month, the Sudanese Cabinet approved a new and stricter code of Islamic law, or Shari'a, but it has yet to be passed in parliament. In the meantime, the fighting has forced at least 500,000 southerners to flee to Khartoum. Each side in the civil war has accused the other of manipulating food shipments to famine victims as a weapon to gain support in the conflict. A Christian member of parliament complained that even after the floods "food was distributed in the mosques while those who complained were left standing in the water."

Sudan's limping economy was another legacy of Nimeiri, and Mahdi has not improved matters much. In June, responding to demands by the IMF, the government raised the price of wheat flour and reduced subsidies on nonessential goods. Angry citizens have taken to the streets to protest food shortages, lack of jobs and a 50% inflation rate. Although the rich silt deposited by the flood should give farmers a temporary boost after the waters subside, the economy's larger problems will not go away easily.

For now, the country's most imminent threat is waterborne epidemics. Thousands of flood victims are suffering from severe diarrhea. Health officials warn that widespread malaria, spawned by stagnant pools of floodwater, may be next. A World Health Organization epidemiologist predicts that even if epidemic conditions are kept under control, 4,000 children will probably die from gastrointestinal diseases.

Taxi driver Raham Dahalla, eyeing a darkening sky over Khartoum, hesitantly stuck his hand outside his cab window. "No more rain, please," he said. Sure enough, only a few drops fell this time. But even after the floodwaters subside, Sudan's political, economic and religious problems will be serious enough to engulf any government. For the majority of Sudan's 24 million citizens, the forecast is gloomy regardless of the weather. —*By David S. Jackson/Khartoum*

DIPLOMACY

To Deal or Not to Deal

Where should the line be drawn in seeking to free hostages?

No one dares say it out loud. But hopes are rising that some or all of the 15 hostages (nine of them American) being held by terrorists in Lebanon may at last be freed. Not tomorrow; a senior British diplomat predicts that the process of arranging a release will require "months rather than weeks." But he quickly adds that freedom might be expected in "months rather than years." Subject, that is, to one gargantuan if: the terrorists and their mentors in the government of Iran for once must refrain from posing financial or political ransom demands that would force Washington, London and other capitals to say no.

In recent weeks the captors have been hinting that this time they just might be more reasonable. Since agreeing to a cease-fire in its war with Iraq, Tehran has been putting out feelers about ending its diplomatic isolation and obtaining Western help to rebuild its devastated economy. Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, the powerful speaker of the Majlis (parliament), has shown signs of recognizing that holding on to the hostages works against both goals.

Last week a Lebanese terrorist group released a picture of three American hostages playing cards with a fourth hostage, an Indian professor, and said it would let them go if the U.S. would support the nine-month-old Palestinian uprising in the Israeli-occupied territories. Though that demand is patently unacceptable—should terrorists conclude they could change American foreign policy by taking hostages, the kidnapings would only increase—it differed considerably in tone from earlier threats to kill the captives. Another terrorist group freed Rudolf Cordes, a West German businessman, two weeks ago without exacting "any political price"—or so the Bonn government insisted. Cordes' kidnapers had originally demanded freedom for the Hammadi brothers, two terrorists being held in Germany. But Abbas Hammadi is serving a 13-year prison term in Düsseldorf, and Mohammed Ali Hammadi is on trial in Frankfurt for the 1985 hijacking of a TWA jet and the murder of one of its passengers, a U.S. Navy diver.

If Iran and the terrorists continue to back away from extreme demands, however, they will raise again a torturous dilemma for which American and other Western officials have never found a satisfactory answer. Should they negotiate at all for the release of hostages? If so, when and with whom? Most important, how can they persuade the captors to release hostages without making concessions that seem to reward terrorism and encourage more hostage taking?

Washington so far has been trying to play it cool, avoiding the emotionalism that in the past has paralyzed U.S. foreign policy and led to the Iran arms-sale fiasco. Officials sketch a three-part approach. First, the U.S. will talk informally with anyone, anytime. "We keep in touch," says National Security Adviser Colin Powell; he will not say with whom. Second, Washington will officially negotiate only with an "authoritative" representative of the Tehran government, and that stage has not yet been reached. Says one State Department official: "We hear from people who say they know somebody who knows somebody in the Iranian government who can help with the hostages. Well, we've been burned on that one before, so we're not interested." Third, if negotiations do begin, the U.S. will refuse to make any concessions to win release of the hostages. "No deals," says White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater.



In part, this is a sensible policy. A compassionate nation must always probe for any opportunity to win freedom for any of its citizens held hostage. But substantive negotiations with terrorist bands would only swell their prestige and seem to legitimize their bloody operations. Thus the U.S. is fully justified in negotiating only with the sovereign governments that back terrorists, even though that policy may result in dragging out the captivity of the hostages for agonizing months. Accounts differ as to how much control Iran has over the Muslim extremists in Lebanon. West German experience indicates that it is strong but not absolute; Bonn officials hint that Tehran had to exert heavy pressure for months on the terrorists to get them to let Cordes go.

The no-concessions policy, however, if interpreted literally, would leave an American negotiator nothing to do but continually demand the hostages' unconditional release. In fact, few nations have been that inflexible in such talks. Says Warren Christopher, who helped negotiate the 1981 release of the American hostages held in the Tehran embassy: "The essence of the matter is whether you make a concession that might imply you'd do it again and that encourages subsequent hostage taking." Payment of ransom, whether in cash or weapons and however disguised, does precisely that. On the other hand, a one-shot concession that in its nature could not be repeated would be less dangerous. Roger Fisher, who has advised the Government in previous hostage situations, says that the concession, if possible, ought to be something to which the adversary would have a legitimate claim if it had never taken any hostages.

It is possible to foresee a deal that would meet those conditions. The U.S. still retains billions of dollars in frozen Iranian assets, and Iran is pressing claims to them before the Iran-U.S. Claims Tribunal in the Hague. The U.S. could offer to speed up those proceedings without making an outright dollars-for-hostages offer that would smack of ransom. Washington could also insist on release of the hostages as a precondition for normalizing diplomatic relations with Iran and easing its opposition to favorable treatment of Iran by bodies such as the International Monetary Fund.

Both steps could be justified in the absence of any hostage negotiations if Iran, in return, would slacken its intense hostility to the West. At best, the release of the hostages could be presented as an almost incidental part of a general Washington-Tehran rapprochement or even as a major concession by the Iranians, agreed to as the inescapable price of smoother relations with the West.

Such a deal that is not quite a deal could take many months to arrange. But the U.S. had better evolve a policy that goes beyond an endless intoning of "No concessions." Whatever the fate of the hostages now held in Lebanon, the sad likelihood is that there will be other hostages in coming years to test the inventiveness of American diplomacy. —***By George J. Church. Reported by Dean Fischer/Cairo and Jay Peterzell/Washington, with other bureaus***

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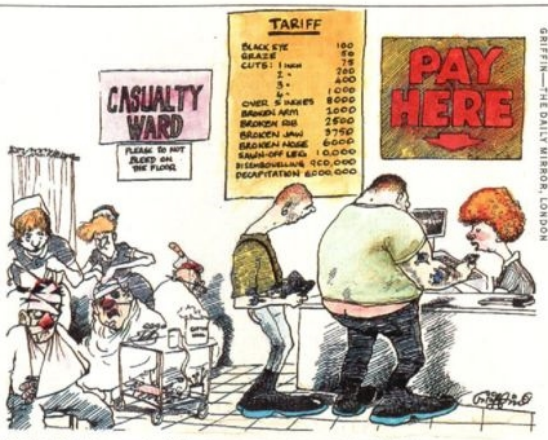
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World Notes



SHONE—SIPA

SOVIET UNION **Muscovites lining up for wine**



GRIFFIN—THE DAILY MIRROR, LONDON

BRITAIN **A spoof of the new pay-as-you-punch law**



SICA—GAMMA/LIAISON

SWEDEN **Carlsson**

SOVIET UNION

Bottoms Up, Mikhail

Irate Soviet citizens took to calling him the "Mineral Secretary" or the "Genjuice," but now they may want to tag Communist Party General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev with a more affectionate nickname—say, "Comrade Cognac." Last week the Soviet Council of Ministers announced that grocery stores will once again be allowed to sell beer, wine and cognac—but not vodka. The decree watered down Gorbachev's antialcohol policies of 1985, which produced long lines at state shops and a flood of black-market booze. Despite the softened stance on liquor sales, the Soviet leadership still hopes to cut alcohol consumption with a stepped-up public-education campaign.

ISRAEL

Blasting into The Space Club

At exactly 11:32 a.m. last Monday, bathers at Israel's Palmachim Beach heard a sudden roar and watched in awe as a white rocket streaked into the sky. They were witness to the launching of Israel's first space satellite, which made the country only the eighth (after the Soviet Union, the U.S., France, Japan, China, Britain and India) to possess a rocket powerful enough to put a satellite into orbit. That capability, revealed by TIME in August, offers impressive evidence that Israel can launch missiles and hit targets in most Arab countries.

Ofek-1 (the word means "horizon") is an experimental satellite designed to collect data on space conditions and the earth's magnetic field. But there was little doubt, either in Israel or among its Arab neighbors, that future satellites launched by the Jewish state will be used for gathering military intelligence.

BRITAIN

Socking It to The Bad Guys

The Marquess of Queensberry would surely approve. Just as he sought to impose rules on legal mayhem, otherwise known as boxing, so Britain's Home Office last week attempted to quantify penalties for illegal assaults. Under guidelines sent to the country's 27,710 magistrates, attackers can be forced, in effect, to compensate their victims by the punch. Sample penalties: $84 for a simple graze, $168 for a black eye, $1,428 for a broken nose, $2,940 for a fractured jaw and as much as $13,440 for a serious facial scar. Said Home Office Minister John Patten: "I am anxious that the victims get a better deal." As for the bad guys, sock it to 'em.

NICARAGUA

Open Secrets, Closed Doors

During an otherwise routine press conference, Speaker of the House Jim Wright said last week he had "received clear testimony" that the CIA helped orchestrate anti-Sandinista demonstrations in Nicaragua to provoke the government of President Daniel Ortega Saavedra. Republican Congressmen pounced, demanding that the House Ethics Committee investigate whether the Texas Democrat had violated rules barring disclosure of testimony given in closed hearings.

Wright, it develops, was the victim of a trap laid by his longtime enemy Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams. The plan was hatched when Wright criticized CIA covert actions during a meeting with *contra* leaders two weeks ago. His comments were passed on to Abrams, who leaked them to the ultra-conservative Washington *Times*. It was a *Times* reporter who initially questioned Wright about CIA activities.

In Managua, Wright's remark enraged the Nicaraguan opposition, which claimed that Ortega would use the controversy to justify political repression. Said an unrepentant Wright: "The CIA was created to gather intelligence, not to make policy. That is the role of Congress."

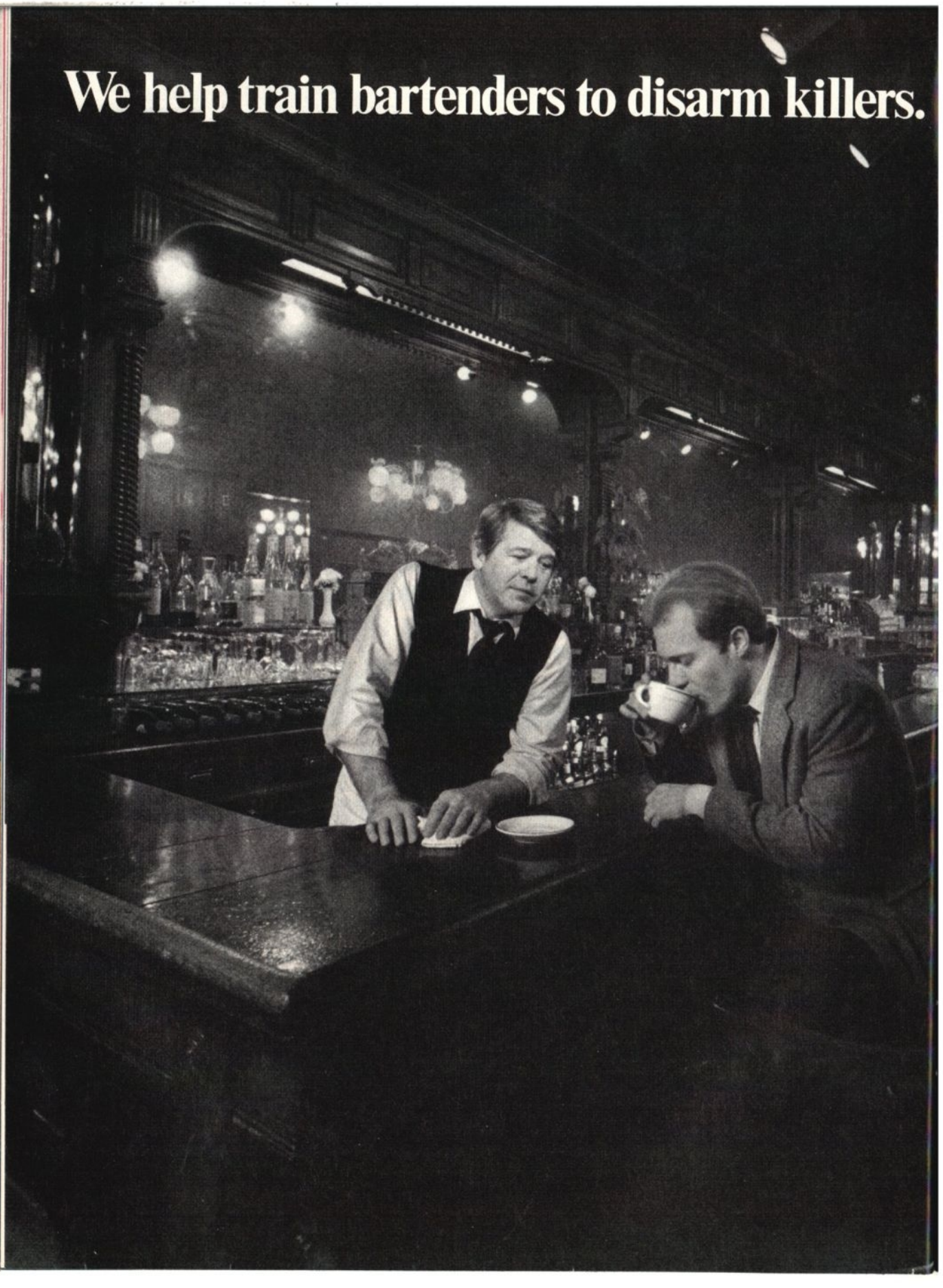
SWEDEN

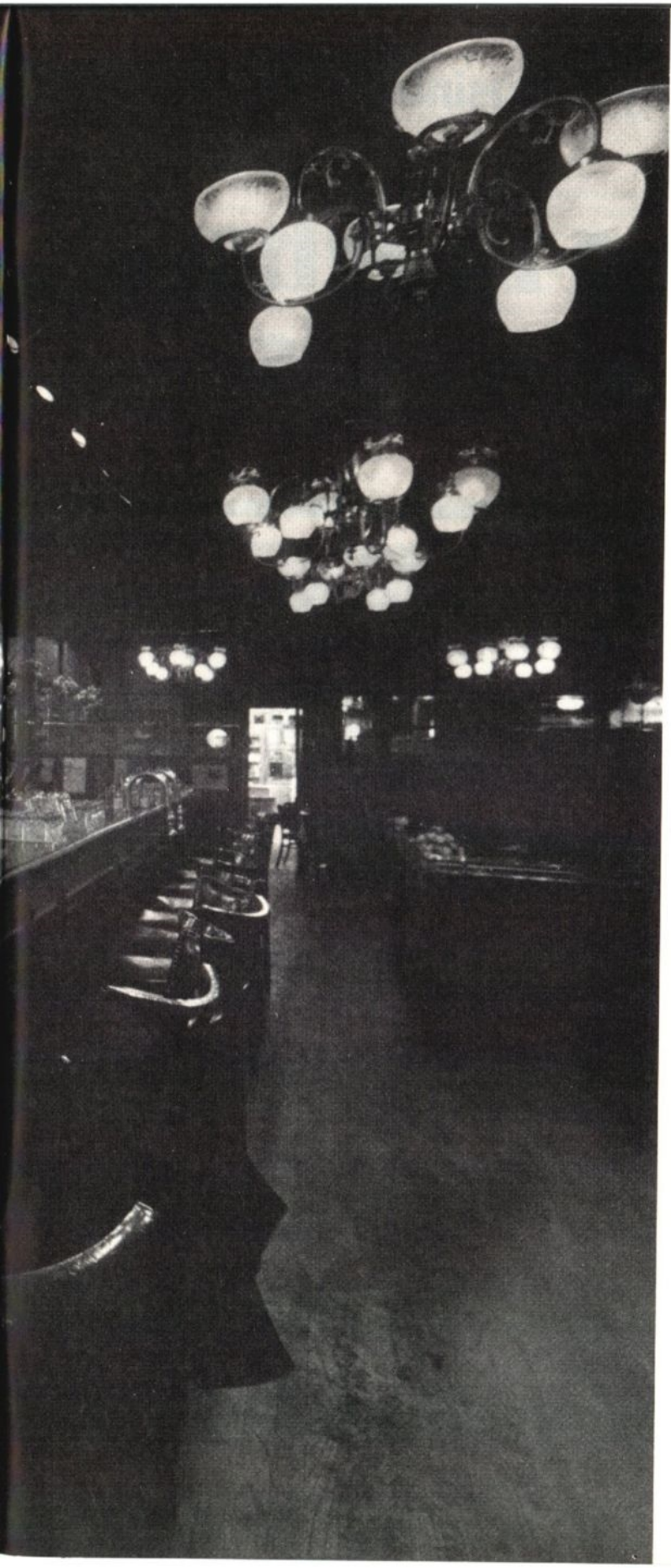
Color It Red And Green

When an assassin's bullet cut down popular Prime Minister Olof Palme in 1986, many Swedes assumed that it had crippled his ruling Social Democratic Party as well. Scandals plagued the government of his successor, the stolid Ingvar Carlsson, and a swing toward conservatism among young voters seemed to make a change all but inevitable.

In last week's elections, however, Swedes confounded the pollsters by again backing the left. Although the Social Democrats lost three of their 159 seats in the 349-member parliament, their allies the Communists won 21, two more than before. At the same time, the Environmental Green Party captured an impressive 20 seats to become the first new party to break into Sweden's parliament since 1917. The ruling party clearly benefited from Sweden's current economic prosperity. Said Gothenburg University professor Sören Holmberg, a leading election analyst: "Swedes voted with their wallets this year."

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Special Report: Family Ties

Home Is Where The Heart Is

Companies try harder to meet the personal needs of workers

At sunrise every morning in the Los Angeles suburb of Glendale, the Shanker family gets ready for work. Steven Shanker, 37, and his wife Avima, 35, wake their two sons, Elan, 5, and Dannel, 2, for a hurried breakfast of cereal and orange juice. After the meal Avima heads off by 7:30 to her job as an engineer at Librascope, a computer firm. Then, as other pinstriped parents up and down the San Fernando Valley march out to their cars with groggy children in tow, Steven, a vice president at Union Bank in nearby Monterey Park, drives the boys to their day-care center, where he will pick them up again at 6 p.m.

Millions of American working couples must scramble every day to arrange care for their children. But the Shankers have one big advantage over most parents: the day-care center is at Steven's office. Union Bank provides $150,000 a year to subsidize the complex, which includes spacious play areas and five classrooms. While it would cost Shanker up to $700 a month to put his boys in other local day-care facilities of comparable quality, he pays the bank only $520 through convenient payroll deductions. Moreover, the arrangement allows him to avoid paying taxes on the portion of his salary that goes to child care. The best part, though, is that Shanker can walk downstairs at lunchtime to visit Elan and Dannel, and is nearby in case of emergency.

Union Bank is one of thousands of firms that have grasped a basic fact of business in the era of the two-career household: when companies hire employees, families and all of their homelife headaches are taken on as well. If little Suzy goes off to day care with a cold, Dad may fret about it at the office all day. If Mom suddenly has to work late, there may be no one to pick up Suzy and give her dinner. And if Grandma falls and breaks her hip, that budget report due tomorrow just doesn't seem so important anymore.

Instead of blindly demanding endless sacrifices from their workers, companies are increasingly looking for ways to help ease the unavoidable conflicts between



ARMEN KACHATURIAN

Heller at his center in Edison, N.J. "Not everybody is a yuppie earning $100,000."

career and family. More than half of all U.S. firms provide some form of family benefits, ranging from paternity leave and flexible hours to assistance in finding the right nursing home for an elderly parent. The Merck pharmaceutical company helped start a day-care center near its Rahway, N.J., headquarters, and permits employees to start work as early as 7 a.m. or as late as 9:30 a.m. so that they can meet family obligations. Procter & Gamble offers workers unpaid child-care leave of up to one year, with a guarantee that they will not lose their job. American Express conducts workplace seminars on topics as diverse as pregnancy planning, family stress and elder care. Capital Cities/ABC contributes up to $3,000 when an employee adopts a child.

All these programs stem at least in part from genuine concern about employee welfare, but they are good for the bottom line as well. In a report on family benefits, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce asserts that responsiveness to workers' needs on the home front "can yield higher employee morale, productivity, recruitment and retention potential, as well as stem excessive absenteeism." From his experience, Union Bank's Shanker agrees: "My commitment has increased and I feel a new level of goodwill toward the bank because my employers have shown concern about my family. There is a direct connection between the existence of the day-care center and my job performance."

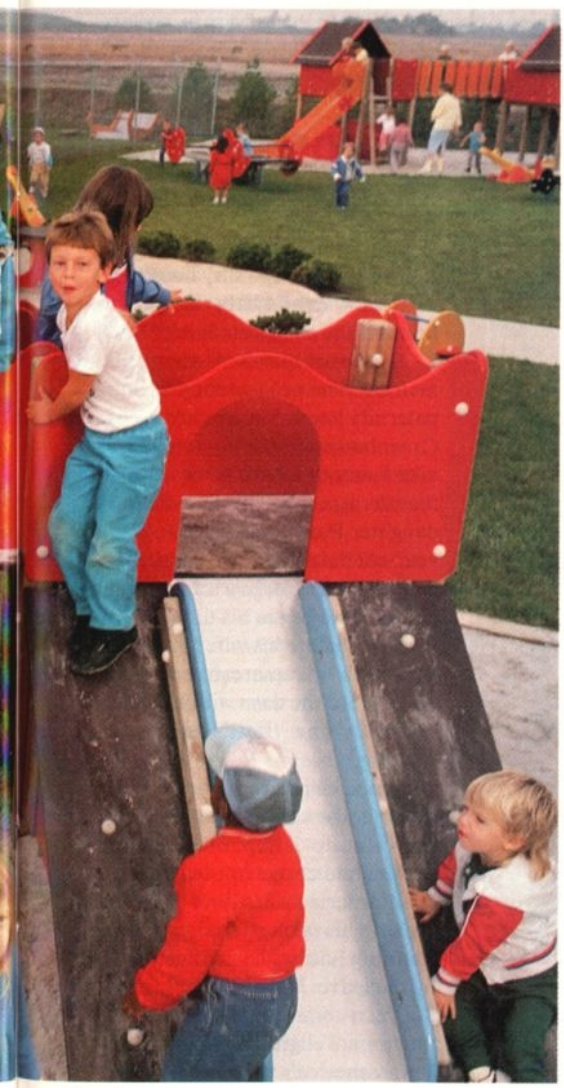
But corporate efforts to help families are only beginning to gain momentum, and many working parents still face enormous difficulties. For that reason, family issues are among the hottest topics of political debate in this election year. Congress is considering more than 100 child-care bills, including the so-called ABC (Act for Better Child Care) bill. Backed by Michael Dukakis but opposed by the Reagan Administration, the measure would establish a $2.5 billion program of child-care grants to the states and would set federal standards for day-care facilities. Vice President George Bush has proposed an alternative approach: a $1,000 tax credit to help families pay for child care. Under this plan, families earning too little to qualify for the tax refund would get a check for up to $1,000 per preschool child from the Government.

Some of the proposals for greater federal involvement in family matters are aimed directly at business. The Family and Medical Leave bill would require businesses employing 50 or more people to allow workers up to 15 weeks a year of unpaid medical leave for a variety of family-related reasons, including pregnancy, stress and the care of ailing parents or children. The controversial bill, which would guarantee job security during such leaves, is strongly opposed by many business leaders as too costly, especially for smaller companies. Says Virginia Thomas, a spokeswoman for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce: "The bill supposes that every employer is like IBM or General Motors and can afford to hold open jobs for 15 weeks per year."

Companies may be wary of heavy-handed Government intervention, but more and more of them recognize that corporate America must adapt to a rapidly changing workforce. Both husband and wife hold jobs in 57% of U.S. couples with children, up from 43% in 1978. In 1950 only 12% of mothers with children under six years old worked outside the home; more than 57% do so now. Over the past ten years, in fact, the fastest-growing segment of the U.S. labor force has been mothers of children younger than three years old. More than half of these women have jobs today, up from a third in 1976.

Until recently, companies did not have to be too concerned about the needs of these new employees. If a woman wanted to take time off to have a baby or reduce her hours to spend more time with a child, the employer could easily fill her slot with another worker. During the 1970s, the U.S. work force increased by an average of 3 million people a year. But in the next decade, as the baby bust—the smaller generation behind the huge baby boom—comes of age, the labor force will grow more slowly than at any other time since the 1930s, expanding by just 1.3 million new workers each year. Says Tom Blumer, director of human relations at Corning Glass: "We no longer have the luxury of an unlimited labor supply."

Moreover, the majority of new workers in this smaller labor pool are women. The Hudson Institute, a nonprofit Manhattan research organization, estimates that 3 out of every 5 people entering the work force during the next twelve years will be women. Most will have children at



Day Care At the Office

To most parents, a good day-care program that costs $50 a week seems the impossible dream. But in Edison, N.J., such a place exists: in a corner of the Heller Industrial Park is the John Kenney Child Care Center, where 84 children, from 18 months to 5 years old, play with toys, career down slides and learn to spell and share. Says Bruce Oakley, whose daughter Laura, 4, attends the center: "This is not a place where you just dump the kid off. It's great."

Half of what the day care costs is paid by the owner of the center and the industrial park, Isaac Heller. The founder of Remco toys, Heller, 62, says the center, which is open to all Edison residents, has helped make his park an attractive location for the 38 firms that lease space. Observes Heller: "Not everybody is a yuppie earning $100,000. Some people earn less, and their children deserve the same care as rich people's children."

some point during their careers.

As the child-care problem grows, so does the burden of caring for the elderly. Americans who are 75 or older are the fastest-growing segment of the population. Sociologists have dubbed today's workers the "sandwich generation"—a put-upon group that has to attend to children on one side and parents on the other. Says Robert Beck, executive vice president for corporate human resources at Bank of America: "The focus may be on child care now, but elder care will become the critical issue of the future."

The increase in family pressure on workers creates costly problems for business. Studies conducted by several large corporations, including IBM, Merck and Corning Glass, show that family responsibilities often contribute to reduced performance, higher turnover, greater absenteeism and worsening health among workers. Companies also lose out when experienced employees turn down a transfer or a promotion because they cannot reconcile work and family.

Measuring the costs of such conflicts is difficult, but some researchers have tried. Analysts examining employee turnover typically estimate that replacing a worker can cost the equivalent of a year's salary or more in training expenses and lost productivity. Such outlays are rising rapidly, since women, who are more likely than men to have to leave their jobs, make up an increasingly large part of the work force and are holding more high-salaried managerial posts than ever before. Says Frank Skinner, president of the Southern Bell telephone company: "No employee who has to leave a sick child or an elderly parent at home without adequate care can be expected to be your most productive employee. It is clearly in our best corporate interest to find ways to help employees address these problems."

Some companies are doing just that. One in 10 U.S. firms now provides some form of child-care assistance to employees. Many companies merely distribute lists of local community services, but at least 600 firms provide day-care facilities on the premises. In Dade County, Fla., the American Bankers Insurance Group operates a kindergarten and first-grade class, using teachers and classroom supplies provided by the local school district. Since the school opened, absenteeism and employee turnover are down sharply. To hold down costs, companies in some cities have joined forces on child-care programs. In Tysons Corner, Va., 22 firms raised $100,000 to start a day-care center for their employees last year.

Elder care lags behind child care on the corporate agenda, but increasing numbers of companies recognize that Grandpa can sometimes create more trouble than Junior. IBM learned in an employee survey last year that 30% of its workers help take care of elderly relatives. So starting last February, the computer company began operating the first nationwide elder-care referral service for its 237,000 employees and 33,000 retirees. In the first month alone, more than 4,000 employees called for help. Bobby Sloan, 55, an IBM equipment designer in San Jose, Calif., used the service to arrange medical care for his mother, a 78-year-old

Looking Out For Grandma

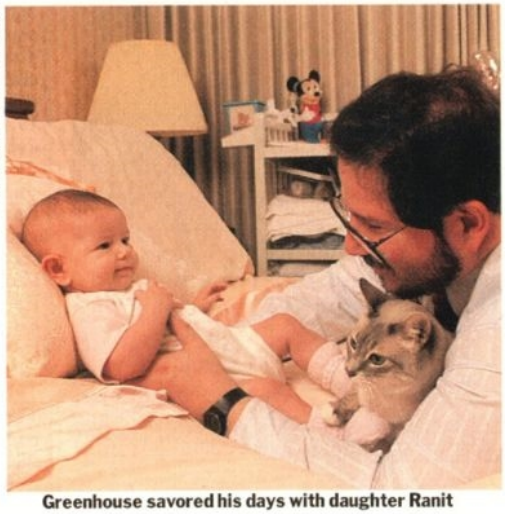
Jim Hayes' grandmother Helen, 84, worked most of her life. Her husband died when she was only 44, leaving her alone to raise a family of four children. Now it is their turn to take care of her. Growing increasingly frail, Helen moved in with Jim's parents six months ago in Naperville, Ill., 28 miles from Chicago.

Jim, a 26-year-old manager at the Arthur Andersen accounting and consulting firm, turned to his company's family-care referral experts for help. They suggested three different senior centers where Helen could spend time with people her own age. Now Helen goes to Ecumenical Adult Care of Naperville two days a week. The socializing has helped his grandmother, Jim says, and gives his mother a rest from caring for her. The referral service, begun by Arthur Andersen in July, researches and outlines elder-care options at no charge. The Hayes family pays for the care, which costs $20 a day.



WM. FRANKLIN MCMAHON

Arthur Andersen found a place for Hayes



STEVE SMITH—WHEELER PICTURES

Greenhouse savored his days with daughter Ranit

Time Off for Mr. Mom

What will my boss think? Sure, it would be swell to stay home with the wife and baby. But will I fall off the corporate ladder?

Those are questions many men ask when considering a paternity leave. Marc Greenhouse did not hesitate to take a month's leave three months ago, when his first child, daughter Ranit, was born. A 40-year-old data-processing systems analyst for Transamerica, Greenhouse began his time off a few days before his wife Dianne gave birth by caesarean section. He savored the days with his infant. Says he: "It was really a blessing."

Once he returned to work, Greenhouse continued to follow the 7 a.m.-to-3:15 p.m. schedule that he had chosen under Transamerica's flextime policy. He says his professional standing has not been affected by the leave. But his choice is not yet a common one: few of the fathers eligible for Transamerica's paternity leave actually take it.

victim of Alzheimer's disease who lives 2,000 miles away in Ponca, Okla. Says he: "I don't believe I could have done it without them." Transamerica, Arthur Andersen and Aetna Life & Casualty offer similar services.

In Cambridge, Mass., the Stride Rite company is building an "intergenerational center" near its headquarters to provide day care for up to 60 children and 30 elderly relatives of its employees. Stride Rite chairman Arnold Hiatt believes the center, scheduled to open in 1991, will have advantages over facilities that cater strictly to children or the elderly. Since the two groups will share some activities, both are expected to get more out of the experience.

Perhaps the most common of family benefits is flexible scheduling, or flextime, which permits employees to adjust their working hours to meet personal needs. In some 60% of U.S. workplaces, employees are allowed some leeway in when they work. Typically, a flextime employee comes to the office earlier or later than the standard time and then works a full eight-hour day. In Oak Brook, Ill., computer workers at the Official Airline Guides publishing firm can cluster their hours, and work from 7 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. three days a week. Other companies adjust hours on a case-by-case basis. At Stride Rite, comptroller Nancy Cirigliano varied her schedule last December when her father was hospitalized, coming in late some days and leaving early on others. Says she: "My boss said, 'Don't even ask.' He understood."

Traditionally, giving birth has been the common reason for taking a family leave. More than half of U.S. firms offer some form of maternity leave. But a growing number of companies are broadening the policy to give fathers parental leave or to let workers have time off to care for sick children or parents. Southern New England Telephone guarantees the employee's job for up to six months of unpaid parental leave. Mike Liquori, 34, a customer-service representative, took a four-month leave starting last October to care for his infant son Luke after his wife's maternity leave ended. Says Liquori: "It created a bond between Luke and me that maybe wouldn't be the same if I hadn't been there."

In the years ahead, more and more employees are going to demand the opportunity to give their families at least as much attention as their careers. If they are not satisfied, they may just look for work elsewhere. Says Bank of America's Beck: "Corporations are going to have to do more to get good skilled people and to keep them. To do that, we will have to start looking at the whole person, and work on strengthening our understanding of the employee-family relationship."

Such an effort will yield long-term dividends. Companies that help parents will make it easier for them to raise healthy, happy children. That will go a long way toward ensuring the quality of the next generation of workers. Seen in that light, good family policies are a critical investment in America's economic future. ***—By Janice Castro.***

Reported by Ted Gup/Washington and Melissa Ludtke/Boston, with other bureaus

Splitting Up The Work Load

Diana Bowler and Alisa Michaels Metzner, vice presidents at BankAmerica in San Francisco, had a common dilemma. Both had baby girls and did not want to work full time. Yet neither wanted to sacrifice a promising career at the bank. With the approval of their bosses, they came up with a solution: sharing one management job and salary. Bowler, 32, and Michaels Metzner, 34, were a good match because both worked in strategic planning and analysis. Michaels Metzner now comes in seven hours a day on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and Bowler works a similar schedule on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The overlap day allows them to coordinate their work.

The rewards are professional and personal. Says Bowler: "It's the best of both worlds." For BankAmerica too, which pays the two part-timers the equivalent of a single 35-hour weekly salary but gets much more work than that from them.



GEORGES STEINMETZE

Michaels Metzner and Bowler were a good match



JOHN MCGRAIL

An early morning departure for Wolanski

Do-It-Yourself Scheduling

The workday used to begin at 8 a.m. and end at 5 p.m. for all 46 workers in the compensation and benefits division at Du Pont's corporate headquarters in Wilmington, Del. Since July, the unit's employees have trickled in between 7 and 9:30 a.m., chosen a half-hour or one-hour lunch, and left between 3:30 and 6 p.m.—as long as they have put in eight hours each day. Secretary Joann Wolanski, 28, picked an early shift; she begins at 7:30, takes a half-hour lunch and leaves at 4. The result: more time in the evening with her husband and 14-month-old son. "Before, there was a lot of stress in coming home and getting dinner started while the baby wanted to eat," Wolanski says. "Now it's much more relaxed."

Although Du Pont has no company-wide policy of adjustable hours, all units are welcome to adopt them. The only two conditions: work must come first, and there cannot be any added cost to the company.



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20th ANNIVERSARY

Business Notes



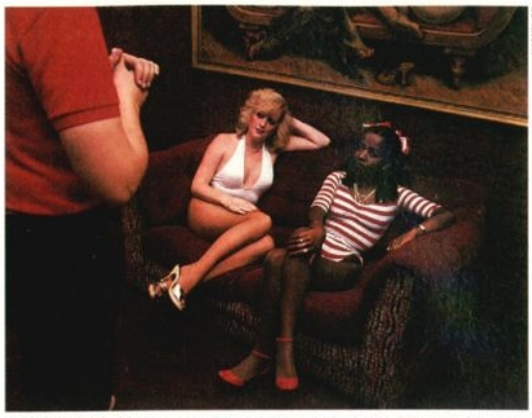
DAN FORD CONNOLLY—PICTURE GROUP

PRODUCTS **Borba and fragrant friend**



MAIMAN—SYGMA

PERSONAL FINANCE **Bunker and Herbert are battling a slew of lawsuits**



ED KASHI

INVESTMENTS **Independent contractors at the Mustang Ranch**

PERSONAL FINANCE

Billionaire Bankrupts

The brothers who filed for personal bankruptcy protection in Dallas last week were no down-and-outers. The long list of possessions mentioned in the filing included Hawaiian real estate, half interest in a Vail, Colo., ski lodge, two Cadillacs, a Mercedes-Benz and a 13,649-piece Byzantine coin collection. But the petitioners, oil heirs Nelson Bunker and Herbert Hunt, realized that their fabled wealth—still about $1 billion even after many years of financial setbacks—was in danger of being wiped out by their burgeoning legal problems.

Last month a federal jury found that Bunker and Herbert, along with their brother Lamar, had conspired to corner the silver market in 1980. The court ordered them to pay a judgment of more than $130 million to a Peruvian mineral-marketing company that lost money in the debacle. The verdict could hurt the Hunts' chances in two class actions filed by 17,000 other silver investors. While appealing the judgment, the Hunts are required to post a $225 million bond, which might force them to hold a garage sale of some of their most prized belongings. The brothers hope to get out of posting the bond through their bankruptcy filing. The maneuver could buy them time, but if they continue to lose court decisions, they could someday be truly down-and-out.

INVESTMENTS

A Really Hot Stock Tip

Want to buy a stake in an established, profitable service business in which the workers do everything they can to make customers happy? That proposition is being put forward by a group of Nevada entrepreneurs, led by lawyer Peter Perry and real estate developer Donald Clough, that is trying to attract investors for an unusual buyout. The target: Nevada's Mustang Ranch, the largest legalized brothel in the U.S.

A prospectus filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission notes that at the 27-year-old bordello, situated on two adjacent sites near Reno, more than 100 "independent contractors" generated $917,000 in profits last year on $5.4 million in revenues. By selling shares for $20 apiece, the group plans to raise $23.3 million, $18 million of which would go to buying the ranch from its current owners, Joseph and Sally Conforte. Under its new ownership, the firm could function much like any other publicly held company. Except that its method of making money is not legal in any state besides Nevada.

HOUSING

Foreclosures And Fire Sales

The Federal Housing Administration was set up to help people buy homes. But in pursuing that popular mission, the agency seems to be rivaling the Internal Revenue Service in its ability to make enemies. The FHA's troubles stem from the depressed economic conditions in several parts of the U.S., especially in states like Texas and Colorado that have been hurt by the decline of energy prices. Last fiscal year alone, the FHA's parent agency, the Department of Housing and Urban Development, had to take possession of 64,800 homes because the owners defaulted on FHA-guaranteed mortgages. HUD has been auctioning many of the houses off, often at cut-rate prices. The sales have stirred strong protests in Denver, where the average price of a single-family home has fallen from $139,500 in the second quarter of 1987 to $117,900 in the same period this year. Denver builders complain that HUD, by selling single-family homes in Denver for as little as $5,500, has contributed to the decline of the area's housing market. The agency itself is upset that some people have been defaulting on their FHA loans, then buying bargain houses at HUD auctions.

On top of those problems, the agency faces a new lawsuit from the National Housing Law Project, a California-based public interest law firm. The group contends that under a 1987 law, HUD is required to survey its inventory to see if some of the empty houses could be used to provide shelter for the homeless.

PRODUCTS

Pooches Pick Up the Scent

Can't decide what to get Rover for his birthday? How about a fancy scent? Diana Borba, president of Snooty Scents in Houston, offers perfumed shampoo and coat conditioners that smell like popular people fragrances. Rover can use scents that are billed as similar to those of Giorgio, Obsession, Aramis and Polo. Borba advertises twin-packs of shampoo and conditioner, which retail for $9.95 to $12.95, with such lines as "If you like Obsession, your dog will love Snooty Scents."

Needless to say, fragrance merchants are incensed. Michael Gould, president of Giorgio Beverly Hills, a subsidiary of Avon Products, plans to take "any steps necessary to protect our image." The puppy perfumery defends its products by noting that fragrance oils are not patented. Even so, says Byron Donics, president of Aramis, "we think they are barking up the wrong tree."



NEIL LEIFER—TIME/NBC SPORTS

JOHNSON EXULTANT: AFTER TWELVE YEARS, A GOLD AND A NEW WORLD'S RECORD

Winners All!

SPECIAL SECTION

Perfection hit its head on a diving board last week and, in a blissful spell of dizziness, thought it heard the Suriname anthem playing on the Olympic Victrola. For just a second there, a 4-ft. 11-in. Turk seemed to be lifting a 420-lb. dumbbell, the equivalent of two Olympic committeemen. A buoyant black swimmer with ordinary thighs was receiving the gold medal. South Korea was rioting in a boxing ring. The phones were working. The laundry was ready. And in the race for regal figure, Ben Johnson and Carl Lewis both came running.

A little nicer, a little faster, Lewis finished the first of his four encores, the 100-meter dash, in his best time ever—but second to the Canadian who dusts the world. "I've been working twelve years for this moment," said Johnson, the fastest human by a considerable whoosh. "I sailed right through." The Games found an early kind of king in the Jamaican-born sprinter who churns insides in every country. And he was not the only excitement.

On a creaking knee, Jackie Joyner-Kersee won her heptathlon with a world-record demonstration of tossing and turning. "I'm sure I'm tired," she said, "but for some reason . . ." Before moving on to this week's long jump, she paused only to smile. "I'm blessed," she said. "You just don't know. To be able to reach for something you've been striving for for a long time. I feel good." Showing twice as much leg as usual, the whirlwind Florence Griffith Joyner won her 100, and if she missed her record she hardly cared. History's hurdler, Edwin Moses, turned over the stage to a tearful Andre Phillips and left the world to marvel at his last twelve years.

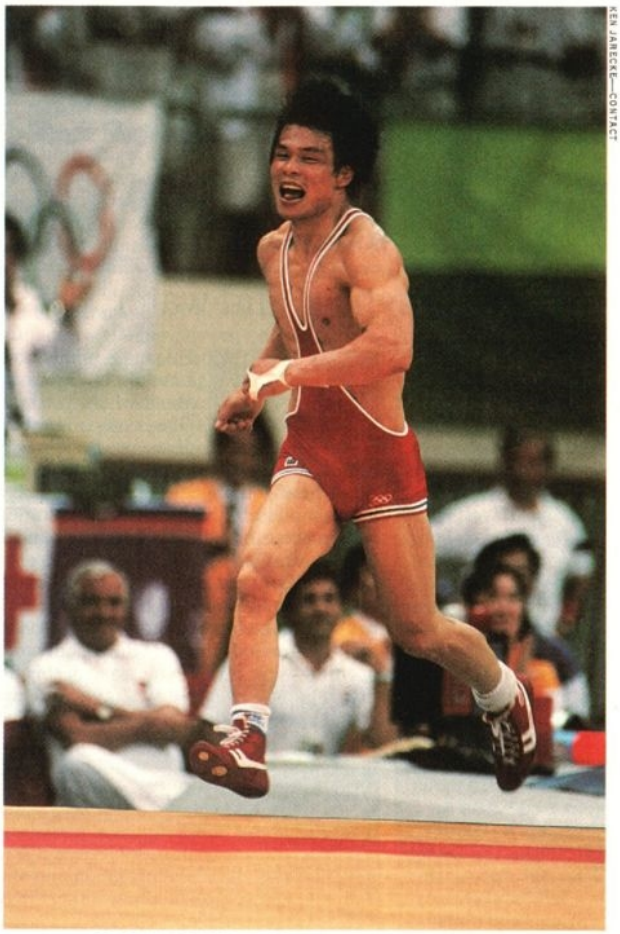
If a matador is too proficient, the danger is forgotten, and the diver Greg Louganis has been a little like that. Tending beyond shy and sensitive to gentle and even delicate, he always seemed more of an artist than an athlete—until last week. When his head banged the springboard, the Games shook. The world shivered. But a little embroidery work can improve a crown. Louganis came back to win the springboard, making a pedestal of the platform. As unafraid as ever of sentimentality, he was also as slyly pleased with his tonsure as a boy might be with a shiner.

The readiest child of the week was the schoolgirl swimmer Janet Evans, 17, winsome, lithesome and as single-minded as a shark. She ditched the homework she brought from California, but plans to offer the excuse that she had to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner* three times. After so many trips onto the podium, Evans



NEIL LEIFER—TIME—NBC SPORTS

LOUGANIS' STITCHES EMBROIDERED HIS CROWN.



KEN JARECKE—CONTACT

FOR THE HOSTS, KIM'S VICTORY WAS SWEETEST.

concluded, "It's always the same—pure honor." The littlest mermaid sees everything in a race, but nobody can see her. She makes you want to fish her out of the surf somehow, and hoist her up some way, to uncover just what she really does and whether her high-speed rotary blades have twelve arms or only eight. Matt Biondi, the reluctant Mark Spitz, may have been wasting his time studying dolphins.

Time and waste were sore subjects at the stereophonic boxing hall, where a confusing two-ring setup with buzzers and bells froze all four fighters at times. Anthony Hembrick, Kelcie Banks and Byun Jong-Il represented independent melodramas that seemed connected. In a recurring Olympic heartbreak, the Detroiter Hembrick was left at the bus stop by miscalculating coaches. "My dream went down so fast," he said after his disqualification. "You live it every day. You sleep it. You eat it. You train it. I lost my chance to prove I was the best in the world. It will never come again."

His teammate Banks arrived on schedule, completely pleased with himself. "To keep me from the gold," he proclaimed in the fighters' doggerel, "they'll have to knock me cold." They did, in the first round. Even so, finding a softer voice while glancing at Hembrick, Banks said, "I'd rather be carried out of the ring than never to have gone into it." When the Korean Byun lost to a Bulgarian by bitter decision, Byun wouldn't leave. All the black bow-tied referees in white had to pile through the ropes to rescue their brother from local officials and fans. It looked like a battle royal of barbers. When the smoke cleared, Byun was sitting in his corner. For over an hour he sat. After the lights were switched off, he lingered another long moment in the glow of a TV camera before clambering down. Remembering something, Byun suddenly bolted back into the ring, bowed to the four corners in courtly style and departed forever.

At gymnastics, officials were also in the thick of the fight. Judge Ellen Berger, a pin-eyed East German with the soul of Leo Durocher, detected a U.S. irregularity involving the bat boy. Poor Rhonda Faehn: three years ago, at 14, she left Coon Rapids, Minn., for Houston to tumble with the other dolls at the trick knee of the Rumanian defector Bela Karolyi. When she missed making the Olympic team by 0.1 point, he brought her along as a roustabout. Docked 0.5 points for Faehn's harmless presence on the platform, the U.S. women lost the bronze medal to the G.D.R. by 0.3 points. In his understated way, Karolyi expressed how they felt: "Like we were stopped on the highway, robbed, kicked in the butt and sent home naked."

Some weeks ago, he ridiculed the chances of the veteran Soviet Elena Shushunova, 19, scoffing, "She's used up like old battery." But her dry cells powered the Olympics with regular flashes of just slightly imperfect 10s, including a necessary one against Rumania's Daniela Silivas that brought back Mary Lou Retton and little Ecaterina Szabo from 1984. Puberty and Big Macs have reportedly ganged up on Szabo this year. Four years later, it is a rare Shirley Temple who doesn't come back as Shelley Winters.

The Games' sweetest mob scenes occurred when South Korea won its first gold. Incongruous shouts went up at every venue. The press-row televisions were all dialed to Greco-Roman wrestling. At a minor league scoreboard in the press center, where a medal count is kept by hand, a bustle of Koreans hurried over just to watch the tiny gold disk go up for Kim Young-Nam. They sighed.

—By Tom Callahan

Splashes of Class
And Acts of Heroism

Flying through air and water, the stars and upstarts are dazzling

Just in case the glory of winning is not inspiration enough for Olympians, some countries are upping the value of victory. The Philippines, which has won no medals so far, is offering about $100,000 to the person who puts the country on the scoreboard. Korea is giving its gold medalists monthly stipends of $1,000—for life. Taiwan reportedly promises $140,000 for a gold, $107,000 for silver and $70,000 for bronze. The Soviet Union has a pay scale too, but its athletes are penalized if they fail to fulfill their medal quotas. For example, a Soviet weight lifter who is expected to take gold will get only half the going rate for silver if he slips to second.

SPECIAL SECTION

He was 8 points ahead of Tan Liangde of China, which was about where you would expect Greg Louganis to be after eight dives in the springboard preliminaries. This is something like saying the sun was where you expected it to be at noon. Next up was a moderately difficult reverse somersault that he was accustomed to nailing for 8s and 9s, but this time it went wrong. He jumped almost straight up instead of up and out, spun too close to the board, cracked his head on the board's edge as he rotated backward, and wobbled raggedly into the water. It was the melodrama of the Seoul competition's opening week, and the message of this first act was "He's human after all." The second act, soon to come, seemed to prove what many had thought all along: "No, he's not."

There was plenty of drama in another tank a couple of subway stops away as swimming began to churn, but what we saw most vividly at first was not theater; it was a delightful geography lesson.

True, the powerful East German women's team won three of the first four golds and did not stop there. Cheeky, frail-looking Janet Evans of the U.S., a 17-year-old whose nonexistent muscle mass offers no visible means of propulsion, easily took the fourth gold in the 400-meter individual medley, as form said she would. She went on to shock East Germany's imposing Heike Friedrich, accelerating astonishingly in the last 50 meters of the 400 freestyle, to break her own world record by 1.6 sec. with a 4:03.85. But the first four women's silvers went to two Chinese, a Costa Rican and a Rumanian, while a French gamine named Catherine Plewinski w tick away with a bronze in the 100 free. The o every-four-years fan wonders, When did all t people learn to swim?

Among the men, Tamas Darnyi of Hung broke his own world record in the 400 indivi medley, with Dave Wharton of the U.S. a solid ond. Britain's Adrian Moorhouse was favore win the 100-meter breaststroke, and did. Big M Biondi finally won his first gold by anchoring U.S. 4 × 200-meter freestyle relay team to a wo record win in the best race of the week, roarin from behind to beat Steffen Zesner of East Ger ny with the fastest 200-meter leg ever swun teammates Troy Dalbey, Matt Cetlinski and I Gjertsen bayed to the rafters at poolside. But be that, he finished third in the 200-meter frees behind Australian Duncan Armstrong and Sv Anders Holmertz, and then was just touched (and so thoroughly flummoxed that he was mu ing shoulda-coulda three days later) in the meter butterfly, 53.00 to 53.01, by a gent liste "Anthony Nesty, SUR."

Shouts were heard: "What's SUR?" " name," someone answered, "northeast South Am ca." Nesty, who trains at the University of Flo was the first citizen of this former Dutch colo win an Olympic medal. Biondi, leading at 98 m was caught awkwardly between strokes and, a tive newcomer to the fly, tried to glide to the wa was afraid if I took another stroke, what would t first would be my nose," he explained gloomily Nesty, who won the same race in the Pan Ame Games last year, belonged on the Olympic vi

Evans before and after: plowing her way through the 400-meter individual medley; savoring victory



KEN REGAN—TIME/NBC SPORTS



FRANK MICELOTTA

stand, and so did a surprising number of athletes from countries whose representatives used to disappear in the prelims. What happened long ago in track was now evident in swimming: world beaters were bobbing up from all over the world.

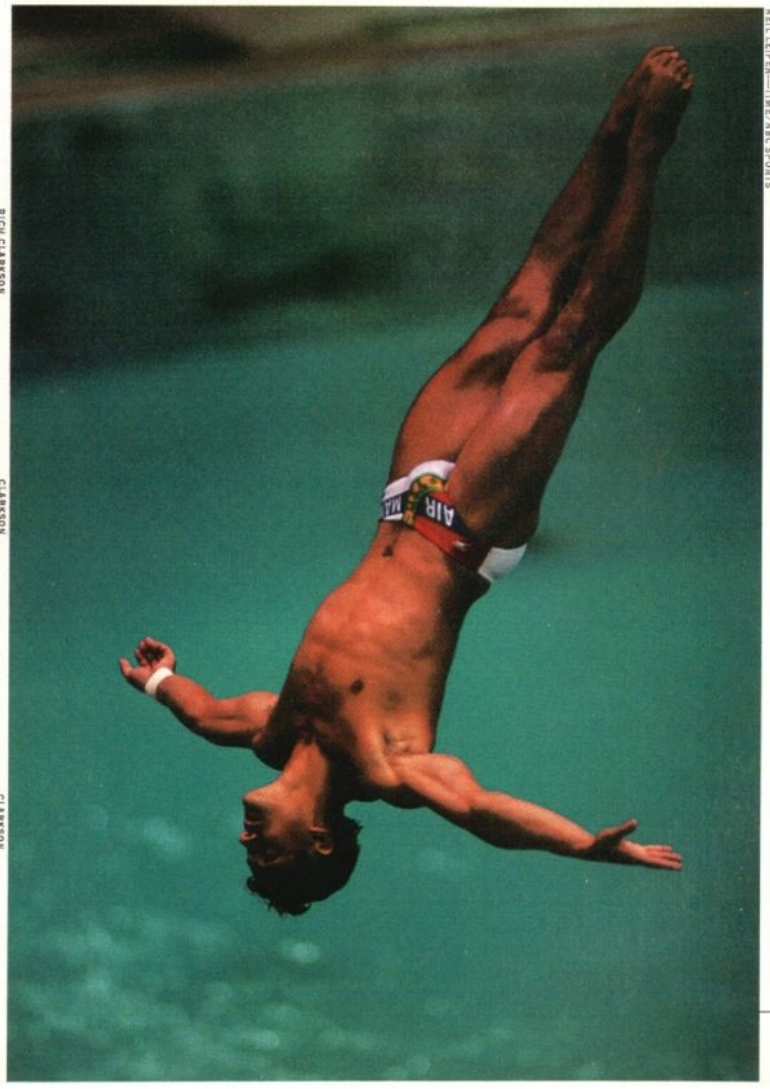
Still, Louganis was the athlete who had people shaking their heads, days after he went down in flames. "I was pretty shaken," he said later. "I heard this big clank . . ." He climbed out of the pool under his own power, back erect and face composed. As they walked together offstage, his coach Ron O'Brien asked whether he felt solid enough to continue. He said he thought so but was uncertain about a concussion and possible loss of equilibrium. "The temptation," admits Louganis, 28, "was there to say, 'I will collect my things and go home now.' " O'Brien sensed doubt and told the prodigy, who won a 1976 silver in platform and both diving golds in 1984, that he had worked too hard to let the Seoul championship slip away, that hockey players regularly got 50 stitches and skated the same night. Greg agreed, and a medic put four temporary stitches in his noggin.

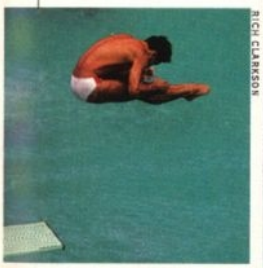
On the three-meter board some 40 minutes later, there was a moment before his tenth of eleven dives that was pure Louganis. He is an actor who says, "The stage is my base." In a restrained, impeccably controlled way, he is the most theatrical of athletes. His carved, deep-chested body is elegant and three or four pounds heavier through the shoulders than when he competed in Los Angeles. The additional muscle, built in the weight room to withstand the battering, three-story falls of platform diving, helps establish the mood of power and confidence he projects in the stillness before he springs. This stage presence is what competitors who simply climb the ladder and dive must contend with. But now Louganis opened his face in an amused, impish grin. Each of those who were there or who saw the replays that ran endlessly all week received a personal Lougano-gram: "I'm laughing at myself for my stupidity, but I don't want you to worry. Everything will be all right."

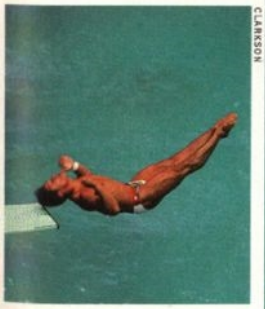
And then he cracked off his best dive of the day. The public saw the heroics but not the wound to Greg's confidence. He refused to watch a videotape of his accident, not wanting to have the flawed dive stored visually in his memory. Next day, a few hours before the finals, he told O'Brien that he was scared. In practice he overcompensated to such a degree that "I was out in the middle of the pool." So much for practice, so much for fears. When the finals began—had anyone doubted this?—it was just another day in Valhalla for the best diver the sport has ever seen. Well ahead of China's Tan Liangde (silver) and Li Deliang (bronze), who were merely excellent, and with the platform diving still to come, he won a third Olympic gold to go with his two from Los Angeles.

It may be one of the world's premier yachting competitions, but in Pusan's Suyong Bay, the Olympic racers are finding the sailing more foul than fair. Reason: pollution. "There are chairs, shoes, garbage bags, plastic bottles, dead cats, you name it," says Lynne Jewell, crew member of the U.S.'s 470-class entry. At least one boat caught a rudder on a submerged object and capsized. There have also been unexpected additions to the harbor obstacle course: on Monday a press helicopter crashed into the bay, seriously injuring the pilot; on the same day, a container ship mistook the area for Pusan's main harbor and sailed in, disrupting the competition.

Oh No!
Oh Yes!
Louganis' head-splitting dive sequence and his golden next-day recovery in the springboard event.


NEIL LEIFER—TIME/NBC SPORTS


RICH CLARKSON


CLARKSON


CLARKSON



G.D.R.'s Hoerner churns toward a world record



NEIL LEIFER—TIME; NBC SPORTS

Relentless sprinter: Kristin Otto after her 100-meter freestyle victory



MADISON—DUOMO

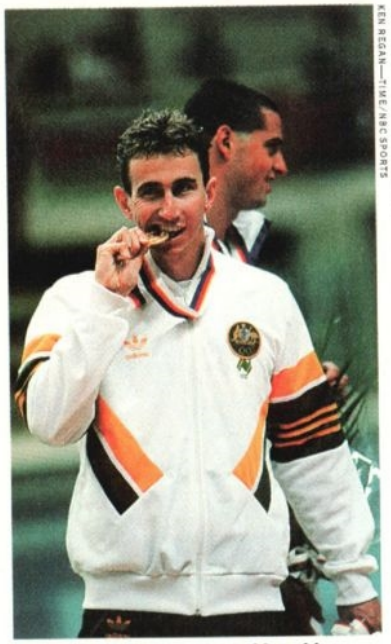
JANET EVANS

Most athletes were grateful when special phones were installed in the Olympic Village to allow them to call overseas collect or with a credit card, but when some U.S. athletes found out the local numbers of the telephones, they began arranging collect calls from the U.S., sticking the U.S. Olympic Committee with the bill. Less subtle in their rule breaking, U.S. swimmers Troy Dalbey and Doug Gjertsen were briefly jailed Saturday for stealing a concrete lion's head from Seoul's Hyatt Hotel. The athletes, who were drunk and later apologized, have been kicked off their team and confined to the Village.

Among the women, there are fine divers, but there has never been a Louganis to set standards and define the sport's next levels. There is simply the traditional power, the U.S., trying to hang on, and the irrepressible new force, China, surging ahead. Success in any given meet is a matter of habitual caution matched against finely calculated boldness. The U.S. women are trained to do moderately difficult dives, 2s to 3s, with consistent superiority. "We have held back on the harder dives to keep our program consistent, which is the top priority," said U.S. assistant coach Scott Reich. "As long as you don't do anything horrible, you are always in the ball game." The wave of very young Chinese girls—whose faces and names seem to change with each international meet but whose precision and fearless aggressiveness do not—try very hard dives of 3 to 3.5. Often they have learned them from videotapes of Louganis. The Americans wait for them to fluff a dive. Sometimes they do. In the women's platform at Seoul, Chen Xiaodan, 14, a solid third, blew sky-high on her last dive, a wrenching back 3½-somersault pike. Wendy Williams of the U.S. slipped through to take the bronze. (The flamboyant Chen was an eight-year-old gymnast when a diving coach asked if she could dive off a platform. She did, neglecting to mention that she could not swim, and immediately sank to the bottom of the pool.)

China's Xu Yanmei, a 17-year-old who won the World Cup diving championship last year in the Netherlands, chose a slightly more conservative routine and easily won the gold by meeting her own goal. Scrappy Michele Mitchell, 26, the top U.S. platform diver, performed equally well, but her dives were only about seven-tenths as difficult as Xu's. She earned another silver to go with the one she captured at the Los Angeles Olympics, where China's Zhou Jihong, no longer an Olympian, won the gold.

No lectures on courage are required by Mitchell, who has dislocated both shoulders in bad landings (Louganis has dislocated one shoulder, and wears a wrist brace because of a bone chip). She was grumbling even before the meet about "couch potatoes" in the U.S. who think a silver medal is a failure. But O'Brien knows what he is talking about, and he says flatly, "We are going to have to move up to a higher level of dives." In women's springboard competition, to confuse this issue, Gao Min of China won with a conservative dive list. Her teammate Li Qing and veteran Kelly McCormick of the U.S. tried bolder dives but finished a distant second and third.



KEN REGAN—TIME; NBC SPORTS

Australia's Armstrong tests his gold

At the swim gym, this time in the women's sprint events, the difficulty level consisted of one woman's performance. If you wanted to win, you had to beat her (or in the breaststroke her teammate Silke Hoerner, who went on to set a world record in her 200-meter event). In race after race, no one did. East Germany's 6-ft. 1-in. Kristin Otto with no apparent difficulty cruised home first in the 100 free, the 100 back, the 4 × 100 free relay and the 100 fly. Four golds; then one more as she led the East German team to victory in the 4 × 100 medley relay.

The two wildest races of the week were the women's 400 free and the men's 4 × 200 freestyle relay. The first belonged to Janet Evans, teasingly called "Princess" by the swim-team staff because of her occasionally imperious ways. She developed a crick in her neck at training camp in Ha-

waii, doubtless, it was said, because of a pea under her mattress. In Seoul, she complained, the team had to *walk* (she pronounced the unfamiliar word with distaste) to practice. Biondi said, trying to sound as if he believed it, that Evans owes her success to her "little skinny muscles," which are too small, he was sure, to store painful quantities of fatigue-producing lactic acid. "Look at this," said the 6-ft. 7-in. Biondi, sticking one huge arm under a reporter's nose. "I get all filled up with the stuff, and it hurts."

"I hurt," said Evans, as a masseur worked over her after her 400-medley victory. "The day after a race, I hurt all over." But in her 400 free rouser it was the trailing East German powerhouses, Heike Friedrich and Anke Moehring, who hurt first. Biondi's coach Nort Thornton offered a clue: "You think Janet doesn't have the body? She's a heart and lung pump, an incredible aerobic machine. Her chest expansion is six inches, and that's two or three inches more than any other woman on the team." Against Friedrich and Moehring, Evans' rare aerobic gifts showed, and so did her courage. By 300 meters, Heike had narrowed the lead to 16 one-hundredths, a gap she could close in the time it takes to say "16 one-hundredths." But Evans accelerated, swimming all by herself at the end, and finished with a stunning 4:03.85. Frank Keefe, the U.S. swim team's manager, said, "That's not a world record, it's a universe record." Friedrich shook her head, admitting the awkward truth: "I can't swim a 4:03 at this time."

As Evans talked wistfully of home (she will be a senior at El Dorado High School in Placentia, Calif.), Biondi flogged himself for mishandling the finish of the 100 fly and letting Nesty steal the gold. His scorched pride drove him through his winning anchor leg of the 4 × 200-meter relay. He speculated wryly that the loss might even give him the motivation to make the national water-polo team (he was a four-time All-American at Berkeley), stay with it and compete at Barcelona in 1992. In any case, the racing career of this big, likable man was blazing to a close. He is a social fellow in a loner's sport, and the relays have given him the comradeship he needs. As swimming wound down, he anchored the U.S. 4 × 100 free relay team (Chris Jacobs, Troy Dalbey and Tom Jager were the other members) in an event the U.S. has not lost in modern times. That kind of dominance can't last, but it did not end in Seoul; solid splits by the first three swimmers and another spectacular anchor leg by Biondi gave the U.S. its second relay world record. The next night he lined up for the 50-meter free. Earlier he had broken an Olympic record in the 100 free; now he beat teammate Jager for a world mark in the 50. With the 4 × 100 medley relay, which was to be the last race of his career, still to come, he had a bronze, a silver and four golds. When he returns to California, he wants to build a camper on a used pickup truck he owns and travel around the U.S. "I've seen pools all over the world," he said, "but not much else."

Submariner David Berkoff, the U.S. backstroker who swims the first third of his 100-meter races underwater, broke his own record in the prelims and predicted with no excessive bashfulness that it would take another world record for him to win a gold. But he got a bad start that evening in the final, faded, and in a startling upset was beaten in slow time by another submariner, Japan's Daichi Suzuki.

No one touched Janet Evans. She went out fast in her last race, the 800-meter free, and hung on for a new Olympic record, finishing the meet with three golds in three tries. That accomplished, she planned a shop-till-you-drop expedition in Seoul's Itaewon market district. One old hero, the great Michael Gross of West Germany, seemed to have come to earth. Until the meet's last days, the lanky "Albatross," who dominated the '84 games, had managed only a bronze in the 4 × 200 relay. Now, one more time, he set out to dominate the field in his specialty, the 200-meter butterfly. As always, he led easily for the first 150 meters. He faded in the last 50—this was new—but he managed to scratch out a win.

That was almost the last splash for swimming; on to track. On to Barcelona. Let's see, is what's her name, the little U.S. distance champion, still swimming? And who was that big American guy who won all the medals back in '88? —*By John Skow.*

Reported by Sandra Burton/Seoul



WINNER NESTY

When Anthony Nesty of Suriname edged out Matt Biondi in the 100-m butterfly, no one was better prepared for the upset than Major Park Sun Kuk. Suriname's national anthem, hardly a chart-topper outside the country's borders, was one of 159 that Park, the Games' anthem chief, had learned and recorded over two years. His work continued last week when Bermuda and Somalia showed up with brand-new anthems, which Park's musicians duly recorded—just in case.



The week's best race: anchor Matt Biondi heads for victory in the 4 × 200-meter freestyle



NEIL LEIFER—TIME/NBC SPORTS

Numero uno: **Canada's Ben Johnson shows Carl Lewis who's boss of the 100-meter sprint in an unprecedented 9.79 sec.**

Magic
On the Track

Records shatter as the world's fastest and strongest square off for keeps

There are 100,000 security agents on duty, but the safety net has holes. U.S. competitors in the modern pentathlon, which includes pistol shooting, brought about 1,000 bullets into the Olympic Village—undetected.

SPECIAL SECTION

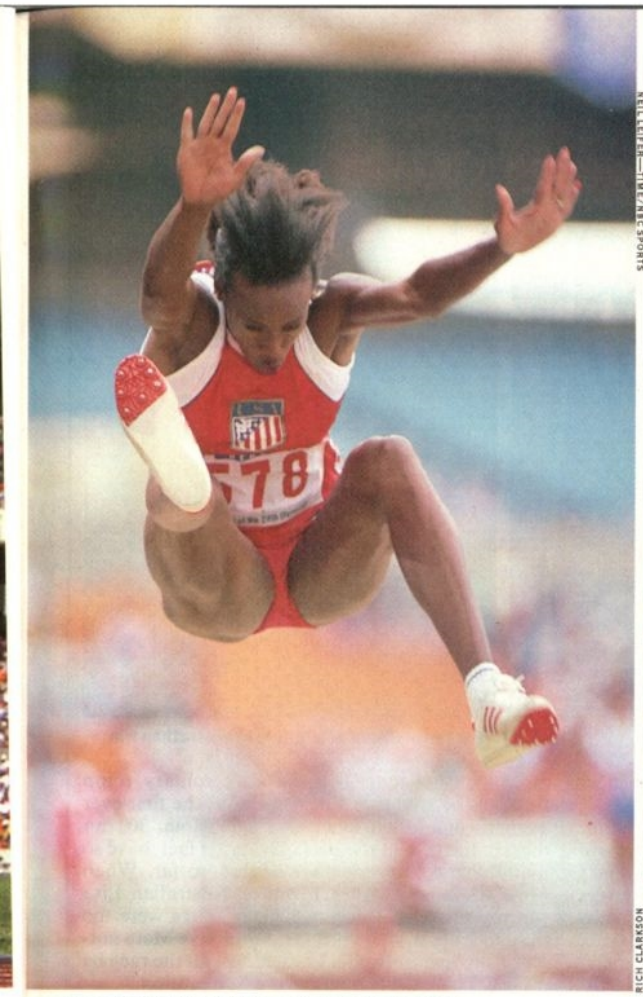
The scene at Olympic stadium was like a pointillist tableau. Huge white parasols rested on the green infield, ready to shield athletes from the autumn sun. White doves left over from the opening ceremony strutted on the grass while athletes stretched languidly. Then a Korean in white blazer and gloves climbed up a ladder and fired a pistol. The points began to blur: legs pumped, iron heaved skyward, bodies shot forward.

Track and field, the quintessential Olympic sport, began with a weekend that saw excellence both extended and ended. The world's best woman athlete, American Jackie Joyner-Kersee, piled up 7,291 points in the heptathlon to break her own world record and win Olympic gold. Ben Johnson of Canada once again proved that he is the fastest man on earth by setting a new world record of 9.79 in the 100 meters. Florence Griffith Joyner won going away in the women's 100 meters. But Edwin Moses, heavily favored in the 400-meter hurdles, ran a poor third and lost his grip on a sport that he has dominated for a decade.

With a full complement of East bloc countries on hand for the first time in eight years, a bundle of Olympic records were set. Jozef Pribilinec of Czechoslovakia won the 20-km walk in 1:19:57, breaking the old record by more than 3 min. Mop-top Khristo Markov of Bulgaria hopped, skipped and soared to a triple-jump record of 57 ft. 9½ in., while American favorite Willie Banks placed sixth. East Germany's Ulf Timmermann threw the shot put 73 ft. 8¾ in. for an Olympic record, and Randy Barnes of the U.S. placed second.

But these events were largely a sideshow to the men's 100 meters. The rivalry between Carl Lewis, 27, the quadruple gold medalist in Los Angeles, and Ben Johnson, 26, began a year ago at the world championships in Rome. There Johnson set a new world record, leaving Lewis in his jet stream. Lewis was no more graceful losing in Rome than he was winning in Los Angeles: Johnson, he said, jumped the gun.

The two arrived at Seoul's fast track about as friendly as Iran and Iraq. Johnson, who seems to glower with power even in repose, had declared, "I want to win an Olympic gold medal. After that I



NEIL LEIFER—TIME/ARC SPORTS

Joyner-Kersee's heptathlon leaps to a new mark



RICH CLARKSON

The world's fastest woman: an exuberant Griffith Joyner at the finish

don't care—Carl Lewis could beat me 100 times." For his part, Lewis was on his semi-best behavior. "A number of people can win," he declared beforehand, his mother Evelyn sitting by his side. During the heats, Lewis' times were faster. Johnson, who had been hobbled earlier in the year by a hamstring injury, did not look good. But was he pulling up—or pulling a fast one?

The 100 meters takes about as much time to run as some people spend tying their shoelaces. So the application of strategy is lightning quick. These two runners are as different as a firecracker and a long fuse. Johnson has an explosive start and eventually decelerates; Lewis starts more slowly and builds. As the gun went off last week, Johnson burst out of the blocks, seized the lead, and held it. Lewis, on the other hand, got a characteristically slower start, but instead of accelerating past his adversary, he looked to his right three times, always to see Johnson in front of him. Before he even crossed the finish line, Big Ben raised his index finger to signal that he was still No. 1. Carl Lewis had run faster than in Rome—but lost by more.

The race was historic in more ways than one. It was the first time that a world record in the 100 had been set at an Olympics. Even in defeat, Lewis had achieved a new American record of 9.97 sec. In addition, Britain's Linford Christie and Calvin Smith from the U.S. also dipped under 10 sec., marking the first time four runners had bested that benchmark in a single race. When it was over, Lewis had little to say about Johnson. "I'm pleased with my performance," he maintained. "It's time to move on to the next event." For Johnson, however, the Olympics are over. And he has more than enough to savor. "The important thing was to beat Carl," he said. "Anyone can set a world record, but the gold medal is mine."

Like Johnson, Jackie Joyner-Kersee, 26, wanted a gold medal more than anything else. Ever since she missed it in Los Angeles by only five (out of 6,390) points, she has dominated the heptathlon and dreamed unceasingly of an Olympic victory. As the only woman ever to top 7,000 points in this seven-sport event—a mark she had already surpassed four times—she seemed assured of victory. Said her husband and mentor, Bob Kersee: "Coaching her is very hard. She wants to be so perfect."

Joyner-Kersee started well, bringing in a personal best in the 100-meter hurdles. But in the high jump she strained a tendon in her left knee and scored poorly. Still, she managed a second in the shot put and a first in the 200-meter dash. After the first day she was 103 points behind her world-record pace but well ahead of her East German competitors.

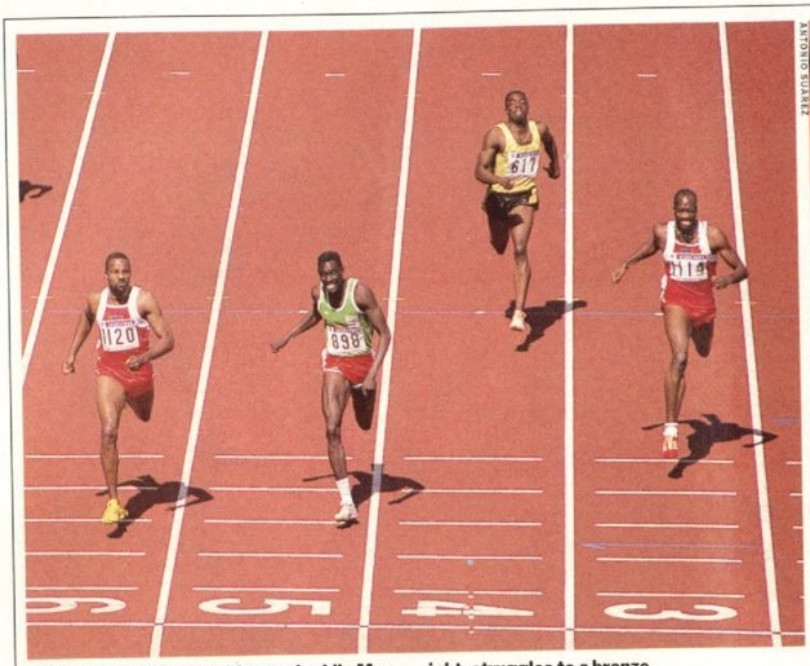
Next day, with her knee tender but intact, Joyner-Kersee enthusiastically attacked her specialty. Leaping only once, she set a personal best in the heptathlon long jump, an Olympic record of 23 ft. 10¼ in. After a somewhat disappointing javelin throw, Joyner-Kersee knew that if she could run under 2:13.67 in the final event, the 800 meters, she could set a new world record. She shyly smiled up at the crowd, then took off. As she crossed the finish



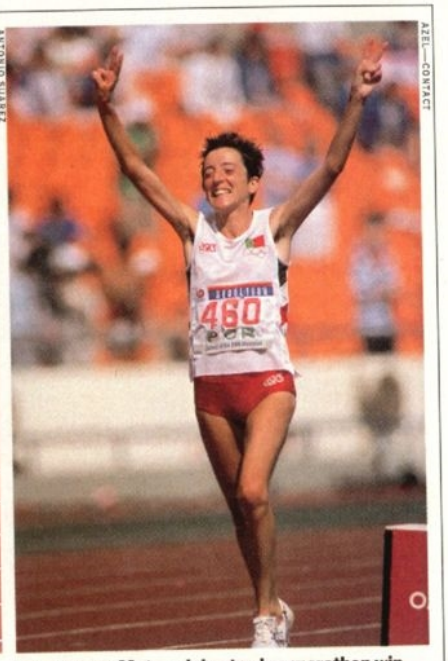
RICH CLARKSON

RENT-A-CROWD

Why are those throngs of South Koreans cheering for teams from such faraway lands as the Netherlands, Kuwait and Greece? Simple: South Korean companies with business ties in those countries have sent rent-a-crowds out to sis-boom-ba for the not-at-home teams. Sometimes, though, simple Korean courtesy stirs support.



Phillips, left, gets a world record, while Moses, right, struggles to a bronze



Tiny terror: Mota celebrates her marathon win



MOPPING UP

Why do the volleyball players spend so much time bending down over the court floor with small towels? The object of their inflections is their own slippery sweat, which they are responsible for mopping up themselves since an Olympic-rules change eliminated special time-outs and the kids who once did the job. The new rules make the matches faster, but the players think the game has got more dangerous and even perhaps a bit demeaning. After all, they did not train for years to become the world's tallest janitors.

line in 2:08.51, another personal best, she clasped her hands above her head in triumphant thankfulness.

Joyner-Kersee then started readying herself for more competition. Despite the drain of her record heptathlon effort, she said, "I can't let it affect what I do in the long jump." Looking beyond Seoul, she sees the heptathlon for another couple of years and may take up racing in the hurdles. Noted Kersee: "I think she could break the world record in the 400-meter hurdles. For some reason she likes playing in the sand, and I think going over barriers is better."

Florence Griffith Joyner, 28, Jackie's sister-in-law, coveted a different title: world's fastest woman. She first laid claim to it by running a 10.49 world record at the Olympic 100-meter trials in July. But she wanted to underscore her supremacy in international competition. Griffith Joyner spent the weeks before the Olympics training at the Nihon Aerobics Center in Japan, a serene spot where the infield of the track is a rock garden. The center's director was so taken with Florence that he held a Buddhist ceremony to give her special power. It didn't hurt.

The flamboyant Flo-Jo, as fans call her, is the only athlete whose fingernail colors are as striking as her times. Famous for her sexy, one-legged tights, she appeared at her heats and semifinals wearing a racy, hooded bodysuit. The aerodynamics may have helped: on her first sprint she ran 10.88 to better Evelyn Ashford's Olympic record. When Ashford, looking sleek and fast, equaled that time in her semifinal, Flo countered by running 10.62 in her next heat. Although her rivalry with Griffith Joyner is not as public as Lewis' and Johnson's, Ashford battled fiercely to retain her gold medal. But Flo-Jo was awesome in the final matchup, accelerating all the way to beat Ashford by at least six meters.

Florence and Jackie were not the only ones to bring new maturity to their sports. The first gold medal awarded in track and field went to Rosa Mota of Portugal, who won the women's marathon in 2:25:39. While the hot and humid conditions made a new record unlikely, the race was a lot more exciting than Joan Benoit's solitary romp through the streets of Los Angeles in the first-ever women's marathon four years ago. Mota, 30, ran most of the race in the pack. Never, in fact, have so many women run together so fast, so far. When Mota broke away after 23 miles, Australian Lisa Martin and East German Katrin Dörre were too tired to follow. Afterward the diminutive Mota noted, "Last year in Rome, I ran almost all the race by myself. This time I could see the competition."

In terms of maturity, though, time seemed to tell at last on Edwin Moses, 33, who lost his bid for a third gold medal in the 400-meter hurdles. Moses, who freely admits that he is an old man in a young man's sport, won his first gold medal in Montreal, his second in Los Angeles, and had the U.S. not boycotted the 1980 Olympics, might have won three straight. But the owner of track's longest win streak, who got off to a good start this time, seemed to run out of gas in the last 100 meters. Just ahead, his U.S. teammate Andre Phillips held off Senegal's Amadou Dia Ba at the wire to set a new Olympic record of 47.19 sec. "When the race is over," Moses said later from the sidelines, "that's when you know you can't do it." But the bronze medalist—whom Phillips praised as "my motivation, my incentive, my idol"—insisted he would not quit the sport.

Another aging American star also seemed to fade in Seoul's autumn light. America's best middle-distance runner ever, Mary Decker Slaney, 30, failed once again to win an Olympic gold medal. In her 3,000-meter heat, she gave everyone a surrealistic dose of déjà vu by nearly tripping as she had in Los Angeles when she got her feet tangled with South African–born Zola Budd. Her time qualified her for the final, but did not put her in strong contention. In the deciding race she led the pack for several laps but faded long before the end to finish an embarrassing tenth in a field of ten. Slaney, who has another chance this week in the 1,500 meters, vows she'll be back in 1992. "It's frustrating not to have an Olympic medal, but that's not what motivates me," she says. "It's just liking what I do." That, after all, is the real point of the Olympics. —*By Ellie McGrath/Seoul*

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© 1988 Hyundai Motor America Seat belts make sense.

They Shoulda Stood in Bed

It was a dazed and daffy week in boxing. Typical of the confusion to come was the fate of Canadian featherweight Jamie Pagendam. On Sunday he was declared a loser on a technical knockout. On Monday he won a reversal because the Ivory Coast referee had miscounted knockdowns that should have disqualified his Mongolian adversary. On Tuesday the International Amateur Boxing Association ruled him unfit to fight further because he had taken too many blows to the head.

Meanwhile, time was running out in different ways for American boxers Anthony Hembrick and Kelcie Banks. Middleweight Hembrick, 22, captain of the U.S. team, missed a bus and never got a chance to fight. Featherweight Banks, 23, should have missed his; he got careless midway through the first round against Regilio Tuur of the Netherlands, ran into a hard right hand and suffered a one-punch knockout that left him unconscious for a full three minutes. "I never saw it, didn't even feel it," Banks said after an overnight hospital stay.



SIT-IN: BYUN UNBUDGED

Hembrick and U.S. coach Ken Adams tried to board a 10 a.m. shuttle bus from the Village to the gym. The bus was full, however, so they waited for the 10:30, thinking Hembrick's fight would not take place until after noon. But they had misread the schedule, and arrived at ringside just in time to see the referee raise South Korean Ha Jong-Ho's hand in victory. An appeal was denied. Said a stunned Hembrick: "I'll have an empty spot inside for a long time." Next day U.S. welterweight Kenneth Gould, 21, arrived at the gym three hours early and won his fight. By week's end he and nine teammates remained unbeaten, with good medal prospects.

The woolliest confrontation of the week took place after the final bell sounded in a bantamweight fight. When South Korea's Byun Jong-Il lost a narrow decision, his coach and trainers, along with several Korean boxing officials, poured through the ropes and pummeled New Zealand referee Keith Walker. Byun, for his part, protested the decision by refusing to leave the ring for 67 minutes. Byun and five Korean officials were suspended indefinitely, and President Kim Chong-ha of the Korean Olympic Committee resigned, taking "full responsibility" for the ruckus. ■

Courting Victory

The U.S. men's volleyball team has only four returnees from its 1984 gold medal squad, but the Americans were still the favorites as they came roaring into the 1988 preliminary rounds. Playing at first with the poise and confidence of veterans, they easily knocked off Japan and subdued a strong Dutch team coached by Arie Selinger, who guided the U.S. women to a silver medal in 1984. Then the Americans dropped the first two games of their best-of-five match with Argentina. "We were overconfident," admits Marv Dunphy, the U.S. men's coach since 1985. "We were waiting for them to make mistakes so we could win it. But the Argentines are too good for that sort of approach." Thanks to a sustained come-from-behind drive, the Yanks won the next three games and the match.



RICH CLARKSON

UP FOR THE KILL

In their face-off against a fast and scrappy French team, the defending champions once again started out slowly. The French came close to winning the first game until the U.S. rallied behind the strong spikes of Steve Timmons and narrowly edged out their opponents. The victory awakened the slow-starting Americans, who have been playing early-morning games throughout the series to accommodate prime-time TV coverage. They won the second game easily, and after losing the lead for a time in the third, finally put the French away.

The U.S. team will have to be alert and confident in the medal round, where they will probably meet the potent Brazilians and the powerful Soviets, who have been top contenders in Olympic volleyball since the American-invented game was introduced into the Games in 1964. ■



VICTORIOUS MARK TODD WITH HIS RETIRING MOUNT

Winning on Charisma

When Mark Phillips entered the dressage arena of Seoul's new $83 million equestrian park last week, neither luck nor the weather was with him. Dressed in customary black hunting cap and swallowtail coat, the husband of Britain's Princess Anne began the first stage of the grueling three-day equestrian event under a hard, wind-driven rain and placed a mediocre 28th out of 40. Phillips' lot did not improve on the second day: his mount Cartier failed to withstand the speed and endurance test on an obstacle course replete with bamboo hedges and water traps. At that point, the royal son-in-law withdrew from the competition.

Phillips' teammates, however, managed to capture a silver in the event. Team captain Phillips thus drew the honor of accepting the medal from his wife, who is president of the International Equestrian Federation. The team gold in the event went to West Germany, and the individual gold was won by New Zealand's Mark Todd, who, along with his trusty steed Charisma, repeated an L.A. gold-medal performance. "Charisma just rose to the occasion," said the former dairy farmer, who announced that the horse will soon enter a pampered retirement. ■

The High And the Sprightly

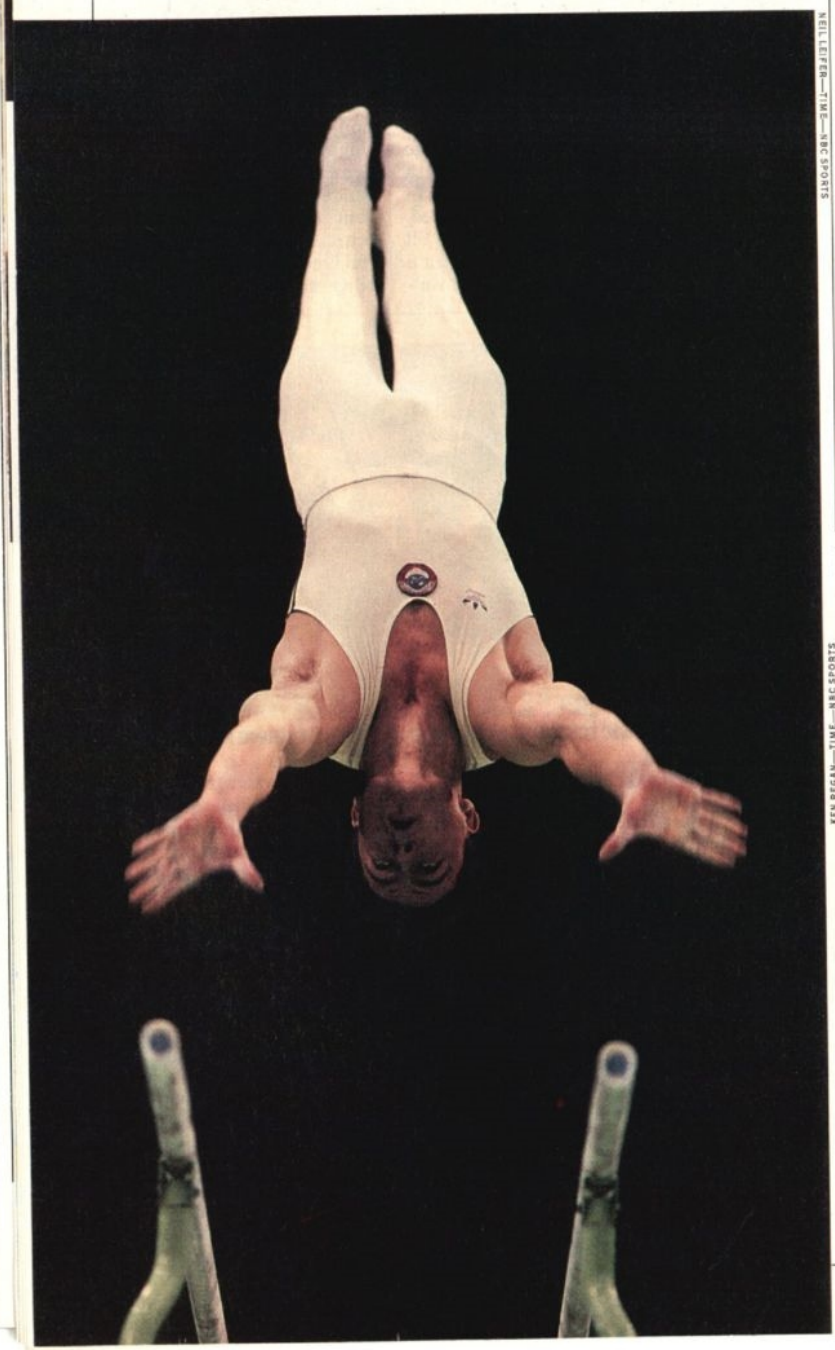
With breathtaking leaps and vaults, Soviet gymnasts sweep most of the gold

SPECIAL SECTION

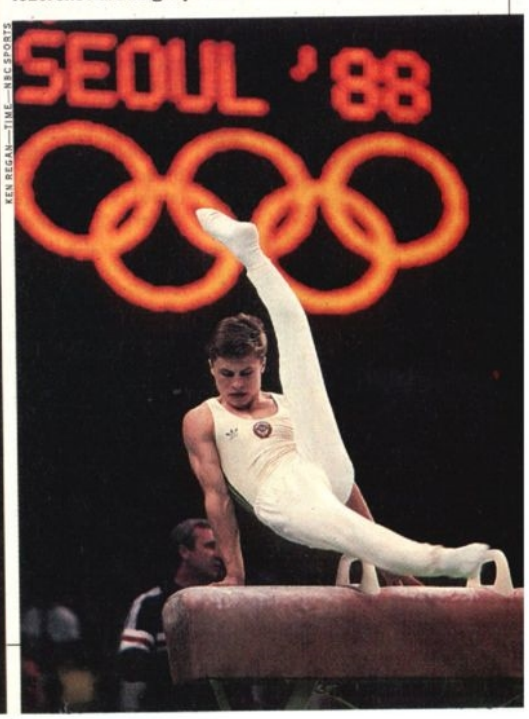
When the great scorecard for 1988 Soviet achievements is totted up, Mikhail Gorbachev's *perestroika* campaign may receive a modest 8.0 (a bit wobbly on the takeoff) and the return of the Soyuz spacecraft will be lucky to secure a 7.5 (very shaky on the landing). But the Soviet gymnasts, men and women alike, will score a 10 because their performance in Seoul was just that: perfect.

With matchless artistry and unfaltering poise, the Soviets stormed Seoul's gymnastics hall and marched away with most of the glittering loot. Gold honors went to both the women's and men's teams, the latter setting a standard so far above its competitors that in a sport where thousandths of a point can make a difference, the runner-up East Germans finished almost a full 5 points behind. In the all-around battle, the Soviet men fought among themselves for the three medals, the first such sweep since Japan's hat trick in 1972. By the time of the individual apparatus competition, it was a foregone conclusion that the Soviets, who were allowed to enter only two gymnasts in each event, would dominate the competition.

The Soviet women, unlike the men, faced stiff competition from outside their own squad. The flamboyant Rumanians, determined to hang on to the team title that they had unexpectedly wrested from the Soviets at the 1987 world championships, battled valiantly. But Aurelia Dobre, who had been counted on to shine, was still recuperating from recent knee surgery and could serve up only 9.9s where 10s were needed. Thus the Soviets triumphed by a solid 1.35 points. In the battle for bronze, the U.S. lost out to the East Germans by just 0.3 of a point, felled by a controversial technical ruling that penalized the Americans a fatal half point. Come the all-around, it was a duel to the last 10 between Rumania's perky Daniela Silivas and the Soviets' no-nonsense Elena Shushunova. By a margin of just 0.025 of a point, Shushunova squeaked by to nail the gold, with

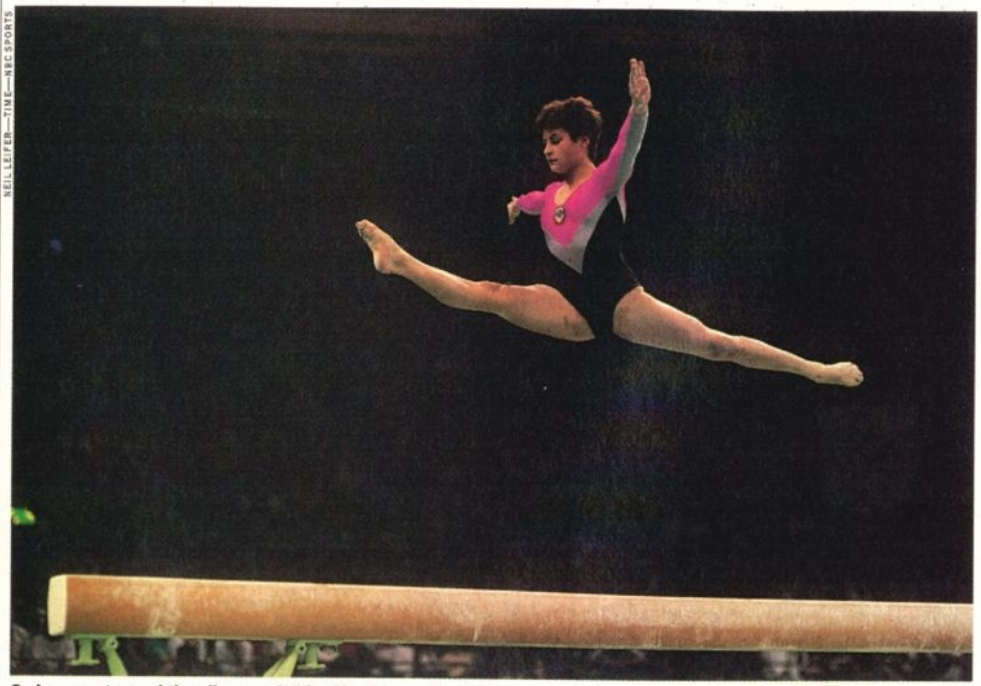


NEIL LEIFER—TIME—NBC SPORTS



KEN REGAN—TIME—NBC SPORTS

Hat trick: Artemov reaches for gold with a 10 on the parallel bars; Liukin dazzles toward silver on the horse; Bilozerchev draws gasps and bronze on the horizontal bar

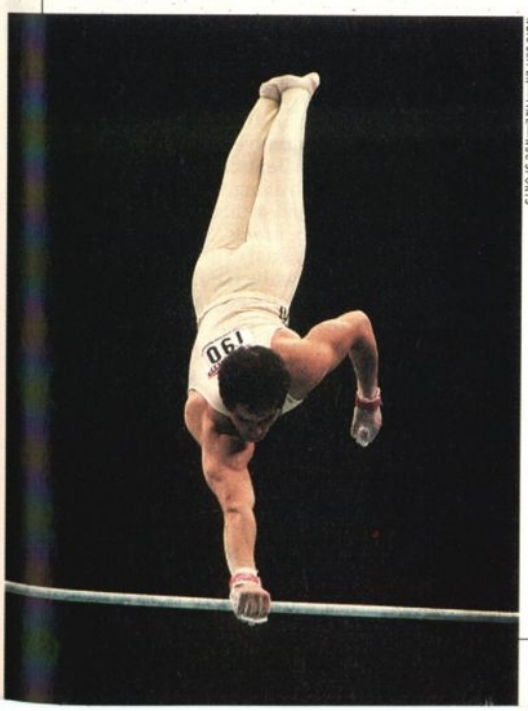


NEIL LEIFER—TIME—NBC SPORTS

On her way toward the all-around title, Shushunova bests Rumania's Silivas on the beam by just 0.025 of a point

teammate Svetlana Boginskaya capturing the bronze.

In the men's field, the Soviets dazzled and wowed with their daring assortment of triple flips on the vault, the rings, the high bar and the floor. And they also drew appreciative applause for their consistently solid performances, technical superiority and bold originality, outscoring every team on every apparatus. Even the weakest Soviets introduced elements never before seen in Olympic competition. If the all-around did not restrict each team to just three entrants, all six Soviets would have made it to the competition. "They are the absolute masters," conceded Mike Jacki, executive director of the U.S. Gymnastics Federation. "It's like the all-time, all-star team."



NEIL LEIFER—TIME—NBC SPORTS

Heading the charge were three Soviet veterans, Vladimir Artemov, 23, Valeri Liukin, 21, and Dmitri Bilozerchev, 21. Coming into the Olympics, the favorite for the all-around title was Bilozerchev, the handsome, brooding Heathcliff of gymnastics who just three years ago almost lost a leg in a car accident. On the night of the all-around fight, Bilozerchev met expectations, outscoring both his teammates as he took 10s in three of the six events. But 50% of the all-around score carries over from the team competition, and there, Bilozerchev had faltered badly in one event, slamming into the high bar as he spun out of control during an unrivaled series of one-armed giant swings around the bar. The mishap cost him a crucial half point, which ultimately enabled the consistent Artemov, a perennial runner-up, to finally land on the top podium, and the aggressive Liukin to take the silver.

When the individual events got under way two days later, Bilozerchev earned two golds. But in both instances, he had to share the medal, on the rings with East Germany's Holger Behrendt and on the pommel horse with Zsolt Borkai of Hungary and Bulgaria's Lubomir Geraskov, the first such three-way tie for gymnastics gold since 1948. Artemov took two golds and a silver; Liukin one of each. When all the 10s from the various competitions were totaled, the Soviets had claimed 15 of the 25 awarded.

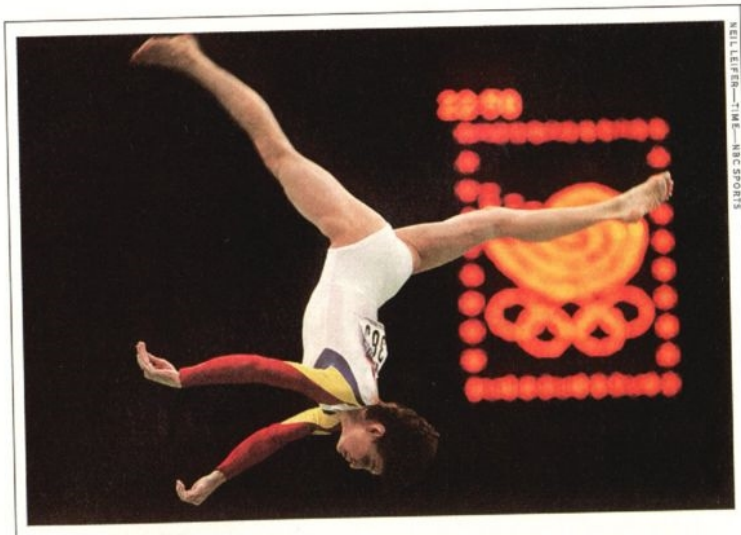
While the Soviet superiority was undisputed, there was ample grousing about the scoring among the more mediocre men's teams. The U.S., which finished eleventh of twelve, complained that its bad luck in drawing an early slot in the team competition doomed Americans to low scores. It was true that, as often happens, the scores accelerated wildly during the course of the competition, probably shorting some Americans of precious tenths of points. But even a tenth of a point here or there could not have brought the Americans into medal contention. They finished 8.75 points behind the third-finishing Japanese, and almost twice that behind the Soviets. There was a ray of hope for the future, however: Charles Lakes, 24, who scored an impressive



ANTONIO JUAREZ

GYMNAST SHARON

Like Eric Liddell, the devout Scottish Presbyterian in *Chariots of Fire* who refused to run on the Sabbath, Israeli Olympic teams last week abstained from competing on Yom Kippur, the holiest day in the Jewish calendar, which lasted from sundown Tuesday to sundown Wednesday. The scheduling conflict ended the medal hopes of one Israeli boxer who had drawn a Wednesday bout. Two yachtsmen who violated the team ban on participating were sent home. Though Israeli gymnast Revital Sharon abstained from the competition, she was allowed to fill in for an injured member of the Hungarian team after sundown.



HELLER—TIME—NBC SPORTS

Silivas goes over and over, but still comes up short



RICK CLARKSON

THE TALLEST

The Games are measured in all kinds of chalk marks. The youngest athlete competing in Seoul is Angolan swimmer Nadia Cruz, 13. The oldest is Bahamian yachtsman Durward Knowles, 70. The shortest is Japanese gymnast Kyoko Seo; she is 4 ft. 5 in. The tallest, at 7 ft. 3 in., is Soviet basketball star Arvidas Sabonis. The high-flying center does not face the weather up there alone though; Officials had to provide 1,780 extra-long beds for the athletes' dormitories in the Olympic Village. The housekeepers there may be the busiest people in Seoul. They are using 110,00 sheets, 44,000 blankets and 14,700 pillows to make the beds.

9.95 on the high bar during the all-around, drawing gasps with several high-flying release moves.

The women's competition offered greater suspense, though the Soviets dominated there too. The exceptional depth of the Soviet team became apparent when one of its best performers, Olga Strazheva, twisted a knee during her team's rotation on the balance beam, forcing her out of the competition. Still, the Soviets prevailed over the Rumanians through the remainder of the team competition, and like the men they set an Olympic team scoring record.

The all-around proved a cliff-hanger right up through the final few seconds of the competition. For the Soviets, there was Shushunova, 19, the team's mainstay, who wooed quietly with her elegant lines and dramatic presentation. Rumania was represented by Silivas, 18, a charismatic performer with an instinct for selling her quick, precise routines to the audience. Coming into the final rotation, the vault, Silivas held a slight edge. Although vault is her weakest event, she held tough to the last, scoring 9.95. Nothing less than a perfect 10 would deprive her of the gold. But Shushunova had already scored two 10s in the event in the team rounds. She knew what was needed—and with little fanfare, she delivered. Even before the scoreboard flashed the 10, the intent Shushunova permitted the first hint of a smile to cross her face during competition.

Two days later, Silivas avenged her disappointment, harvesting three golds and a bronze in the apparatus finals. Shushunova took a silver and bronze; Boginskaya a gold and silver. Phoebe Mills claimed the only gymnastics medal for the U.S., sharing the bronze for the balance beam with Rumania's Gabriela Potorac. In a final count of coveted 10s, both Silivas and Shushunova tied the record seven scored by Rumania's Nadia Comaneci in 1976.

Politics and technicalities overruled performances in the team bronze-medal confrontation between the American and East German women. The U.S. team was not expected to be a contender. But the Americans came on strong during the compulsory round, finishing less than half a point behind the East Germans. What happened next will nag at Americans in Games to come, much the way that sports fans still pick at the scab that remains from a 1972 wound, when the U.S. basketball team lost the gold to the Soviets in a disputed final few seconds of play.

During the U.S. rotation on the uneven parallel bars, alternate Rhonda Faehn stood by to remove the springboard after Kelly Garrison-Steves' mount. Concerned that any movement might distract her teammate's concentration, Faehn squatted and watched the routine through to its completion. Minutes later, East German Ellen Berger, a rules official, dug into the book and emerged with an often overlooked regulation that specifically prohibits coaches—and apparently other noncompetitors—from standing on the raised podium during a performance. "A rule is a rule," Berger insisted and pressed for a 0.5 penalty. A rules committee dominated by East bloc officials came down in favor of the deduction. Reflecting a widespread view even among non-Americans, U.S. gymnastics official Jacki hooted, "It's a Mickey Mouse rule."

But it proved to be the Mickey Mouse that roared. As a direct consequence of the deduction, the U.S. team finished fourth instead of third, trailing the East Germans by a heart-sickening 0.3 of a point. "It's a dirty maneuver," fumed U.S. coach Bela Karolyi, who also charged that the East Germans had received unfairly high scores. While the adults railed, the gymnasts rose to the occasion with admirable equanimity. "I feel good about what we did," said Garrison-Steves, "because I know in my heart we won the bronze medal."

Lost in the hubbub was the fact that the East Germans had also entered the final round of the team competition at a disadvantage. One of their team members, Martina Jentsch, had been forced by injury to withdraw, leaving the East Germans with just five gymnasts and without the opportunity to drop the lowest of six scores. Still, for the East Germans, the bronze medal will always be tarnished. And, ironically, while the U.S. team would have been quickly forgotten had it won the bronze, the furor ensures that the 1988 U.S. gymnastics team, led by Brandy Johnson and Mills, will enter the annals of footnote memories.

In the end, however, history will best recall the superlative show put on by the awesome Soviets. Their stranglehold on the medals, earned with heart and dignity, left no doubt which team was supreme in Seoul. But the Soviets are unlikely to bask in glory for long. "When we go back, we will look at what we have achieved and analyze the strong points," says men's head coach Leonid Arkaev. In other words, planning for next time starts next week.

—By Jill Smolowe.

Reported by Brian Cazeneuve/Seoul



HELLER—TIME—NBC SPORTS

Karolyi pumps energy into the surprising U.S. squad



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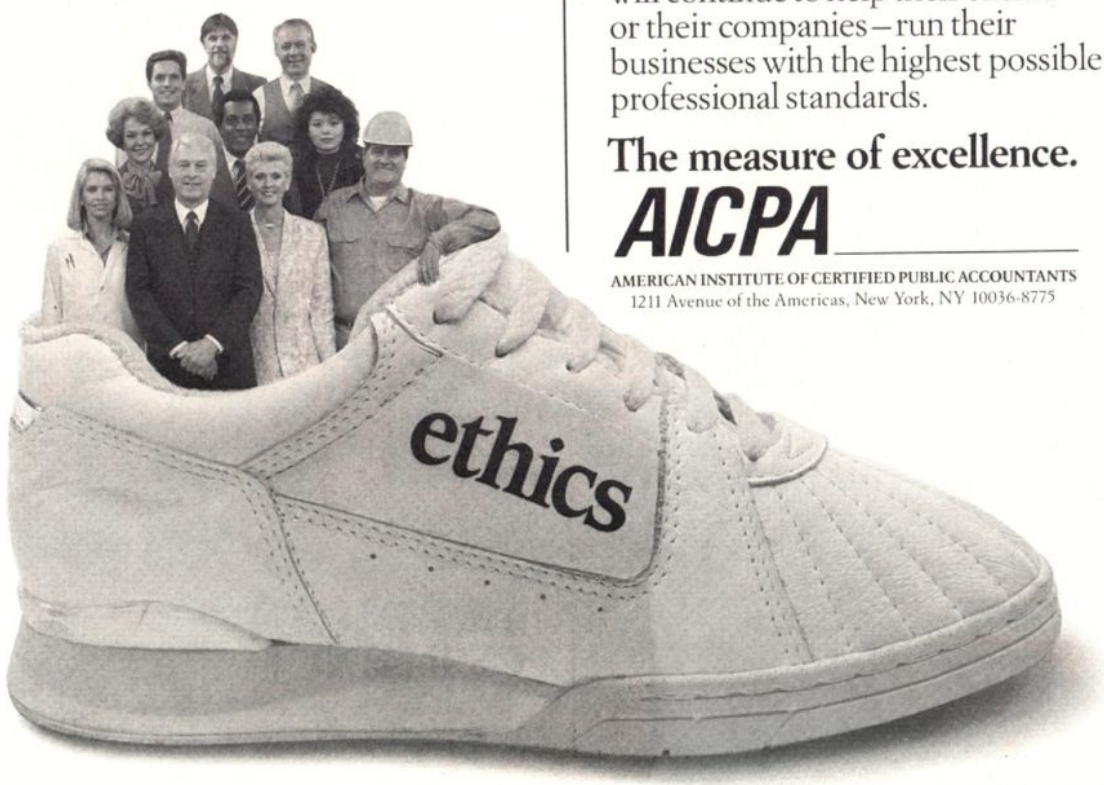
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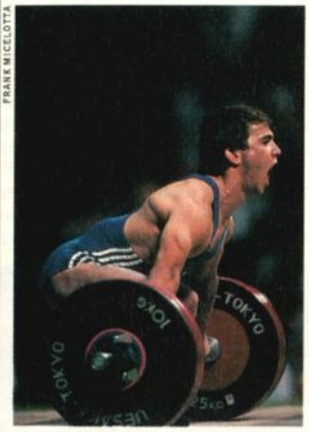
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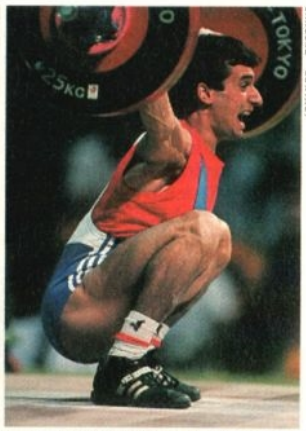
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SULEYMANOGLU, LEFT, TRIUMPHED; GRABLEV WAS DISGRACED

A Top Power Crumbles

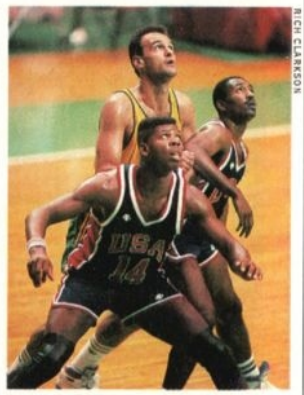
Like an opera singer straining for a high note, Mitko Grablev opened his mouth wide, but no sound came out until the 369¼-lb. bar he was hoisting reached shoulder level. Then the Bulgarian weight lifter shrieked and raised the bar over his head. When the buzzer sounded, he dropped the bar on the wooden deck and cast a final look of defiance down at the weights before acknowledging the cheering crowd with a wave of his fist. He had won a gold medal.

On each of the first five days of weight-lifting competition, other compact athletes like Grablev walked onto the stage of Seoul's Olympic weight-lifting gymnasium to set world and Olympic records in the five categories. Nearly all these mighty men were from Bulgaria, long a fearsome power in the sport. The most notable exception was Turkey's Naim Suleymanoglu, 21, the "Pocket Hercules," who at 4 ft. 11 in. set three world records in the 132-lb. class and gave his country its first gold medal since 1968. But Suleymanoglu was born in Bulgaria, of Turkish parents, and trained there until his 1986 defection to Turkey.

Bulgaria suffered a further loss when tests showed that Grablev and teammate Angel Guenchev, who won the gold in the 148½-lb. class, had taken furosemide, a banned diuretic. At first Bulgaria attempted to distance itself from the offending lifters by claiming that they had taken the drug without approval in order to lose weight and not to enhance performance. But Gottfried Schödl, president of the International Weightlifting Federation, viewed things differently. Said he: "If you are drunk, it doesn't matter if you drank gin, vodka or Scotch." Both lifters were stripped of their medals by the I.O.C. The disgraced Bulgarians then withdrew their whole weightlifting team, which had shots at five more medals. ■

Heading for A Showdown

Steadily, if not always impressively, the U.S. basketball teams plowed through their preliminary games in defense of the Olympic championships they won in 1984. The men were inconsistent, crushing Spain 97-53, Egypt 102-35 and China 108-57, but struggling to subdue Canada 76-70. Against Brazil, which upset the Americans in last year's Pan Am Games final, the U.S. trailed early. But a suffocating full-court defense led by Vernell ("Bimbo") Coles and muscular moves under the basket by J.R. Reid shook the Brazilians' rhythm. By half time the U.S. had moved ahead 63-55, and a 21-7 tear at the start of the second half put the game beyond even the reach of Brazilian superstar Oscar Schmidt, who managed 31 points despite close coverage. (In a later losing effort, Schmidt sank 55 points, an Olympic record.) This week the Americans will probably face strong challenges from Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union.



RICH CLARKSON

BOXING OUT OSCAR

The American women may also find the Soviets blocking their path to gold. They struggled to beat Czechoslovakia 87-81, stunned a tough Yugoslav team 101-74, then disposed of China 94-79 to reach the medal round. The tall and talented Soviets bombed Bulgaria 91-62. Thus the stage seemed to be set for two dramatic U.S.-Soviet showdowns in the final week. ■

Putting Her Hopes on Ice

In races around the oval-shaped wooden track, cyclists usually jockey for position until an opportune moment occurs to seize the lead and outsprint one's opponent to the finish. East Germany's Christa Rothenburger Luding, a speed-skating gold medalist in Calgary, depended upon legs made strong on ice to surge to another medal last week, a silver in the 1,000-meter match sprint. That made the 28-year-old physical-education student the first athlete ever to win a winter and summer medal in the same Olympic year. Luding missed achieving a pure gold winter-summer double by a split second as she was nipped by the Soviet Union's Erika Salumäe in the final heat of their best-of-three face-off. "It would have been fantastic to win the gold medal," said Luding philosophically, "but it was not possible." An Estonian, Salumäe, 26, has spent two years in close rivalry with the East German: in the 1986 world championships, she lost to Luding in the sprint final; last year she reversed the order.

The men's competition also produced some memorable moments. In the 1-km time trial, Soviet Alexander Kirichenko clinched a gold medal even though his rear tire began to deflate during his final lap. In the 100-km time trial, an East German team that had trouble breaking two hours in training clocked 1:57.47 to take the gold. In the qualification round of the 4,000-meter pursuit, Australia set a new world record of 4 min. 16.32 sec., only to see the Soviets break it again by 0.22 sec. ■


ANTONIO SUAREZ

JOCKEYING FOR POSITION AT SEOUL'S VELODROME

Views From Row Z

A rank amateur experiences the made-for-V.T. Games

SPECIAL SECTION

Yes, the Man in the Stands had seen the 2,400 doves, the 1,500 people dancing the Flower Crown Dance, the 846 performers in masks, the one Burmese flag bearer and all the rest of the made-for-TV pageantry beamed, so it was said, to three in every five of the people in this world. But all of this was a world away from the simple reality of sitting in a $5 seat on a rainy day, in a half-deserted stadium, wrestling with a box of Curry Noodles (the box won in the opening round). Beside him, three local zanies were wearing doll masks on their heads and munching Smoked Soft Squid. In front of him, two sporting-goods salesmen from Ensenada, Mexico, were crying out Spanish exhortations to Tino Martinez, the U.S. baseball team's first baseman. On every side, four separate groups of cheerleaders, led by men in suits, were throwing themselves through furious gyrations in support of any and every

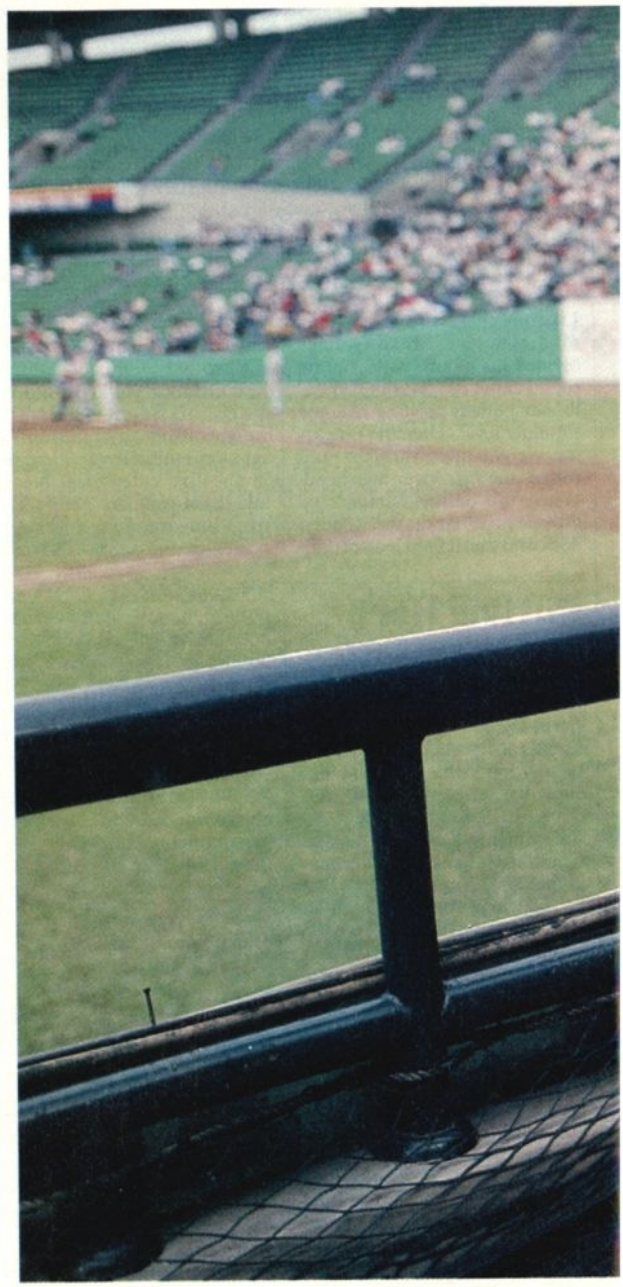


MEHTA—CONTACT

THE GAMES ARE NOT ALL IN THE POOLS AND ON THE PLAYING FIELDS. THEY ARE ALSO IN A STADIUM SWEEPER'S METICULOUSNESS, A TECHNICOLOR "WAVE" ASIAN-STYLE, AND THE RAPT GAZE OF A GIRL.



ABE—CONTACT



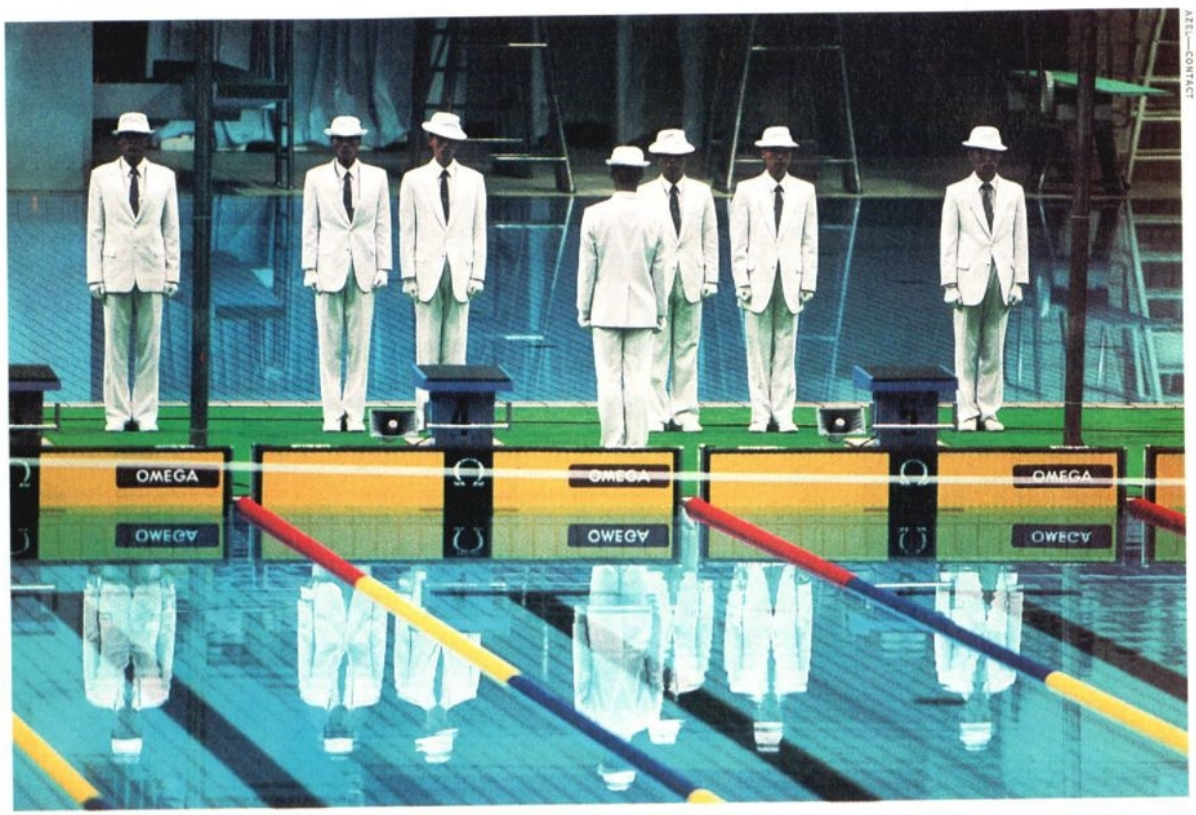
team, jumping around in every direction and flailing their arms at 78 r.p.m. The Man in the Stands looked at the men on the field: D.S. Kim, K.B. Kim, T.H. Kim, K.K. Kim. This would not be an easy Olympics.

Along the third-base line, an old man in a traditional Korean black hat and flowing black gown was spinning around like a madman and waving a Korean flag. The same versatile character had been sighted just a day before at the Hanyang University gymnasium waving a Japanese flag. That time he had been surrounded by four mild-mannered Japanese matrons who were waving their own flags of the Rising Sun and calling out "Good luck! Good luck!" to the Japanese volleyball team. As soon as the unprepossessing quintet finished their cheer, a thunderous chant arose from two separate sections of the stadium: "U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" The matrons looked perturbed. "It's a little frightening, isn't it?" said one. Undeterred, they bravely waved their flags again: "Nippon! Nippon! Nippon!" Once more there came a tumultuous roar of "U.S.A.! U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" "It's a little dangerous, isn't it?" said another. The matrons looked around anxiously. Then, taking their sympathies firmly in their hands, they cried out once again, in Japanese, *"Gambatte, gambatte, Kawai-san!"* (Go, go, Mr. Kawai!)

Such are the Amateur's Games. The issue of amateurism shadows every discussion at the current Olympics, and not just because Korean President Roh Tae Woo has dubbed this the "Era of the Ordinary Man." All the divisions have grown increasingly blurred, moreover, as governments offer medal winners homes and lifetime incomes. Even the terms are slippery now: the word amateur has actually been excised from the official Olympic lexicon, while professionalism remains a dirty word among those who want flawless efficiency in their plans but not their hearts.

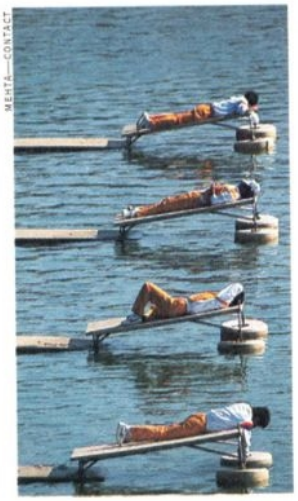


JOSEPH J. CONTRO



AZEL—CONTACT

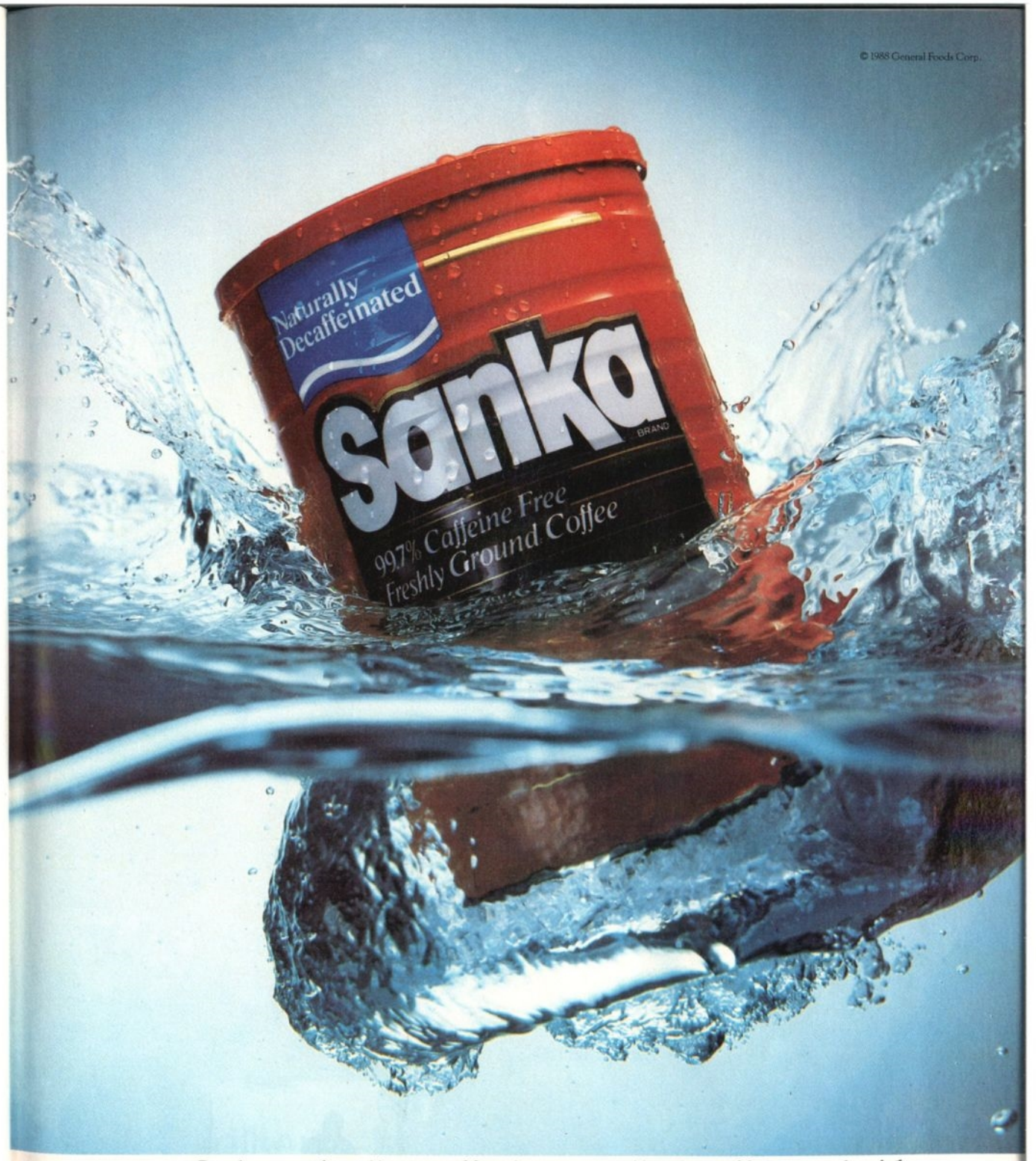

MEHTA—CONTACT


MEHTA—CONTACT

A DAZZLEMENT OF UNEXPECTED SYMMETRIES: POOLSIDE OFFICIALS STAND AT ATTENTION, AN ARMY OF SUITED GHOSTS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE WATER LINE. CARRYING A SHELL DOWN TO THE RIVER, A HEAD BREAKS THROUGH THE PERFECT PROCESSION OF RIGGERS. EVEN THE MOMENTARY REPOSE OF THE STARTERS, AFTER THEIR BOATS HAVE SHOT FROM THE GATES, BESPEAKS A LARGER DESIGN.

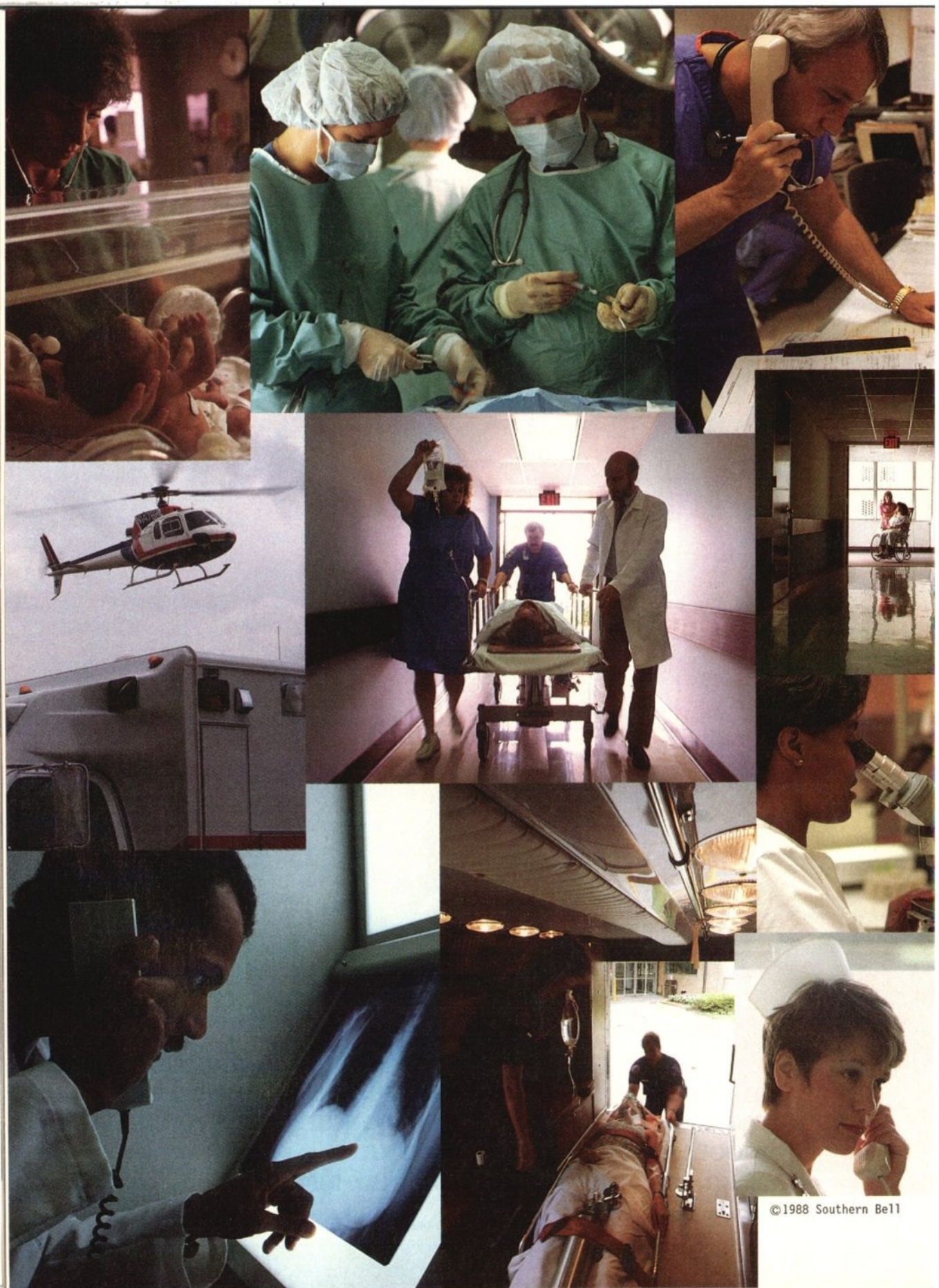
So perhaps the last real amateurs in the field are those who watch, the ones who have not spent four years pumping iron or hype. They are the ones who enjoy the Amateur's Games, the behind-the-scenes, behind-the-screen games that are made not for TV but V.T. (as in "visceral thrill"): the Olympic Games for those who want to play at being kids again. They begin by sneaking around the back of the Olympic stadium just before the opening ceremonies, to get close-ups of the athletes, out of line and out of synch, as they prepare to march in, an Englishman sporting his I SPEAK ENGLISH button (ah, that British irony!), the Jamaicans holding their heads high while across the world their island was being laid waste by Hurricane Gilbert. They continue at the Han River festival, where an American pulls off a major upset in an ineffable local version of bingo, in an area in which ruddy-faced stallkeepers wave customers toward pungent wild-boar barbecues, and the only signs in English say DRAFT BEER. And they reach their climax at the buffet breakfast in the Intercontinental Hotel, where they catch a glimpse of Florence Griffith Joyner spooning down her cereal (the Breakfast of Champions, no doubt).

The Man in the Stands notes with pleasure that Pia Zadora is singing *I Am What I Am* at the Hotel Lotte, and that the Korean Film Week begins with such local classics as *Surrogate Woman* and *Potatoes*. But his biggest moment comes just sitting in the stands of Songnam stadium, far from the cameras and the crowds, in the balmy autumn sunshine. Most of the spectators in this rural place are locals, men with newspapers on their heads, women under parasols, large cheering



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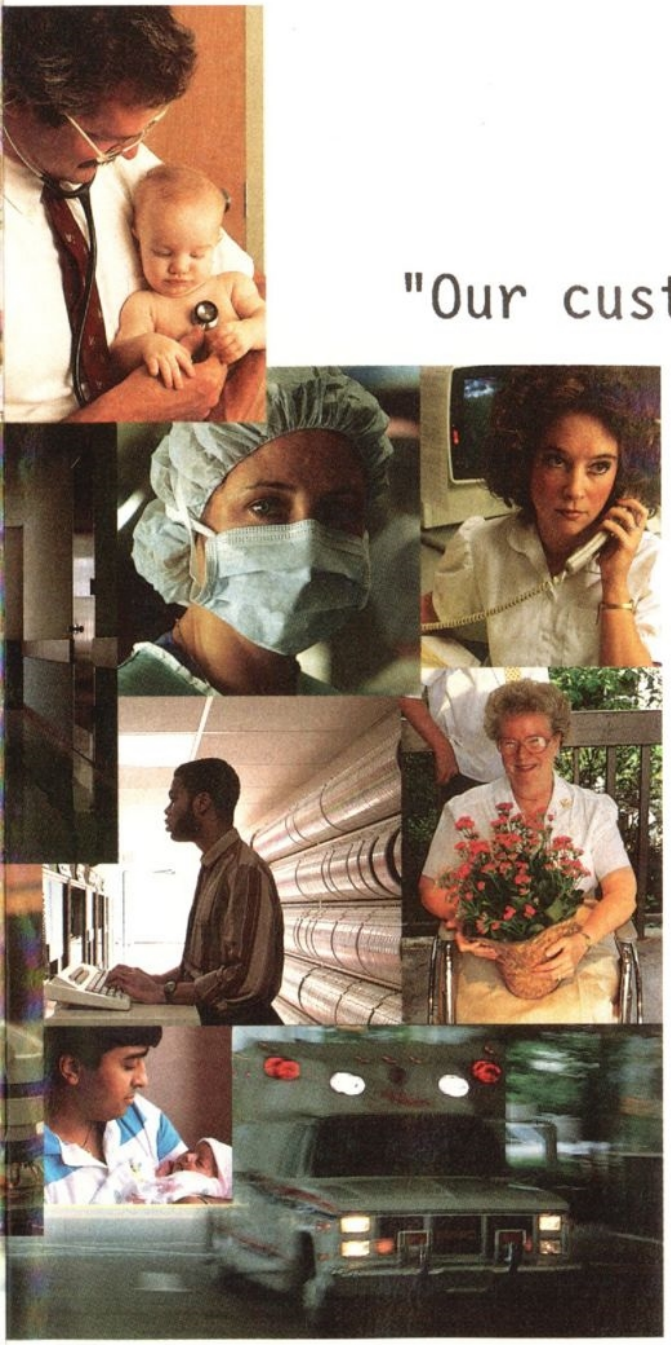
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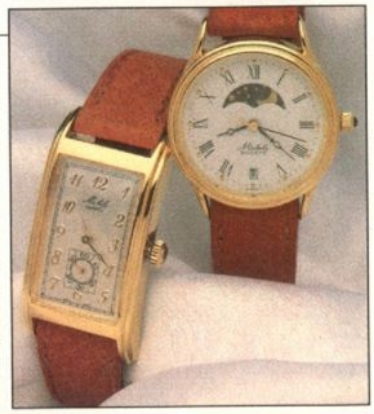
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MEHTA—CONTACT



MEHTA—CONTACT

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ANTONIO SUAREZ

sections of large women in largely billowing blue-and-yellow *hambok* who are singing mournful folk songs and donning and doffing their sun caps in time to a melody that crackles out of a tiny cassette recorder. Nobody is enjoying the field-hockey game as much as they are the bright afternoon. "They don't really know very much about the game," notes Arpad von Bone, a Dutch trainer intensely scrutinizing penalty corners. "But they have a delegation of children here to raise flags for every country. For Holland, they even had tulips! It's fantastic!" True amateurs, all.

The Man in the Stands savors the long blue benches of Changch'ung gymnasium, where the scoreboard announces that D. Hee is the winner of what it calls the "Light Women" taekwondo division. And he is among the earliest to know that the first American winner in the 1988 Games was a personable young taekwondoist from Chicago called Arlene Limas. When Arlene mounted the stand and waited for the first playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, however, there was only silence. Then more silence. At last, as the uneasy quiet dragged on, a few of the friends who had come all the way from Illinois to cheer Arlene on, just a group of kids and moms and weathered-looking women in wind-breakers, started singing their national anthem, alone and a cappella in the big arena. On television, they said, it was a moving sight. In person, the scene was something else: a little embarrassing, a little giggle-making—and so, when the impromptu chorus rose up, moving in an even deeper way. An unscheduled song of national pride. A fanfare for the Ordinary Man.

—By Pico Iyer



ARECKE—CONTACT

PUPPY CHOW

For foreign journalists covering the Games, the No. 1 topic of jokes was instantly the Korean custom of eating dogmeat. Among the canine culinary wags, there was talk of Great Danish and fettuccine Alfido, and speculation about whether it is bad taste to ask for a doggy bag. The country's favorite fast food? Greyhound. The loneliest man in Seoul? The veterinarian. Columnist Scott Ostler of the Los Angeles *Times*, who sampled a local dog stew, compared it to lamb. "Surely," he wrote, "you remember Mary's beloved pet?" Shaggy-dog stories will never be the same.

No Time For the Poetry

NBC's cool coverage stints on the drama

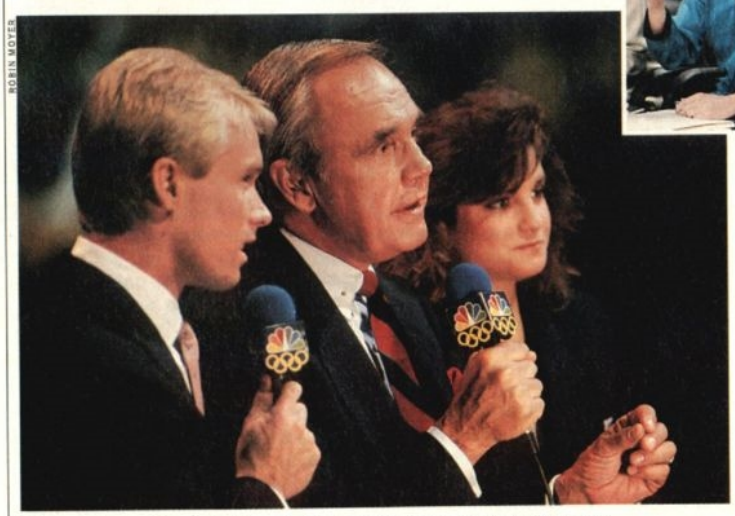
SPECIAL SECTION

When NBC won the right to broadcast this year's Summer Games, network executives knew they were taking on diplomatic and security problems, daunting logistics and steep financial risks. Despite street protests and the odd control-room snafu, the Olympic movement has largely surmounted politics, and TV technology has done justice to that glorious diversity. But the financial news last week was disappointing for NBC and, indirectly, for the organizers of future Olympics. U.S. TV ratings were 20% lower than projected, forcing NBC to pledge compensation to advertisers.

At least part of the reason for the muted response is that NBC was doing a sober, workmanlike job of news coverage at a happening that is not best appreciated as a news event. NBC's telecasts lacked juice. They dampened emotions by highlighting what often proved to be the wrong events; they cut away at the wrong moments; they stinted most medal ceremonies. The dominant, brooding presence was anchor Bryant Gumbel, on loan from *Today*. He was as smooth and knowledgable as usual, but with gravity better suited to a Moscow summit. NBC has plenty of on-air talent, including Gayle Gardner and Bob Costas, but no producer akin to ABC's Roone Arledge to evoke the poetry of the Games.



ROBIN MOYER



ROBIN MOYER

The gym team: Conner, Enberg, Retton and daytime co-anchor Gardner

Even if its coverage were impeccable, NBC would have had a hard time competing with the widely cherished memory, perhaps more luminous in recollection than in fact, of ABC's handling of seven consecutive U.S. Olympic broadcasts. Particularly vivid in U.S. viewers' minds were the emotional highs of 1984, when the Summer Games were held on home ground in Los Angeles and, in the wake of a Soviet-led boycott, U.S. athletes won 83 gold medals. ABC's coverage then was so full of pro-U.S. cheerleading that athletes from other nations made a formal complaint.

NBC opted for a subtler form of boosterism: its commentators are neutral, but if a sport offers dim prospects for a U.S. medal, it gets scant airtime. U.S. viewers intrigued by all the advance talk about Soviet gymnast Dmitri Bilozerchev were able to view only a smattering of his routines, although the reporting team of Dick Enberg, Mary Lou Retton and especially Bart Conner explained the events incisively. Fans of men's diving were lucky to see Greg Louganis tucked into the bottom right-hand corner while a minor basketball game dominated the screen.

To some extent, such frustrations are inevitable: gymnastics buffs want to see every routine, swimming mavens every heat. Yet not even 179½ hours of coverage is enough to display more than about a tenth of all the action. But NBC's sense of proportion has been peculiarly maddening. It broke into live coverage of Janet Evans' gold-medal swim in the 400-meter individual medley to air a banal taped interview with her. Night after night, viewers saw just enough volleyball or water polo to frustrate them as they waited for something else, yet not enough context or start-to-finish action to convert them into enthusiasts of an unfamiliar sport.

When NBC showed off its no-nonsense journalism, the results were sometimes grating. After boxer Anthony Hembrick was disqualified for arriving late, reporter Wallace Matthews bulled into an inner room where Hembrick slouched disconsolate. Matthews thrust a microphone into the stricken youth's face while posing the perennial pointless question about how Hembrick felt. As soon as swimmer Matt Biondi was touched out for the gold by a hundredth of a second in the 100-meter butterfly, analyst John Naber nastily opined that Biondi "deserved the loss" because he had glided in rather than risk a final, choppy stroke that might have caused him to collide with the wall.

Back when NBC set its Olympic ad rates, with an average prime-time price of $330,000 a spot, officials thought they were being cautious in projecting a rating of 21.2, meaning an audience of just over a fifth of U.S. households. Instead, prime-time ratings through the first six days averaged just 16.7. NBC officials noted that Olympics ratings tend to improve as the Games go on; the network's coverage gradually has. They said the Seoul venture would still show a profit, if less than the expected $65 million. Said NBC Sports president Arthur Watson, in offering customary "make good" spots to buyers of commercial time: "We have an obligation to our advertisers, and we intend to keep it." Among the reported recipients: Coca-Cola, Xerox, McDonald's and Anheuser-Busch. Many disgruntled viewers were wishing for some way that NBC could provide make-goods to them too.

—By William A. Henry III.

Reported by Paul A. Witteman/Seoul

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The Intermarriage Quandary

Can U.S. Judaism afford to say yes? Can it afford not to?

Last week Kitty Dukakis interrupted her hectic campaign schedule to travel back to Boston for Yom Kippur, the holiest day in Judaism's yearly calendar. There she joined 1,000 worshipers to participate in the age-old evening prayers of repentance in the modern sanctuary at Temple Israel, her Reform synagogue. Then, without making any public comment, she went home to quietly observe the traditional sundown-to-sundown fast.

The woman who could soon become the first Jewish First Lady naturally stirs pride within her religious community. But she also personifies American Judaism's most vexing and divisive issue: intermarriage. When Kitty wed Michael Dukakis (who is Greek Orthodox) in a 1963 civil ceremony, she was part of a growing trend. During the past three decades, says Brooklyn College sociologist Egon Mayer, the incidence of intermarriage among Jewish young adults has nearly tripled. A study for the American Jewish Committee puts the rate at around 30%; in Denver and Phoenix it runs to 60%.

Most faiths frown on mixed marriage, but in Judaism it has long been seen as a particularly severe violation of religious tradition. Since the Holocaust, America's Jewish community of 5.9 million has become sensitized to its erosion through intermarriage and assimilation. Emotions run high. Rabbis who agree to officiate at interfaith marriages—and some 75% refuse—are sometimes viewed as traitors and spurned by synagogues. Parents and grandparents worry about the future of their families and faith. "They fear that '5,000 years of Jewish lineage is going to end with my child,' " says Rabbi Robert Alper of Wyncote, Pa.

Officially, opposition to mixed marriage is one issue on which all wings of U.S. Judaism agree. But in practice there are distinctions. If the Gentile spouse converts to Judaism, as happens 30% of the time, the union is treated as one between Jews; requirements for conversion are toughest among the Orthodox. In addition, Reform and Conservative congregations welcome unconverted Gentile spouses into temple life; Orthodox synagogues are less accommodating. And while the Reform rabbinical conference in 1973 formally denounced the participation of rabbis in mixed-marriage ceremonies, rabbis in the most liberal of Judaism's major branches generally do as they please. Reform Rabbi Irwin Fishbein of Westfield, N.J., last year printed a national directory of 200 members of the Reform clergy who are willing to conduct intermarriages. *Moment,* a feisty Jewish monthly, caused a stir earlier this year when it estimated that half of Reform rabbis perform such ceremonies.



NORDELL—J.B. PICTURES

Kitty Dukakis attending Yom Kippur services

Most rabbis who are willing to help Jewish-Gentile couples demand certain conditions. Rabbi Robert Schreibman of suburban Chicago is typical: he performs mixed-marriage ceremonies only if the partners promise to rear their children as Jews. Rabbi Burton Padoll of Peabody, Mass., exacts no promises, but will not preside jointly with a Christian minister or within a church. A handful of rabbis are untroubled by Christian involvement. Chicago's Rabbi Howard Berman will conduct a ceremony if the partners simply agree to spend more than a year in his outreach program for the intermarried, one of the biggest in the Midwest.

Why are rabbis willing to bypass tradition? Some cite humanitarian reasons. Rabbi Fredric Dworkin of Leonia, N.J., first broke ranks 20 years ago, when an obese Jewish woman who had experienced difficulty finding a mate pleaded, "This might be my only chance at happiness." A more common argument is presented by Rabbi Richard Schachet, whose Chatsworth, Calif., synagogue consists almost entirely of the intermarried. "Every Jew who is turned away is a potential loss," he says. While opponents see intermarriages as a threat to Jewish survival, rabbis who perform them reason that the couples will wed anyway and a friendly approach is more likely to result in Jewish children.

That is the subject of intense debate. Sociologist Mayer surveyed children of mixed marriages between ages 16 and 46 and found that a mere 24% considered themselves Jewish. Others, however, insist that the situation is not so bleak. The Dukakis daughters, Andrea and Kara, are probably typical. Kitty says they "think of themselves as half Greek and half Jewish."

Jewish strategy aside, Jack Frank, a Chicago Orthodox rabbi with a doctorate in pastoral counseling, questions the wisdom of intermarriages: "It's difficult enough to merge two individuals in a good marriage when their values and customs are the same." Often, he says, couples refuse to face the reality that when the first child is born, in effect "one member of the couple has to give up his religion."

In a secular society, many are willing to make that sacrifice, and Judaism must learn to live with it, in the view of many liberal rabbis. "Any way you look at it, intermarriage is an inevitable consequence of an open society," says Eugene Mihaly, vice president of Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati. "A very high percentage of Jewish young people go to college and at a marriageable age come in contact with non-Jewish students. It's only natural that some of them should fall in love." The best course, he maintains, is to welcome the influx, through marriage, of seekers, some of whom may ultimately broaden and enrich the faith. *—By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Natalie P. Byfield/New York and Lynn Emmerman/Chicago*



ELLIS—TAYLOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Interfaith rite: Rabbi Schachet presides, aided by a Catholic priest

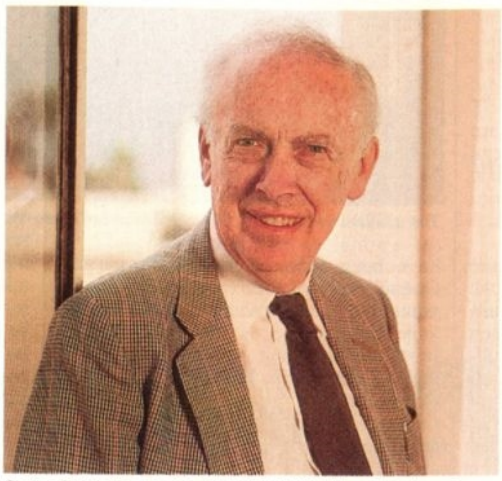
"Every Jew who is turned away is a potential loss."

Science

James Watson Puts On a New Hat

The renowned scientist takes charge of the genome project

More than three decades ago, American biologist James Watson co-starred in one of the scientific world's greatest dramas. Together with Britain's Francis Crick, he solved the puzzle of life itself by discovering that DNA—the genetic material found in virtually every living cell—was arranged in the long, twisting strands of a double helix. Watson, 60, is once again playing a key role in an audacious genetic adventure. This week the National Institutes of Health announced that the Nobelist will lead the agency in one of the most mammoth scientific endeavors ever: mapping and analyzing all the genetic material—the genome—contained in human cells. Marvels Watson, who will continue as director of Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory in New York: "Thirty years ago my dream was we'd know the structure of a virus. The fact that we've progressed so far that we might know the precise structure of a human being seems to me to be wonderful."



JIM MICHOD

Set to finish the job: the Nobelist in California last week

A controversial task that will test his considerable skills.

Scientists uniformly hail the appointment. Says immunogeneticist Leroy Hood of the California Institute of Technology: "Jim Watson has enormous experience in science politics, and superb taste. By sheer force of personality, he'll see that the project is run in an appropriate manner." Watson will need those skills to guide an effort that has generated controversy ever since its inception three years ago. The project aims to identify the specific site of every gene that sits on the 46 chromosomes in human cells; of an estimated 100,000 human genes, only 1,400 have been mapped.

The federal project also plans to analyze sections of the genome to determine the precise order or sequence of the four chemicals—adenine, guanine, thymine and cytosine—that make up the DNA chains. So far, only about 600 genes have been sequenced. Information from these efforts is expected to help in developing diagnostic tests and even cures for the 3,500 disorders such as cystic fibrosis and sickle-cell anemia that are known to be caused by genetic defects, and those in which heredity has a major influence, including heart disease and cancer.

The project has caused a deep rift in the biomedical community, largely because of fears that it would divert scarce research funds. Mapping and sequencing the genome is expected to take at least 15 years and to cost $200 million annually. Another concern: Which federal agency is to lead the effort, the Department of Energy or the National Institutes of Health? Biomedical researchers have been worried that DOE, which entered the project out of interest in the effects of radiation on DNA, would stress technological achievements at the expense of scientific discovery. DOE scientists, on the other hand, have complained that NIH lacks the experience to handle such a large, complex program.

Tensions, however, have eased in recent months. In February a committee of the National Academy of Sciences strongly endorsed the project. Currently, NIH and DOE are hammering out a memo of understanding that will lay out how the two agencies will work together. Watson's appointment is certain to erase any lingering fears among bioscientists; his presence ensures that NIH will not take a backseat to any other agency. Says Nobelist David Baltimore, director of M.I.T.'s Whitehead Institute and once an outspoken critic of the federal genome project: "I'm convinced that with Watson as a guiding force, there will be a balance between science and technology." —***By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Jerome Cramer/Washington and J. Madeleine Nash/San Francisco***

Milestones

EXPECTING. Jillie Mack, 30, actress, and her husband **Tom Selleck,** 43, the magnetic hunk of TV's *Magnum, P.I.*, and the box-office hit *Three Men and a Baby*, who will now have a go at the real thing: their first child; in February.

BORN. To **Benazir Bhutto,** 35, leading opponent of Pakistan's military regime, and her husband, businessman **Asif Ali Zardari,** 35: their first child, a son; in Karachi. Name: Bilawal Ali Zardari. Weight: 7 lbs. Bhutto is expected to resume campaigning for her People's Party in elections scheduled for Nov. 16.

MARRIED. Lee Bouvier Radziwill, 55, fashion special-events director and younger sister of former First Lady Jacqueline Onassis, and **Herbert Ross,** 61, choreographer and film director *(The Turning Point, The Goodbye Girl)*; she for the third time, he for the second; in New York City.

ELECTED. Barbara C. Harris, 58, a black priest at Philadelphia's Church of the Advocate, as the first woman bishop of the Episcopal Church, by delegates of the Massachusetts Diocese; in Boston. Harris, ordained in 1980, was chosen over five other candidates, including two women, in eight ballots. World Anglicans permitted consecrating women bishops last summer at their Lambeth Conference.

SENTENCED. Michael Combe, 28, Navy petty officer second class and rescue-swimmer instructor at the Pensacola Naval Air Station: to 90 days' confinement and demotion by a court-martial; for the negligent homicide of recruit Lee Mirecki, 19, in a training pool; in Pensacola, Fla. Combe forcibly dunked Mirecki's head after the enlistee panicked.

SENTENCED. Michael Deaver, 50, White House deputy chief of staff from 1981 to 1985: to three years' probation and $100,000 in fines; for lying under oath about lobbying former colleagues on behalf of corporate clients; in Washington. A recovering alcoholic, Deaver proposed fulfilling 1,500 hours of community service by counseling other alcoholics.

DIED. Beulah Mae Donald, 67, the Alabama mother who crippled the Ku Klux Klan in 1987 by winning $7 million for the 1981 strangulation of her son Michael, 19; of liver disease; in Mobile. Her victory resulted in the confiscation of a Klan headquarters near Tuscaloosa; in separate trials, one Klansman was sentenced to the electric chair, another to life in prison.

DIED. Walter Chrysler Jr., 79, automotive heir and prolific art collector; in Norfolk, Va. His Chrysler Museum in Norfolk gets top ratings and includes an impressive 8,000-piece glass collection.

Splendor Packaged In Kitsch

Los Angeles unveils a home for Japanese treasures



TOM BONNER

The pavilion designed by the late Bruce Goff: neo-Wrightian and off-the-wall

With its new Pavilion for Japanese Art, which opens to the public this week, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA) has risen from architectural hodgepodge to full-blast cacophony. Where but in Tinseltown could you see such an overlay of styles? First, the flaccid institutional moderne of the original buildings designed by William Pereira in the early '60s. Then the deco-ish hulk of stripes and glass blocks shoved in front of it by Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer in 1986. And now the only major public building by America's maestro of post-Wrightian, off-the-wall kitsch, Bruce Goff.

Goff died in 1982 at 78. The design was finished by his disciple Bart Prince, to whom the urban fabric of Los Angeles owes some gratitude: the green bulk that rises beside the La Brea Tar Pits has been toned down from Goff's original sketches. It no longer flaunts pseudo-Aztec mosaic panels; its tower, which looked like a Hawaiian chief's headdress clapped on top of a random-rubble grotto, has been pruned; and the millions of little round mother-of-pearl tiles, like sequins, that were meant to encrust its inside columns have been replaced by cream plaster. Connoisseurs of Goff will also miss the grace notes of his other buildings: no orange carpet on the roof, no replicas of Zen sand gardens done in furnace slag and fused bottle glass. By Goff's standards, this is almost a rational building—essentially two cells of galleries anchored by towers sheathed in green quartzite, their circular roofs slung on cables from structural frames whose horns resemble torii, or Japanese temple gates.

One cell holds the offices, the bookstore and galleries containing material from both LACMA's own Japanese collection and a superb group of netsuke (the carved and ornamented toggles that make up a whole category of miniature sculpture in traditional Japan) given to the museum by the San Francisco collector and scholar Raymond Bushell and his wife Frances. The walls are pleats of white translucent plastic made to look like shoji, or paper screens, which filter daylight to the galleries.

The floors of the other, main cell swoop down through gentle ramps reminiscent of Wright's spiral in the Guggenheim Museum, hung above black water-filled moats. At each level are two tokonomas, large niches in which paintings from the Shin'enkan Collection can be hung. This collection is the core of the pavilion. It consists of some 300 screens and scrolls from the Edo period (1615-1868), assembled over the past 30 years by the Oklahoma collector Joe D. Price. In recent years, Price's collaborator has been LACMA's new curator of Japanese art, Robert T. Singer. The Shin'enkan is—with no ifs, ands or buts—the best collection of Japanese painting of the period outside Japan. In its new setting, Price writes in the catalog, "the art is to be experienced, not studied"—by natural light through the walls, as the Edo artists intended, without the spotlights that did not exist in 18th century Japan. On any given day one may see perhaps a dozen screens and a dozen scrolls hanging in the main cell of the pavilion. They are to change once a month. Since the building cost some $12.7 million, this must be the lowest density of art per dollar in any museum in the world. Scholars can consult the main collection in storage.

If the pavilion looks and feels more like a private space (however eccen-



SHIN'ENKAN COLLECTION

Reverence for the material world: from the Price collection, a painting of cranes on a six-fold screen by Suzuki Kiitsu (1796-1858)

tric) than a public one, there is a reason: it was originally meant to be built on Price's estate near Bartlesville, Okla., and Price—whose devotion to Goff's architecture rivals his enthusiasm for Japanese art—insisted that where the collection went, the building should go. He even gave $5 million toward its construction, and the rest was put up by Japanese and American corporations and the Los Angeles community.

Price, 58, is and always has been that American rara avis: a monocular collector who knows everything about one kind of art and nothing about the rest—just an engineer from Oklahoma, to hear him tell it, who got hooked on Japan. Odder still, his expertise on the Edo period does not spill over into other areas of Oriental art—Chinese brush painting, or earlier Japanese screens and scrolls. His taste has the devotional stubbornness, not far from obsession, of the truly self-taught.

It winds back to the influences of youth. Price's father, who made a fortune manufacturing pipe for the oil industry, commissioned Frank Lloyd Wright to design his corporate headquarters, the 1956 Price Tower in Bartlesville. Wright's enthusiasm for nature infected young Joe. "Do you spell *God* with a capital *G*?" Wright demanded. "Well, I spell *Nature* with a capital *N*." So, as Price recalls, "I was never taught to love Japanese painting, but I was taught to love the things the Edo painters themselves must have loved." Nobody else was buying much Edo painting in the '50s, or even the '60s. It was thought "modern" and decadent, having little of the severity and grand abstraction of earlier, Zen-based Japanese painting inspired by Chinese models. Its rehabilitation—in Japan and outside it—was very largely due to Price.

Edo art is highly realistic. An artist like Suzuki Kiitsu (1796-1858) could give you every graceful step of a group of cranes moving processionally across a six-fold screen. Itō Jakuchū (1716-1800)—Price's favorite, in whose work the collection is exceptionally rich—immerses the eye in a world of fanatical detail, from the exact crinkle of a peony petal to the flirt of a mandarin duck's tailfeathers.

If Edo art lacks the spiritual authority of Zen works, it possesses an all-pervading reverence for life in the material world, and the artists of its Rimpa school (Kiitsu, Ogata Kōrin, Sakai Hōitsu and others) epitomize the Japanese genius for superrefined decoration. Moreover, it was culturally internalized: the Edo period (Edo is the old name for Tokyo, which displaced Kyoto as the capital) brought about the closing of Japanese ports to foreigners—Chinese as well as European—and an isolation that would last until Commodore Perry's black ships sailed into Uraga harbor in 1853. For Price, Edo painting is the most authentically Japanese art of all; and the visitor to LACMA's pavilion will be hard put to disagree with him. —**By Robert Hughes**

Behavior

True Confessions by Telephone

A call-in service for those who need to bare their souls

Beep. "Mom, Dad," says a 19-year-old, "I'm sorry, but I'm gay. And I will never, never change." *Beep.* "I just want to say I'm sorry," sobs a young woman, who says she caused an automobile accident that killed five people. "I wish I could bring them back." *Beep.* "I wish I had someone to share this with," murmurs a man, revealing the secret pleasure he gets from wearing his wife's clothing.

The soul baring goes on and on, recorded in 60-second messages to the Apology Sound-Off Line, a Los Angeles–based telephone service that offers the catharsis of confession for the price of a phone call. The service, started up this summer by a Los Angeles outfit called United Communications, receives some 200 anonymous calls a day from people admitting everything from marital infidelity to murder. "They are gut-wrenchingly honest," says apology-line operator M.J. Denton. But that's just for starters. On another number, callers pay $2 for the first minute and 45¢ a minute after that to listen to confessions. The second number receives up to 10,000 calls a day.



Catharsis is just a phone call away: Apology Sound-Off operator listening to a caller

Adultery is one of the most common transgressions. Callers admit their guilt over affairs with friends and next-door neighbors by voicing apologies intended for spouses. Others atone for past failings. Declared a recovered alcoholic: "I would like to apologize to all the people I hurt in my 18 years as an addict."

Admissions of taboo, often criminal behavior pose a more serious dilemma. In fact, the line has become a repository for confessions of rape, incest, child sexual abuse and murder. The phone company's sole restriction is a ban on playing back such calls to other callers. "I just stabbed my wife and two daughters," one man screamed into the phone. "I buried my wife and daughter in the backyard. My other daughter is buried under the pier." The Los Angeles police, who do not monitor the line, say that it is up to the operators to report likely crimes. But Denton does not feel qualified to judge whether someone is telling the truth. Besides, confessors' calls are usually untraceable.

Are these true confessions? Although police are skeptical, experts say many of the calls are probably legitimate. "Desperate people can be uncensored and unguarded at their moment of crisis," says psychologist Gerald Goodman of the University of California, Los Angeles. Though the confessions contain an element of playacting, most callers want support for admission of sins. And listening to the confessions of others makes people feel better. "It normalizes your sense of guilt over transgressions to realize hundreds of others are doing it too," explains Philip Zimbardo, a professor of psychology at Stanford University.

Why the phenomenal response? "It's the extreme privatization of entertainment," says psychologist Jerald Jellison of the University of Southern California. Experts believe the anonymity of the telephone offers a psychological safety valve to the secret keeper, who feels compelled to unburden himself but fears vilification. Says UCLA's Goodman: "It's the interpersonal parallel of a one-night stand."

Perhaps. Not everyone, however, feels guilty. One man called in to confess he had embezzled $10 million in a computer scam—and happily announced that he was well and living in the Bahamas. —**By Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles**



NORDELL—JB PICTURES

No constraints, plenty of choice: Soviet undergrads at Vermont's Middlebury College

But Where Are Their Chaperones?

A novel exchange program brings Soviet students to U.S. colleges

Killu Tyugu, 21, a thoughtful Soviet college student, remembers when the rector of Tartu State University in Estonia asked if anyone wanted to go to America. "Everyone laughed and said, 'He is a humorous man.' We didn't believe him," says Tyugu, a molecular-biology major. "But when he went on to ask, 'Who would like to apply for an exchange program?' I thought, Why not take a risk?" This autumn Tyugu is enrolled at Ohio's Oberlin College, while 55 of her Soviet peers are at 25 other liberal-arts colleges in eight states. The arrangement is part of an unprecedented Soviet-American undergraduate swap that will send a comparable number of U.S. students to Soviet universities next fall.

Although Soviet students have occasionally been granted permission to study briefly in the U.S., this yearlong exchange represents a *glasnost*-era breakthrough that would have been unthinkable a few years ago. "Without *perestroika*, we would not be here in America," says Imbi Hepner, a bouncy 21-year-old education major now at Wheaton College in Massachusetts. The program was initiated by three American college presidents—Olin Robison of Middlebury, Alice Ilchman of Sarah Lawrence and David Fraser of Swarthmore—who presented the idea to the Soviet Ministry of Higher Education last year.

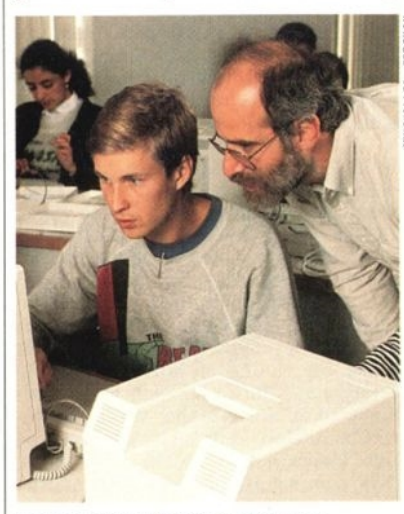
The Soviets ultimately agreed to an exchange that is remarkably free of constraints: the visiting students have no chaperones; they live in ordinary dorms with their American peers, earn transferable grades and select courses on their own. In past cultural exchanges, authorities in Moscow wanted the U.S. Government to guarantee the return of visiting Soviet citizens (a request that was routinely denied). "There was none of that talk in these negotiations," says Ray Benson, a Middlebury professor and former embassy attaché in Moscow, who headed the negotiations. Tuition, room and board, and a monthly living allowance of $150 are paid by the host school. The cost comes to about $25,000 per visiting student. Soviet schools will cover equivalent costs when U.S. students arrive next year.

As participants in the exchange are discovering, the Soviet and American college systems are a less than perfect fit. Soviet students specialize much more during their five college years than Americans do in their four, and they take a rigidly prescribed sequence of courses. U.S. exchange students may therefore be discouraged by the lack of electives at Soviet schools. But the Soviets are astonished by the abundance of choices. One visiting student at Wesleyan signed up for a class in jazz improvisation; several are taking courses in Christian ethics, while others are rounding out their schedules with power volleyball and Nautilus instruction. "Knowledge is broader and more universal in American colleges," observes Lyaziza Sabyrova, 22, who is now at Wheaton. Accustomed to narrow specialization, she was amazed to meet an American student who was combining majors in biology and art. "I think that's so interesting!"

Before moving on to their respective schools, the Soviets attended a three-week program at Middlebury designed to ease culture shock. Mornings were spent studying English (fluency is required) and computers. Afternoons were largely devoted to lectures on such topics as the U.S. political system (with videos of the conventions), the economy and American literature and history. One student expressed interest in the writings of J.D. Salinger; another inquired about "the place of Indians in American history."

The students are a diverse group with varying ambitions: several are married, with children; some, from such regions as Estonia and Latvia, do not speak Russian fluently. As they battled homesickness during their orientation period, many found solace in front of a campus VCR. During a showing of *Platoon*, the tiny TV room looked like a Tokyo train at rush hour. Erlan Sagadiyev, 21, who served in the army for two years, explained that the Afghanistan war had greatly fanned Soviet interest in the Viet Nam era.

As they settled into the first weeks of the semester, there were many surprises. At Middlebury, Sergey Plyasunov, 22, has discovered what it is like to study the Soviet Union "from the other side." Says he: "I find out things that I didn't learn in my own country about the highest powers like Stalin, Khrushchev and Brezhnev." Not all the teaching goes unchallenged. At Wheaton, Sabyrova takes issue with an American textbook that describes the Soviet economy as entirely planned. "It is wrong," she insists. "With economic reform there are a lot of changes in our country." Meanwhile at Oberlin, Killu Tyugu, who did not initially believe it was possible to study in America, is amused to find that her fellow molecular-bio students are poring over the same (U.S.-published) textbook she used back home. Typing away on an Apple computer, she revels in her good fortune: "Right now there seems no way to lose. Being a student seems to be fun on both sides of the globe." —*By Melissa Ludtke/Middlebury*



NORDELL—JB PICTURES

Learning about American computers

"Without perestroika, *we would not be here."*

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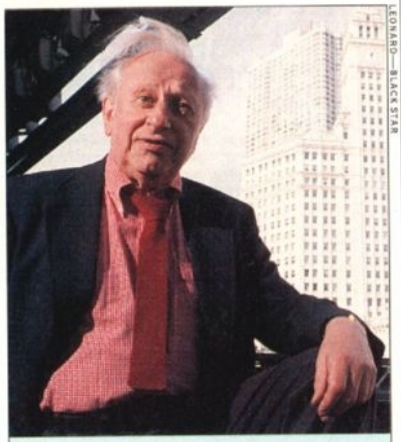
The American Dream, and Where It All Started

Two noted authors portray the nation at birth and in its troubled middle age

THE GREAT DIVIDE
by Studs Terkel
Pantheon; 439 pages; $18.95

Others interview, Studs Terkel elicits. Under the influence of his discerning eye and disarming tongue, truck drivers and professors, black activists and Klan members, entertainers and executives yield their secret griefs and their private truths. It is appropriate that in his film debut—in John Sayles' *Eight Men Out*—Terkel plays one of the first journalists to scent the World Series fix of 1919.

In five books and a Chicago-based radio talk show, the oral historian defines the American experience with collages of interviews. By now Terkel, 76, can be justly charged with employing a formula. Still, it is *his* formula, sedulously aped but never accurately reproduced. This latest compilation, subtitled *Second Thoughts on the American Dream*, finds an absence of consensus. "Things can go either way," Terkel observes. "There was a phrase in vogue during World War Two . . . Situation Fluid. It is so now as it was then."


LEONARD—BLACK STAR

"I was impelled by the lyrics of a gospel song I had heard Mahalia Jackson sing some 40 years ago, 'Dig a Little Deeper.' . . . What Mahalia sang about may be what the great many in our society feel, no matter what their political persuasion, though it is inchoate, inexpressible, buried deep; some sort of unformed truth."

As proof he offers some 96 varied testimonies dealing with postponed or fulfilled aspirations. A Minnesota beef farmer decides that America's problems are created by "Zionists . . . I believe they want to set up a messianic kingdom, with them as masters and the rest of us as slaves." Jean Gump, a quiet Roman Catholic grandmother, protests the presence of an Army missile site in Missouri and pays for her convictions by becoming No. 03789-045 in a West Virginia prison.

A Department of Agriculture executive in Minnesota offers a chilling report of two small farm children who eventually refused to board their school bus: "One afternoon, they came home on the bus and they saw the machinery being hauled away. On another afternoon, they saw the livestock hauled away. The kids said, if they rode that bus again, they'd be hauling mom and dad away."

Not everyone speaks of failed visions. A vastly successful Wall Street commodities broker demands, "Why is [the farmer] a solid citizen? That's a myth. The myth is that land is good, right? Farmers work hard, right? That's also a myth . . . Ten years from now, there will be less farmers. We don't need them."

Although Terkel maintains an air of bemused objectivity during these exchanges, there is no mystery about the location of his sympathies. The book's title is taken from the plaint of a black journalist: "If you don't have any hope and all you look forward to is producing more and more generations of welfare kids, you're definitely worse off. That is the big gap, the Great Divide."

Can it be bridged? At times Terkel is overtaken by despair: "What had presumably been our God-anointed patch of green appears to be, for millions of us, a frozen tundra." Yet the author cannot maintain a long face. After repeatedly exposing the country's down side, he expresses his own second thoughts on the American Dream. He decides to roll the dice with America's eternal resource: the altruistic young. They "may reflect something . . . unfashionable for the moment and thus hidden away, something 'fearful': compassion. Or something even more to abjure: hope."

Here the Grand Inquisitor exaggerates his case. The 50 states are not yet glacial; compassion and hope are warmly embraced by candidates of all political stripes; and the quality of mercy is not the exclusive property of youth—or of septuagenarians. As before, Studs Terkel is best understood not as a thinker but as a portrait artist. Ninety-six provocative close-ups at a price of $18.95 comes to about 19¢ apiece. *The Great Divide* is a living refutation of those who insist that Americans are growing more and more alike, or that you can't get a bargain anymore. —**By Stefan Kanfer**

THE FIRST SALUTE
by Barbara W. Tuchman
Knopf; 347 pages; $22.95

From the British point of view, the American revolutionaries were ingrates. Had not the mother country endowed her colonists with a splendid heritage? Did she not, at considerable cost, literally save their scalps from the French and their Iroquois allies during the Seven Years' War? The litany of disappointment went on, driven by royal self-righteousness and a scarcely concealed craving to punish the upstarts.


RAND HENDRIX

"Out of desire to replace Britain as top dog, Bourbon France, placing a large block of irony across the path of history, lent her finances, fighting men and armaments in aid of a rebellion whose ideas and principles would initiate the age of democratic revolution and . . . bring down the ancien régime."

So George III and his ministers were even more distressed when, on Nov. 16, 1776, the *Andrew Doria*, a lightly armed brigantine flying the flag of the Continental Congress, was greeted by an eleven-gun salute from the fort guarding the main harbor of the Dutch West Indian island of St. Eustatius. Legitimizing the rebels with this ritual act was particularly galling because the Caribbean port was used, despite repeated British protests, to supply American troops with gunpowder and shot. St. Eustatius was Holland's "Golden Rock," a neutral speck devoted entirely to commerce.

The Dutch greeting is regarded as the first formal recognition of American na-


"As a young boy, I dreamed of doing great things."
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tionhood by a foreign official. But to suggest that a maritime salutation could set in motion events that altered the world would seem to require a well-stocked imagination and a keen dramatic instinct. Readers of *The Guns of August* (1962), *The Proud Tower* (1966) and *A Distant Mirror* (1978) have good reason to know that Barbara Tuchman possesses both in abundance. Yet she has never reduced history to simple causes and effects. Her books resemble jigsaw puzzles: start anywhere with any fragment and one can eventually assemble the whole.

Tuchman's view of history is gravely classical. She is a tragedian who mounts the past against the fixed backdrop of human nature. Reason and goodwill exist but are like the stars in the heavens: flashes of enlightenment separated by vast expanses of darkness. "Halfway 'between truth and endless error,' " she concludes, "the mold of the species is permanent."

The First Salute is an Old World look at the New. There are no re-enactments of Paul Revere's ride, no echoes of the shot heard round the world. Instead, the critical naval battle in Chesapeake Bay and Washington's victory (with essential French aid) over Cornwallis at Yorktown are presented in the context of political decisions and misjudgments made thousands of miles across the Atlantic. Young America produced an unusual number of intelligent and bold leaders, but, to Tuchman, the success of its war of independence rested largely on the outcome of European struggles for colonies and commerce.

The balance of power in the 18th century depended on the weight and professionalism of one's navy. Tuchman devotes a great deal of space and vivid prose to the subject, from ship design to armaments and tactics. Her conclusion: England's vaunted sea force was crippled by poor leadership, corruption and an inflexible manual known as *Fighting Instructions*, deviation from which could and did get captains court-martialed.

John Paul Jones ("I have not yet begun to fight!") is honored for his bold exploits against the British, though Tuchman pays greater tribute to England's Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, a bellicose, gouty commander who scrapped *Fighting Instructions* to smash a Spanish fleet and relieve the garrison on Gibraltar in 1779.

The lessons of *The First Salute* are clear yet, sadly, still unlearned. Absolute power breeds not only corruption but also arrogance, sloth and stupidity. George III was no Isaac Newton, but he did not even have the wit to appoint brave and capable advisers. Tuchman examines Louis XIV's ruinous wars for conquest and glory and asks, What is the good of such effort? Her answer: "As an inveterate activity of our species, it is largely a waste of time."

It is reasonable to assume that Tuchman, 76, is approaching the end of her writing career. Publication of her tenth book, then, is an opportunity to offer a 21-gun salute. So for wisdom dispensed and pleasure received, commence fire. —***By R.Z. Sheppard***

Bookends

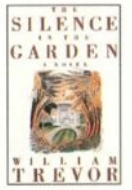
FLANNERY O'CONNOR: COLLECTED WORKS
edited by Sally Fitzgerald
Library of America; 1,281 pages; $30



"I believe that there are many rough beasts now slouching toward Bethlehem to be born and that I have reported the progress of a few of them." Flannery O'Connor's modest self-analysis remains the most penetrating of all. Doomed by a hereditary disease, lonely, indomitable, sustained by her faith and her work, the Southern Catholic saw herself as a lifelong outsider. When she died at 39 in 1964, she left a legacy of gothic tales obsessively concerned with characters she called "more or less primitive." The author displayed no biases. Blacks are sometimes sympathetic; just as often they bring trouble. The moral force of religion can be redemptive, or it can lead to violence and death. Women may prove enlightened, or they may be evil incarnate. Only one thing is certain: no good deed is ever forgiven, and that insight informs O'Connor's fictions with a perverse brilliance.

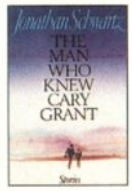
This collection, scrupulously annotated by her friend Sally Fitzgerald, includes the two novels, all 28 short stories, essays and more than 250 indiscreet and entertaining letters. In them a previously hidden critic emerges: "Mr. Truman Capote makes me plumb sick, as does Mr. Tenn. Williams . . . if [James] Baldwin were white nobody would stand him a minute." She has nothing but awe for William Faulkner, the only other Southern novelist to be published in the magisterial Library of America series. She belongs in his company.

THE SILENCE IN THE GARDEN
by William Trevor
Viking; 204 pages; $17.95



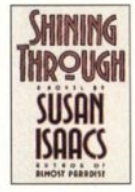
For decades, writers have followed James Joyce's characterization of Ireland as "the old sow that eats her farrow." But that is not the way of William Trevor. His novel takes place on Carriglas, a tiny island off the Irish coast, where a Protestant family's present griefs are rooted in the events of long ago. Sarah Pollexfen's cousins once cruelly terrorized the son of a tenant farmer; as a man he sought revenge with a bomb that accidentally killed the family butler. The servant's illegitimate child, product of a liaison with a Catholic maid, survives him. When the guilt-haunted cousins die without issue, the boy inherits their estate. Throughout his distinguished career, Trevor, 60, has made the symbolic tale his specialty, and now, with a small cast and piercing ironies, the Anglo-Irishman illuminates an entire people afflicted by history. "No matter how it was," Sarah tells an old woman, "it belongs to the past now." Her listener disagrees: "The past has no belongings. The past does not obligingly absorb what is not wanted." There, encapsulated, is the story of Ireland—and the art of one of its most skilled and subtle tragedians.

THE MAN WHO KNEW CARY GRANT *by Jonathan Schwartz*
Random House; 249 pages; $16.95



The novel form can demand more shape and plot than life regularly supplies. Yet a writer's subject—in this case the love of a father and son—may still require a longish work of fiction. What to do? The solution here is a sheaf of related stories that swarm at random, like memories. Norman Savitt was a successful writer of show tunes in his day, which is past. His son Jesse figures variously in these well-drawn sketches as a middle-aged free-lance writer, as a child, as a teenager. Norman worries about Jesse's drinking, about his indifferent success; Jesse worries about his father's pride, about the insults of age. The women who appear are important but not central. Norman's and Jesse's occasional anguish is unspoken; what is heard is the deep, mutual fondness of two decent men. The reader notes that the author, a Manhattan deejay-singer-writer, is the son of the late composer Arthur Schwartz *(Dancing in the Dark, That's Entertainment)*.

SHINING THROUGH
by Susan Isaacs
Harper & Row; 402 pages; $18.95



The time: World War II. The place: Manhattan, Washington and Enemy Territory. The plot, as described in the book itself: "Passion! Betrayal! War! Death! Love!" Linda Voss, an old maid at 31, has a crush on her boss, John Berringer, a Wall Street Adonis, an attorney for eternity, who wore "white shirts so starched they could carry on a life of their own." But could he ever love Linda, a secretary, "less than a person but more than a typewriter"? You bet he could. In Susan Isaacs' novels *(Compromising Positions, Almost Paradise)*, secretaries, housewives, the faceless masses of womanhood, all run into phone booths, change clothes and come out like Cleopatra with the rectitude of Eleanor Roosevelt and no asp. Nothing is impossible. Whatever Isaacs loses where reality is concerned, she makes up with a funny, original heroine and a "Get out there, kid! You can do it!" pep talk to all women. Her tale serves as a reminder that there are a few things the Gipper just wasn't built to tackle. ■

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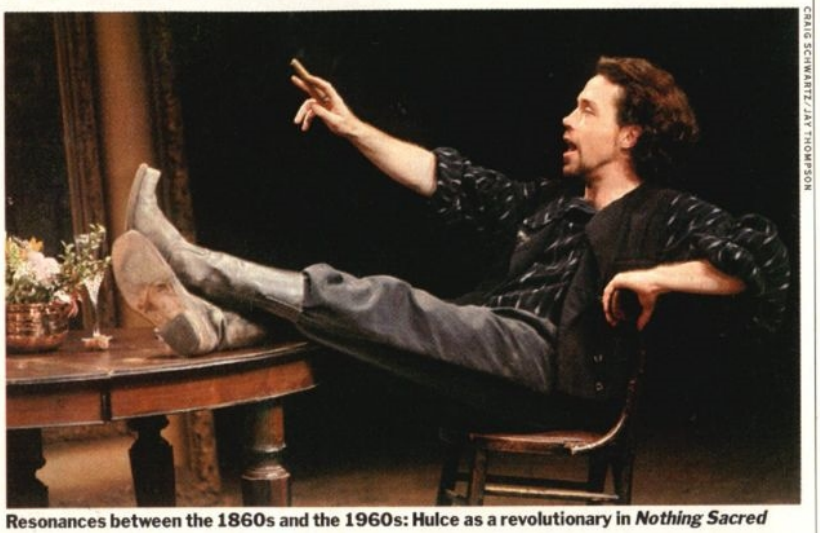
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Resonances between the 1860s and the 1960s: Hulce as a revolutionary in *Nothing Sacred*

Two Tales of One City

Well heeled or down at heel, Los Angeles stages teem with politics

As producer Diane White of the Los Angeles Theater Center gets into her car, watched by two bulky parking-lot security guards, a rat scurries across the back alley toward the courthouse-like former bank building that houses the L.A.T.C. A block away, streetlights glint on the grimy marquee of a shuttered porno cinema. A few evenings before, L.A.T.C. artistic director Bill Bushnell was accosted by a gang of toughs as he left for an opening-night party, but he got away without incident. Although patrons rarely encounter trouble, it is little wonder that even Bushnell refers to the theater's environs as "Skid Row."

Yet what appears on the L.A.T.C.'s stages—from classics and European avant-garde imports to new works by Los Angeles playwrights and projects from black, Asian and Hispanic theater labs—is so compelling that within three years of opening, it has grown to a thriving four-theater complex with 26,000 subscribers that earns half its budget from ticket sales. Playgoers readily brave the neighborhood to see the L.A.T.C.'s feisty, political and customarily left-of-center offerings.

About a mile away, in a plaza of cultural palaces around a gushing fountain, patrons stroll into the white marble monument that houses Los Angeles' older, more conventional-seeming Mark Taper Forum. Visually, the contrast between the Taper and the L.A.T.C. is stark. But the ferment, the embrace of the new and the political consciousness are much the same at both. Throughout its 21-year history under artistic director Gordon Davidson, the Taper has thrived on controversy. FBI agents, for example, sat alert at the opening of Daniel Berrigan's *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* in 1970, hoping to nab the priest as an escaped felon. Currently the Taper is offering *Nothing Sacred,* an adaptation of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons* that hauntingly echoes U.S. political dialectics of the '60s, and Davidson is developing a script about the political resurgence of Fundamentalist Christianity.

The L.A.T.C.'s Bushnell readily concedes an inspirational debt to Davidson, and to Joseph Papp, whose Public Theater in Manhattan is a similar urban complex. But Bushnell has fashioned an institution all its own, against perhaps tougher odds than faced either of the others. Like the Public, the L.A.T.C. tends to excuse artistic lapses on the grounds of good intentions: its present offering of a black South African tract, *Bopha!,* performed by the authors, is exuberant but crude. The other show now running, however—the debut of *Kingfish* by local writer Marlane Meyer—is an adroitly staged, intelligently acted and gut-thumping depiction of mankind at its most predatory.

Kingfish is a sardonic homosexual love triangle. The characters are a ravaged, prissy-elegant middle-aged photographer (Hollywood veteran Buck Henry), a chilly CIA agent (Sam Anderson) and a ditzy, petulant muscle-boy prostitute (Merritt Butrick, in a striking star turn of alternating vice and victimization). The play is a series of enigmatic, off-center vignettes of selfishness, loneliness and casual brutality bred of despair. Nominally realistic, the plot veers off into absurdism: the title character is a dog that likes to discuss current events, and the animal is represented by a black box with a rope for a tail and a jagged hole full of green light for a mouth. Every character onstage knows, yet denies, that this is actually an inanimate object rather than a pet. Believing in its dogginess is just one in a welter of expedient lies that these people live by.

Director David Schweizer shrewdly opts for a staged-reading style of presentation that emphasizes the play's metaphoric intent rather than its moments of naturalism. Schweizer himself is visible throughout, seated on a catwalk, reading aloud the stage directions; a few feet away sits an actor who provides the snuffles and howls of the pseudo dog. If the stage were actually filled with Oriental rugs, television sets and bars stocked with glassware, as specified in the text—rather than the photographs of them that are fleetingly projected onto the floor—spectators would probably see *Kingfish* as an unconvincing problem drama instead of what it becomes, a chilling cautionary fable.

A Turgenev adaptation might easily seem more suited to PBS's *Masterpiece Theater* than to the yeasty political traditions of the Los Angeles stage. And indeed, that is what resulted when playwright Brian Friel adapted *Fathers and Sons* for Britain's National Theater in 1987. But *Nothing Sacred,* by Canadian dramatist George F. Walker, persuasively makes the debate among student anarchists in 1860s Russia echo that among Marxist collegians of 1960s America. Film star Tom Hulce *(Amadeus)* is impressively showy as the charismatic yet destructive Bazarov. As the admiring friend he visits at a decaying country estate, Corey Parker *(Biloxi Blues)* is a well-intentioned, quietly compelling Everyman with whom audiences



CHRIS GULKER

Liars: Anderson and Butrick in *Kingfish*

can identify. Walker risks big themes: the conflict between valuing the heritage of the past and envisioning the ideal of the future, and the debate over whether it is possible to take the best of the past without inheriting its cruelty as well. This is the stuff of enlightened discourse in any democracy, and on the eve of a presidential election, *Nothing Sacred* demonstrates enduring political vibrancy on the stages of La-La Land.

—By William A. Henry III



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More Than One Note at a Time

BIRD *Directed by Clint Eastwood; Screenplay by Joel Oliansky*

Charlie Parker could not resist temptation. Bad ones (drugs, alcohol, women who were not his wife) and good ones (the improvisation no one had ever dared, around the chord progressions few had ever heard) were all the same to him, something he had to try. *Bird,* the movie based on the great sax man's short, messy, indispensable life as one of the founding innovators of modern jazz, knows better. It surrenders to the right things, his compositions and performances, reconstructed with compelling authenticity by music supervisor Lennie Niehaus. And it repels the wrong things, the damp pity and even damper piety that usually attend movie explorations of "genius." This film hates easy explanations almost as much as it loves the hard complexity of Bird's song.

In the typical movie biography, the protagonist struggles against the world's indifference and malevolence to make himself heard. In the process he acquires those spiritual wounds that justify his bad behavior and lend his inevitable tragic end an instructive note: treat talent kindly; it may be in touch with the infinite.

Bird will have none of that. In Forest Whitaker's performance (which is softly gliding in manner, ultimately wrenching in effect), Parker is an innocent, but he is not the victim of anyone but himself. His is the innocence not of the artist saint, self-consciously trying to soar beyond conventional morality, but that of the child egoist, unconsciously trapped in a premorality where appetite—including the one for music—is destiny, and escape to adulthood is not an option.

Or, as it happens, a pressing need. Director Clint Eastwood's vision of the jazz scene of the 1950s is touched, appropriately, by the austere romanticism of '50s existentialism. It is a circle of sheltering darkness, where the time is always 'round midnight, the mood is always accepting (it's not why you play but how you play that counts), and even agents and club owners are basically benign. Trouble is always an intruder from outside—a narc obsessed with pinning bad raps on musicians, society ladies slumming, rock 'n' roll making rude noises on the periphery—attacking the soul when it is restlessly idling between gigs. Bird, for all his troubles, is a wonderfully attractive figure, delighting in the lilt of big words and fine phrases, turning the memory of the moment he found his style into a throwaway comic anecdote. When he steals a saxophone from a rival who has gone over to rock, he tootles a few notes on it and says contemptuously, "I wanted to see if it could play more than one note at a time."



Parker (Whitaker) wails 'round midnight

It's not why but how you play that counts.

But the real distinction in Joel Oliansky's script, as in Eastwood's direction, lies mostly in its refusals. Focusing on the last three months of Parker's life, starting with a suicide attempt and ending with his sweet-smiling death as he watched a TV variety show, it flashes forward and back within this period, as well as through times past, jaggedly riffing the contradictory themes of amiable self-destruction in life and fierce self-transcendence in art, making no attempt to resolve the mystery or the irony of their presence in the same human composition.

By fragmenting conventional narrative smoothness, the filmmakers also fragment any possibility of a smooth descent to a conventionally sentimental conclusion. As Chan Parker, Diane Venora is no orchestra wife. She is stern, protective, forgiving and touched by an awareness, never openly acknowledged, of how short Bird's passage is bound to be. Samuel E. Wright as Dizzy Gillespie, for whom Conscience might have been a better nickname, and Michael Zelniker as Red Rodney, the white trumpeter who shyly insinuates himself into a black man's world, make splendid sidemen to this life.

There is not a cheap note or a careless image, not an easy judgment or a forced emotion, in the 2 hr. 43 min. of *Bird.* It permits a man's life its complexity. It invites us to experience the redeeming grace of his music. And with its passionate craft, it proclaims that Eastwood is a major American director. —***By Richard Schickel***

Fogged In

GORILLAS IN THE MIST

Some lives are movies waiting to be made. They have a clear narrative line that can be shaped into a dramatically coherent, even suspenseful, form. Other lives are picture books waiting to be browsed. They produce unforgettable images, but they resist the storyteller's connective art.

Dian Fossey was a figure of the latter sort. She went to Rwanda in east-central Africa as a child of the '60s, hoping to find a bit of adventure by observing an endangered subspecies, the mountain gorilla. In 1985 she was murdered, under mysterious circumstances, at the research station she had built up for nearly 20 lonely years. In that time, an agreeable young woman became a hard, half-mad case who nonetheless saved "her" gorillas from almost certain extinction.

It is the virtue of Anna Hamilton Phelan's script, Michael Apted's direction and Sigourney Weaver's strong, stark performance that they resist sentimentalizing Fossey. The filmmakers seem content with the notion that saintliness is a form of lunacy. For their lack of conventional biopic piety, they deserve respectful gratitude.



KEN REGAN

Weaver and simian pal

But most of the movie's tensions are inside Fossey, and therefore invisible. Her friendships in the animal kingdom provide images that are at first entrancing, then repetitive. Her affair with a photographer (Bryan Brown) is never a believable enticement toward a return to civilization. And since *Gorillas in the Mist* does not reveal whether Fossey's murder was the consequence of the life she chose or just an absurd mischance, the story ends inconclusively, in a moral and dramatic fog. —***R.S.***

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People



SCHAUBROECK—SYGMA/LIAISON

Eleven's company: comedian John Ritter gets a lift from the various co-stars he romances in Blake Edwards' sex farce *Skin Deep*

As TV's Jack Tripper, actor **John Ritter,** 40, shared an apartment—and platonic relationships—with two women on the sitcom *Three's Company.* This time the company's a crowd and the laughs are lustier. In writer-director **Blake Edwards'** sex farce *Skin Deep,* set for winter release, Ritter portrays author Zach Hutton, who has writer's block and a lubricious libido. In an early scene, Zach's in the sack with one woman friend while another jealously threatens to shoot him. Things go from bed to worse as Zach dallies with a string of stunners. "I find myself sort of tongue-tied trying to talk about it," says Ritter of his weeks on the set. "I have never laughed this hard." Edwards, who masterminded the *Pink Panther* movies, says Ritter "has a comedy facility that I liken to Peter Sellers'. He's a man who inevitably will have a good time with the women." Ritter's female co-stars would seem to agree.



RAY CHERNUSH

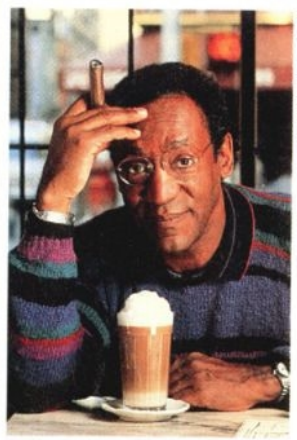
Pulling no punches: Goldwater

■

During his three decades in the U.S. Senate, **Barry Goldwater,** 79, called 'em as he saw 'em, even if the chips fell on his side of the aisle. His new book, *Goldwater* (Doubleday; $21.95), makes it clear that the retired Arizona Republican hasn't lost his verve or venom. Goldwater concludes that the White House version of the role **Ronald Reagan** played in the Iran-*contra* affair "makes him out to be either a liar or incompetent." TV, he argues, is ruining Capitol Hill. "We have senators running upstairs to the radio-TV gallery in new three-piece suits ... and blow-dry hairdos," Goldwater writes. "It's a damn farce!" Goldwater completed his book too early to include comment on Campaign '88. Naturally, he favors **George Bush.** But last week, after introducing G.O.P. vice-presidential candidate **Dan Quayle** at a Phoenix luncheon, he issued some sharp advice: "Go back and tell George Bush to start talking about the issues." Quipped Quayle: "I wish Barry would just say what's on his mind."

■

Entertainers often live like royalty, and according to the current issue of *Forbes* magazine, they're rich enough to pay the tab. **Michael Jackson** has the biggest, baddest bottom line among the top 40 earners. His estimated combined income for 1987 and '88, says *Forbes:* $97 million. Jackson is followed by **Bill Cosby** ($92 million for the two years). And in close contention for third place are **Steven Spielberg, Sylvester Stallone, Eddie Murphy,** *Peanuts* creator **Charles Schulz** and rocker **Bruce Springsteen**—each of whom will make between $61 million and $64 million. Age is no handicap. The youngest top-40 earner is heavyweight **Mike Tyson,** 22 ($55 million); the oldest, **Frank Sinatra,** 72 ($16 million). Dead artists are still raking it in too. **Elvis Presley's** estate will make $15 million this year, and thanks to agent James Bond, **Ian Fleming's** heirs will garner $7.5 million.



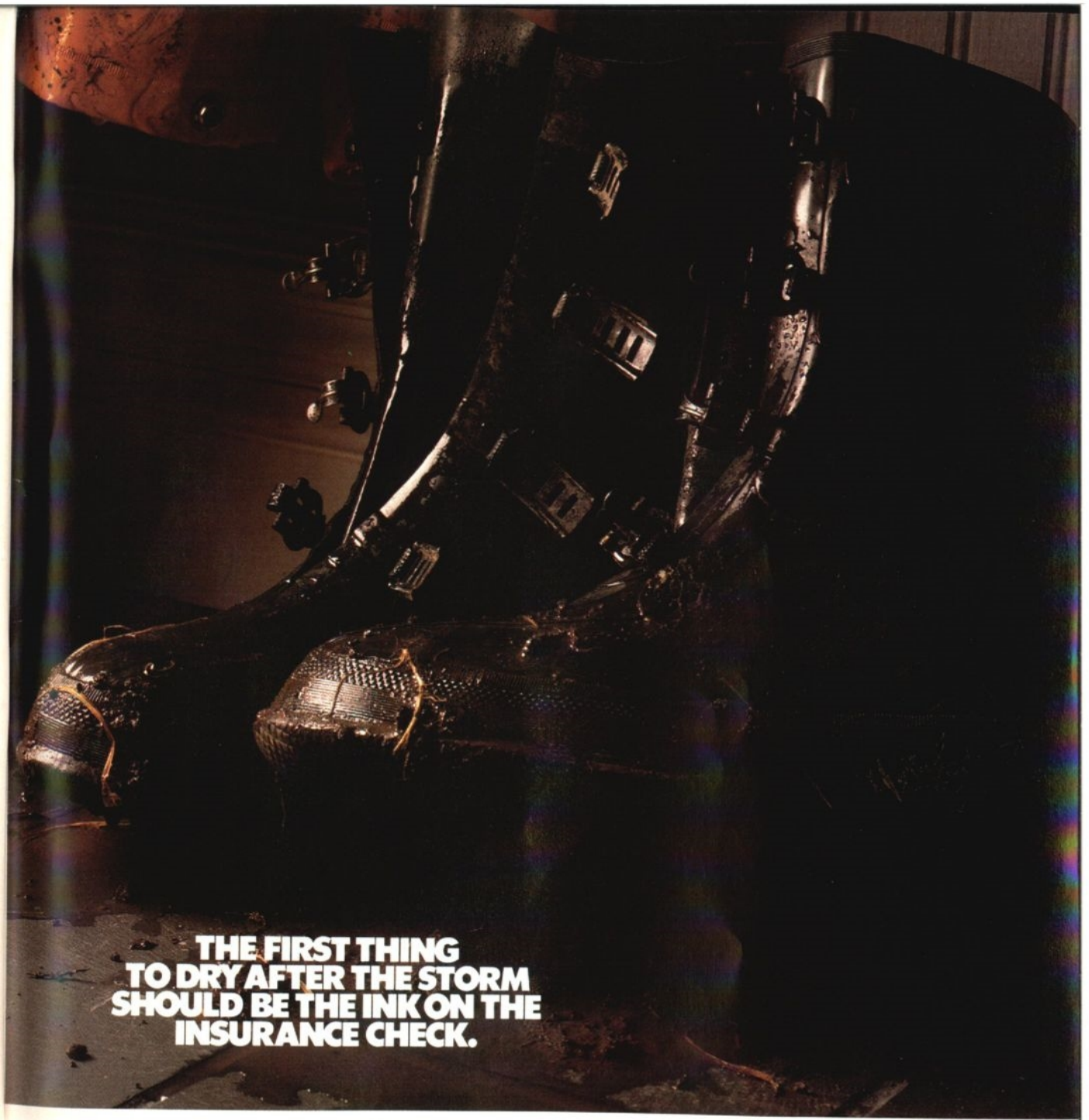
MARC PASQUIN—CBS

No. 2 earner: Bill Cosby

■

New parents take note: Britain's **Prince Andrew** and **Sarah, Duchess of York,** have found a handy solution to the vexing problem of having to leave Baby behind while traveling on business. The couple, who began a two-week official visit to Australia for its bicentennial, reportedly left instructions for the royal nanny to make daily videotapes of **Princess Beatrice's** every coo and burble. The tapes of "Beetroot," as Sarah calls the ginger-haired seven-week-old, will be flown Down Under in a royal dispatch bag, so that the doting parents can keep tabs on her progress. Of course, not every parent has a video camera. Or a royal nanny. Or a dispatch bag.

—By J.D. Reed



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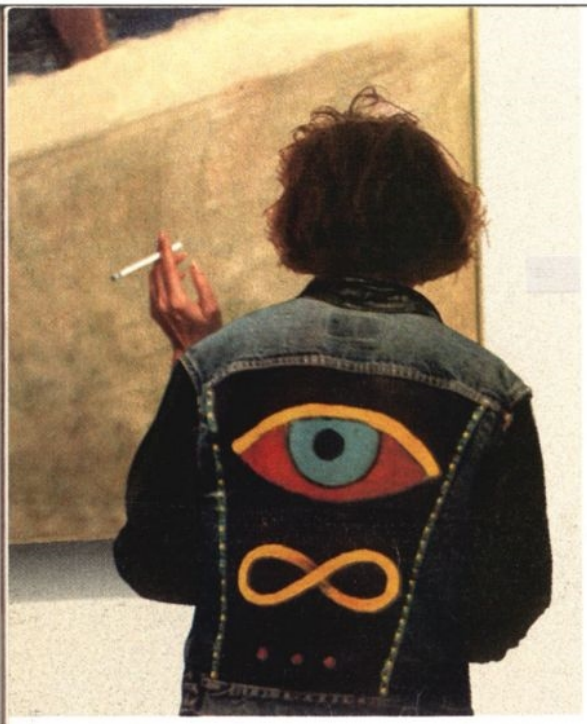
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